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THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND FUN

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THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST



JUNE 2002

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INTL. ART DIRECTOR: JOE BROOKS

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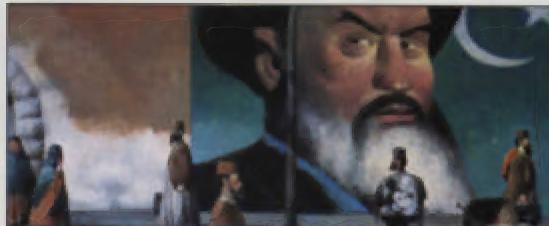
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June bursts out with Anna Kournikova topless, the great Pet Play-Off, plus much, much more.



Beauties

The best part about hitting the midyear point is beginning the celebration that marks the next new year. That's right, it's time to think about the 2003 Pet of the Year. And to refresh your memory, this issue features a special pictorial of all 12 of our comely candidates. You won't want to miss a single photo. Whether you cast your ballot by e-mail or snail mail, help us choose the lucky and exquisite woman who will follow in the footsteps of this year's magnificent Queen, **Megan Mason** (pictured above in all her glory).... Nor will you want to miss our profile of international tennis star **Anna Kournikova**—a beautiful young woman who makes waves without even lifting a racket. As journalist **Annette Witheridge** writes, "Anna has yet to win a major singles tournament, but her ability to attract attention is the stuff legends are made of." Indeed. And the eye-catching portfolio of all-new photos that accompanies the article shows clearly what that stuff is made of.



Marketing Mohammad ...

President Bush has called Iran part of the axis of evil, and those who remember the American hostage crisis of years ago likely imagine the place as a puritanical desert. But reporter **Elinor Burkett**, who recently visited Iran, shows that this is not necessarily true. "If elsewhere fundamentalism has declared war on technology," she writes, "in Iran the two live in harmony, and the result feels like a fundamentalist theme park, with the Ayatollah Khomeini cast in the role of a not-so-benevolent Walt." But the mullahs are still in charge, and the wonders of technology are employed to market and bolster Islam. Burkett reports on the contradiction that is Iran, where citizens debate Koranic interpretations on cell phones but insist they are misunderstood by the Western world, and still deny that Iranians ever took Americans hostage.

... and the Media

The folks who bring you your evening news are also in denial, or so says one of their most prominent critics. Former CBS newsman **Bernard Goldberg**, whose new No. 1 best-seller, *Bias: A CBS Insider Exposes How the Media Distort the News*, is causing quite a stir way beyond network headquarters, accuses media liberals of distorting reality to reflect their own view of the world. In a hard-hitting interview with writer **Harry Stein**, Goldberg details his indictments and says that the only way to change things is for the American people to tell the networks, "As long as you ignore us, we will ignore you."

The Kid, the Men, and the QB

You won't want to ignore **Kid Rock**, though, especially now that he's hooked up with America's feisty rock-star girlfriend **Pamela Anderson**, who's said she wants to tour with Rock and strip onstage during his shows. The couple has become a gossip-column staple,

and, unlike the many rock stars who bemoan their celebrity, Kid Rock eats it up: "Isn't that what we all wanted when we got into this? Fame, girls, money, parties?" **Jon Wiederhorn** profiles the rapper.... **Jimmy Kimmel** and **Adam Carolla**, stars of *The Man Show*, know what makes most men rock, and their Comedy Central hit has it all in abundance: beer, dirty jokes, girls. In another fun-filled "Stand-up Guys," **Jonathan Davis** trades quips with the pair, and even manages to get a straight answer or two.... And in "Sporting America," Davis and **Michael-Ann Rowe** chat with San Francisco 49ers quarterback **Jeff Garcia** about trash talkers, NFL cheerleaders, getting sacked, turnoffs in the sack, and more.

Swinging Into Summer

Things are heating up. In a special "America Off Guard," **Alison Maddex** reports on the goings-on at the Lifestyles Organization's annual conference in Las Vegas. As the accompanying photographs by **Donna Deone** prove, these swingers sure know how to sex up Sin City.... And in "The Unrepentant Voyeur," **Elizabeth Miller** reminisces about her summer of love working on an organic farm, where the back-breaking work was overshadowed by the mind-blowing—and very public—sexcapades.... As always, our sultry June sirens are guaranteed to blow your mind and raise your temperature ... among other things. OH

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PENTHOUSE FORUM



Roughing It

My girlfriend had never been on a camping trip. I had spent many vacations camping out and now found little delight in roughing it. But Melody kept badgering me to take her camping, so I devised a plan to take her on a trip from hell, thinking it would dissuade her from wanting to further commune with nature. I've never been so wrong in my life.

I dragged out all my old camping gear, and we went shopping for a new tent and air mattress. Melody was having a field day acquiring all the compact portable goodies she thought would make the adventure something to treasure. We loaded the car and set out into the desert to a remote location where there were a few hot springs. As we rolled into the campground we spotted a

sign that proclaimed a clothing-optional area. Melody, one of the straightest women I've ever known (or so I thought), had no reaction to this.

We set up camp at the upper springs and then motored back to the grassy area at the lower springs. Most people were either lounging on the lawn or sitting in the hot tubs, and few had on so much as a scarf. Melody didn't miss a beat. She stripped, revealing her tight 100-pound body. We jumped into one of the tubs and enjoyed a nice soak and a bit of conversation with other campers. I was amazed at how relaxed Melody was with public nudity. A number of men were scoping Melody's breasts, which have permanently erect nipples. After a time, we exited the pool, spread our towels on the grass, and began to shoot the breeze with some guys who were reclining on lounge chairs.

Melody got into an animated discussion with one of them. Jarrod was middle-aged, fairly tall, well built, and had a large penis that was hard to ignore. I got involved in a game of chess with another young guy while Melody carried on with Jarrod. After managing a draw, I went back to Melody, who had invited her new friend to our campsite for cocktails.

As I delivered a round of drinks, I noticed that Jarrod had half a hard-on. Melody looked right at Jarrod's crotch,

giggled, and asked, "May I touch it?" I was shocked, because this was so out of character for her. Jarrod said nothing as she reached over and grabbed his rod, which fully stiffened in a heartbeat. She gave it a few strokes, cupping his balls with her other hand. I instantly went hard myself, just as it became apparent that Melody, who had closed her eyes, was silently imagining Jarrod's cock inside her. Jarrod reached over and fondled her tits while I gave my own member a few strokes. I realized that we were fully visible to other campers, so I snapped the two out of their reverie by suggesting we take this inside.

Melody grinned and jerked on Jarrod's member. "Come on, big guy," she said, and led him into the tent, which was barely large enough for the three of us. I followed them and watched while Melody went to work on Jarrod's cock. She sucked and stroked it until he was moaning and groaning. When it was quite obvious that he was going to blow his load, she disengaged her lips from his throbbing johnson and gave him a few seconds to settle down before mounting him. She rocked slowly back and forth, and within a minute or so began having a violent orgasm. It was too much for me. I splattered myself with my own come while Melody writhed, impaled on Jarrod's

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PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

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Sr. Art Director: Michael F. Di Iosa; Assoc. Art Dir.: John Faraci; Art Asst.: Jay Soysal; Contributing Photographer: Earl Miller; Special Asst. to Bob Guccione: Jane Hornish.

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Dir. of Communications: Michael Moi; Adv. Prod. Mgr.: Vanessa Johnson; Research Mgr.: Rich McEntee; Adv. & Research Coordinator: Marlett Williams. Rel. Offices: West Coast: 11601 Wilshire Blvd., Ste. 500, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025; (310) 575-4835; Japan: Jiro Soma, Intergrup Communications, Telex: J25469/GLYTO.

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JUNE

dick until he gasped and shot his load deep within her.

Melody climbed off of Jarrod, took his softening member in her mouth for a moment, then kissed him lightly on the lips and said, "It's time for you to go." He crawled out of the tent and I took my place beside Melody. I worked my way down to her steamy, dripping pussy, and ate her to another crashing climax. We made love all weekend, between trips down to the hot springs. Melody was the center of attention every time we arrived for a soak, so I assumed Jarrod had informed his acquaintances about the encounter.

That was ten months ago. I've regained my appreciation for the great outdoors, and Melody and I have been camping many times. We haven't had another experience like that one, but we talk about it all the time during our now explosive lovemaking.—J.G., Arizona

EXTRACURRICULAR SEX

I was sitting in class one evening when an attractive young woman hurried in late. She was wearing a fitted Oxford shirt over cropped khaki pants and sandals. The classroom was crowded and we were all crammed in together around tables that formed a large U. I watched as she struggled to get into her chair, and when she bent over to wedge her way into it, I was granted a spectacular view down the front of her shirt. I thought in the next millisecond my gaze would behold a glimpse of aureole, or perhaps an entire nipple.

Alas, the sight vanished as she settled into the chair. As the hour proceeded, I began to wonder if this woman was wearing a bra. After all, I had seen so much of her breasts without the merest hint of a strap or cup. Then I noticed the reason I had seen so much. The top three buttons of her shirt were undone. The first closed button was right between her tits, which looked to be what the French consider the perfect size: just enough to fill a champagne glass.

During the break I tried to find her for a closer look, but she'd disappeared. With nothing better to do, I went back to class, hoping that history would repeat itself, that once again this provocative creature would settle into her chair and offer me a flash of her bosom.

Right before class recommenced, she came in, and, as before, awkwardly sat down. This time, however, the tautness of her shirt gave way enough for me to spy the whiteness of her bra. Disappointed that I could not fantasize about her unbound breasts chafing against the cloth of her shirt, its roughness making her nipples erect, I nonetheless found her choice to leave open three buttons quite, well, titillating.

My mind was obviously not on my

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KNIGHTSTONE COLLECTIONS

FAST FORWARD

The renewed popularity of mixed drinks has spurred the revival of the home bar, with its various tools and interesting assortment of spirits.

SPIRITS

For some time now, the welcome sight of a home bar—with its many libationary possibilities—has been replaced by a single bottle of vodka or tequila and an open bottle of chardonnay. A renewed interest in cocktails and mixed drinks, however, has spurred the revival of the home bar, with its various tools and an interesting assortment of spirits lined up for summer entertaining.

Among the necessary elements are large mixing glasses and a long spoon (for drinks that are stirred); a shaker; an ice bucket and plenty of ice; a jigger, corkscrew, knife, and bottle opener; superfine bar sugar, paper napkins; and a blender for frozen drinks. Don't forget an assortment of glassware: Martini glasses, short "rocks" glasses, taller ones for highballs, and some basic all-purpose wine glasses that can be used for sparkling wines, port, and sherry.

At this time of year, vodka and gin are essential ingredients for Martinis, tonics, and drinks with fruit juices. Smirnoff is always a popular choice among vodkas, and Absolut and Stolichnaya are sure to be welcome, as are such fashionable labels as Ketel One, Sky, Grey Goose, Van Gogh, and Belvedere. When choosing a gin for a classic Martini, you can't go wrong with Seagram's, Gordon's, Gilbey, or popular imports like Tanqueray, Beefeater, and Bombay.

Rum is now enjoyed year-round, but it's still associated with warm weather—on the rocks, in a Daiquiri or Planter's Punch, or with orange or pineapple juice. Bacardi is the name to conjure with; other excellent choices include Captain Morgan, Mount Gay, Myers's, Appleton Estate, and Cruzan.

The Margarita has put tequila on the spirits map, and a bottle of José Cuervo or Sauza will serve you well. Increasingly, tequila is

being drunk neat or on the rocks—Cabo Wabo, Patron, Herradura, Chinaco, El Tesoro, and Porfidio all have enough character to be enjoyed on their own, or to add extra flavor to a mixed drink.

Despite the surge in popularity of vodka, gin, rum, and tequila during the summer, expect guests who prefer a traditional year-round drink: whiskey, on the rocks or with

tie of the Glenlivet, the Macallan, Glenmorangie, or Glenfiddich.

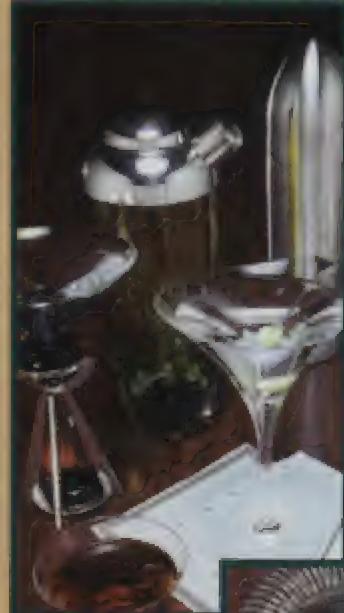
For those who enjoy an aperitif, Lillet and Campari are always good choices. And have a bottle each of sweet (red) and dry (white) vermouth—Martini & Rossi or Cinzano—to serve on the rocks or in a Martini or Manhattan.

Postprandial liqueurs and brandies will round out the well-appointed bar, especially if you're serving dinner, and the selections are extensive. One liqueur you should always have on hand is Cointreau or triple sec, an essential ingredient in Margaritas and Cosmopolitans.

Don't forget Angostura bitters, a few drops of which will liven up various mixed drinks. Keep plenty of club soda, tonic water, and soft drinks on hand, as well as

a selection of juices: orange, grapefruit, cranberry, and tomato or V-8. And, just in case, chill a few bottles of beer and a bottle or two of white wine. Displaying a bottle each of various spirits—vodka, gin, rum, tequila, bourbon, and

Scotch—may seem excessive, but remember that most cost no more than a bottle of a fashionable Napa Valley cabernet, and, unlike wine, these libations keep indefinitely after opening. A well-stocked bar is a good investment for anyone who entertains even occasionally, and enables you to offer your friends more than just a glass of white wine... or whatever spirit happens to be left over from the last party.—Alexis Bespaloff



a splash of soda. A smooth Kentucky bourbon, with its hint of sweetness, is a favorite, so keep a bottle of Jim Beam, Wild Turkey, or Maker's Mark on hand, along with that classic Tennessee whiskey, Jack Daniel's.

Those who insist on a tumbler of Scotch will welcome the sight of Dewar's, Cutty Sark, J&B, Johnnie Walker, or Chivas Regal. Single-malts, with their richer, more profound, more concentrated flavors, have now taken their place next to the traditional blended Scotch whiskies, so add to your bar a bot-



POLITICS



"ifeminism" asks of feminists what Macintosh ads ask of consumers: Think different. The "I" stands for individualist, and the tenets of ifeminism fly in the face of yesteryear's radicalism (the one that led a generation to equate feminism with man-hating).

Liberty for Women: Freedom and Feminism in the Twenty-first Century (Ivan R. Dee Publishers in association with the Independent Institute), edited by Wendy McElroy, author of *XXX: A Woman's Right to Pornography*, is a collection of essays with an ifeminist perspective dealing with issues confronting women in the twenty-first century, from censorship to abortion to sexual harassment. Written by such libertarian hard-hitters as gender-studies enfant terrible Camille Paglia and ex-sex worker Norma Jean Almodovar, many of the arguments turn old feminist notions—and political correctness—on their head.

The base assumption is that if women want the same respect as men, they must accept responsibility for their own lives. Such practices as affirmative action are counterproductive; equality means equal opportunity, not privilege. Nonviolent sexual harassment and off-color jokes are protected under basic freedom of speech. And while such popular radical feminists as Catharine MacKinnon look like religious-right double agents with their calls for adult-industry censorship, ifeminists believe pornography and even prostitution are crucial to preserving each woman's freedom over her own body. As McElroy et al. point out, autonomy and choice don't threaten women—government and orthodoxy do.—Rachel Stokoe

• These libertarian feminists argue that if women want the same respect as men, they must accept responsibility for their own lives.

WORDS

Rick Molina is a top-flight Canadian crime reporter turned novelist. Touré is one of the premier magazine journalists in the country, and of late has successfully tried his hand at short acid-drenched satires. Both authors have contributed to *Pen/house*, and both have new fiction hitting the shelves.

In *Blood of Others* (Pinnacle), Molina brings back crime-reporter hero Tom Reed from his earlier thrillers, *Cold Fear* and the excellent *If Angels Fall*. The setting is once again San Francisco, a backdrop that Molina uses to quirky, picturesque effect. When the fog rolls in, evil rolls in with it. A cyber-stalker is targeting the lonely single women of the city, and the jeopardy drama is well played.

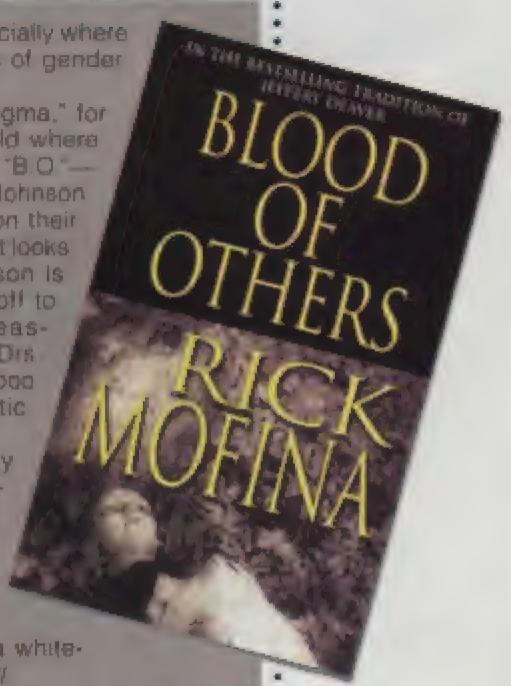
Molina has something Mary Higgins Clark can't touch: a thorough grounding in police and forensic procedures that lends his pages weight and depth. It all adds up to another riveting read from one of the leading thriller writers of the day.

Touré works a different vein entirely. In his book of casually linked short pasquinades, *The Portable Promised Land* (Little, Brown & Company), he throws wicked jabs at the absurdities

of racial politics, especially where they overlap the inanities of gender politics.

"Attack of the Love Dogma," for instance, imagines a world where black men are treated for "B.O."—blonde obsession. Mojo Johnson and Sara Longlocks are on their first date in Olay City and it looks promising... until Johnson is shanghaied and carted off to the Love Dogma's Re-Assignment Center, where Drs. Furthermucker and Ziggaboo go to work on his romantic predilections.

The stakes are very broad: the humor is high-slapping, funny, and through it all Touré manages simultaneously to question, lampoon, and exalt the status of a keeping-it-real black man in a white-washed world.—Gil Reavill



FAST FORWARD

Ben Sherman's new top drawer "Black and Orange" line brings the British invasion back for the new millennium.

Ben Sherman's new top drawer "Black and Orange" line brings the British invasion back for the new millennium.

FASHION

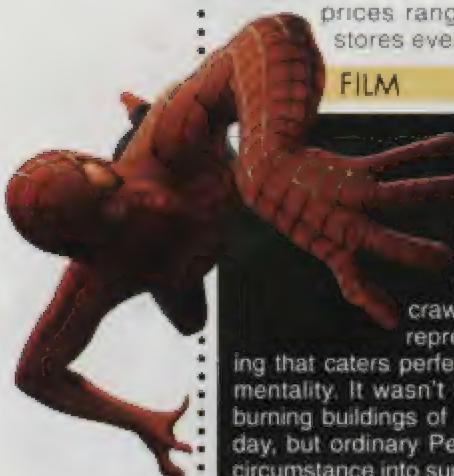
Ben Sherman is a mod god. The U.K. designer, best known for the faintly Edwardian button-down shirt sported by superstar English-invasion dandies of the Mick Jagger/Ray Davies/Sting ilk, is no longer with us in the flesh. But the company that carries his name is enjoying a new surge of popularity among the same kind of celebrity trash that flaunted the label way back in the rock-dinosaur days.

Thanks to Ben Sherman, even Hollywood is exhibiting a distant air of Carnaby Street. Jason Biggs jerked off in a Ben Sherman shirt in the infamous superglue scene of *American Pie 2*, and if that's not a suitable endorsement, you're in the wrong magazine.

The shirts in the company's new top-drawer "Black and Orange" line (to go along with its flagship "Cream and Green" line) tend to be a shade flashier than your normal closet stuffer. Reproduced archival fabric is a prime draw. A big-ruffle Edwardian shirt, for example, features cloth originally milled in 1936 in Hammerle, Austria, and reproduced exclusively for the line. Another number reaches way back to material first produced in 1765: a navy-and-pink-striped shirt with three buttons on each cuff, a curled button-down collar (also with three buttons), and a traditional tailored yoke.

Like predators scenting fresh flesh, the stars are already circling: Carson Daly and the members of Incubus, No Doubt, and Sugar Ray are all Black and Orange aficionados. You can get yours—prices range from \$98 to \$150—at upscale department stores everywhere.—G.R.

FILM



With director Sam Raimi's *Spider-Man* (Columbia), we finally have a superhero for our age—a geek just this side of Bill Gates who only through accident crawls into myth. Tobey Maguire represents the kind of anti-casting that caters perfectly to a post-September 11 mentality. It wasn't Superman who entered the burning buildings of the World Trade Center that day, but ordinary Peter Parkers, transformed by circumstance into superheroes.

Squashed like a scurrying eight-legger beneath the film's Hollywood steamroller is an issue that only die-hard Spidey fans—like Bill Gates—would care about. Check out the message boards and chat rooms of the comics-obsessed to uncover the hidden meaning of Spider-Man's main comic book-to-movie switch: those "organic" web shooters.

Stan Lee and Marvel, of course, had Parker invent mechanical devices that squirt a kind of Krazy Glue, the better to web-swing around the city. In the film, Parker develops disgusting Cronenberg-like suppurating wrist orifices/sores that shoot the gunk. Why does it matter? The short answer is, it doesn't. The long answer is, for a comic-book character who is as beloved as Spidey

is, any deviation from the original brings screams from the faithful.

Flesh-embedded shooters correct what was, admittedly, a bump in the logic of the original. Peter Parker was not only a mook unlucky (or lucky) enough to get bit by a radioactive spider, but, in an almost unbelievable coincidence, he was also brilliant enough to invent a web-slinging gizmo that would make 3M go Green Goblin with envy. The spider just happened to bite the right geek; its spider-sense must have been tingling.

The new movie's roots stretch back all the way to the 1970s and the days of the failed *Spider-Man* TV show (which still crops up occasionally on the Sci-Fi channel).

Purists, take note: It was *Titanic*'s James Cameron—originally slated to direct, and writer of the treatment on which the film is based—who 86'd the mechanical webslingers.—G.R.



DVDs

The digital home-video revolution has spawned some outstanding Father's Day gifts.

For the classic-cinema fan, *The Art of Buster Keaton* makes an outstanding, if pricey, present; it contains ten feature films, 19 shorts, and a bonus disc of rarities. Runner-up: The two-disc *Citizen Kane: Special Edition*, which includes, among other extras, the documentary *The Battle Over Citizen Kane*. It's like a day trip to film school.

For the action dude *The Rambo Trilogy: Special Edition* verges on overkill with documentaries and commentary on each film's disc, plus three docs and several featurettes on the bonus platter. Runner-up: *Ultimate Fights From the Movies* provides the ultimate shortcut, with fight scenes from 16 flicks (including *Gladiator*, *Blade*, *Scarface*, and *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*), plus commentary tracks, fighter profiles, and a doc on staging your own fist fest.

For the twist-at-the-end fan: The Vista Series version of *The Sixth Sense* boasts three new features plus all the extras from the original DVD, including extended and deleted scenes, a making-of doc, and tips and clues about the climactic revelation. Runner-up: The Platinum Edition of *Seven*, with its four commentary tracks, a storyboarded alternate ending, and a gallery of the killer's notebook.

For the satiric patri-



arch: *The Larry Sanders Show*, HBO's first buzz-worthy and Emmy-winning original series, slinks onto video shelves; *The Entire First Season* episodes have guest appearances by Billy Crystal, Robin Williams, and many other stars, not to mention Dana Carvey's turn as a guest host who's just a little too good for Larry. Runner-up: *Fawlty Towers: The Complete Collection*, which proves that John Cleese was never better than in this hilarious British series.

For the history buff: Never let it be said that the American people are afraid to air their dirty laundry. The darkest chapter in our nation's history sees the light of day once more with the DVD release of the groundbreaking miniseries *Roots*, a must-see for every citizen. Runner-up: *Band of Brothers* or any of Ken Burns's epic documentaries.—

Barbara Rice Thompson



SOUNDS

Phantom Planet is immediately suspect. The band, which copped its name from the great but obscure 1961 shrunken-astronaut flick, wears its Hollywood lineage on its CD sleeve. The drummer, Jason Schwartzman, is an indie movie star and Francis Ford Coppola's nephew, and the front man, lead singer/guitarist Alex Greenwald, is a Gap model who also did a turn in a cult film, *Donnie Darko*. Add in the fact that the bass player, Sam Farrar, is the son of the guy who wrote "Hopelessly Devoted to You" for Olivia Newton-John in *Grease*, and all the ingredients are there for a modern-day Dino, Desi, and Billy.

But on *The Guest* (DreamWorks), the boys of Phantom Planet—which also includes guitarists Jacques Brautbar and Darren Robinson—rise above their raising to produce a well-cut gem of an album, a sunlit collection of songs that take transparency and naivete as stubbornly positive values. Greenwald puts out vocal chops that are at times almost Bowie-ish.

Greenwald also writes the majority of the songs. There's a shortage of irony in the lyrics, as evidenced by the hit single "California" (featured on the sound track of *Orange County*), which at first seems to cripple them. Over the course of the collection, though, cheeriness is revealed as a form of Zen strength, most especially on the great oithand genius of "Anthem." And sunniness can be sneakily effective when invoked against the rough patches of growing up, as on "Lonely Day."

Greenwald wrote "Lonely Day" with Schwartzman, who as the star of *Rushmore* and *Slackers* (and the son of Tilda Shire) is responsible for a lot of the band's ink. Their Hollywood heritage almost ruined them right out of the gate when David Geffen pushed out their debut, 1998's *Phantom Planet Is Missing*, too soon. *The Guest* is a giant leap forward. Stripped of its lineage, Phantom Planet is just an L.A. garage band, although the garage might just happen to have a Rolls in it. Come to think of it, Dino, Desi, and Billy weren't half bad, either.—G.R.

The Hollywood heritage of the Phantom Planet pop-stars almost ruined them right out of the gate, but *The Guest* is a giant leap forward.

XAVIERA HOLLANDER

CALL ME MADAM

Cream Pie

Xaviera, I deeply appreciate your humor and humanity. Your clarity and insight have been very helpful to me.

I would like to know your general perspective on a particular sexual act that I love to perform with my wife, and have performed with a couple of lovers before her. What do women think of this practice? How common is it?

Grace and I have been married for 15 years and have three children. We're in our late forties. She and I make love two or three times a week. We lie in bed cuddling for a few minutes after climaxing. About once every ten to 14 days, about 15 minutes or so after we finish, I really enjoy the particular act I'm writing about.

At such moments my wife is freshly fucked; her pussy is full of my come. I love to put a pillow under her butt, have her pull her legs up and spread her thighs, then gently hold her saturated labial petals apart. I love looking at her creamy pie, and I enjoy the aroma and taste of our mixed juices. I love to eat her come-filled pussy. Sometimes I have her straddle my face. She rubs her cunt all over my face as I lick and suck it. I love to nuzzle her pubic hair, tummy, buns, labia, and thighs. I tongue her and lick her everywhere. Many times I eat her until she comes or until she simply cannot take any



more stimulation.

My wife thinks it's fine for me to do this, though she had about ten lovers before we got married, and none of her other lovers ate her after coming inside her. Although she was in her twenties then, and several of her lovers were of similar age and experience, a couple of them were men in their fifties. She says that she has always loved to have a man come in her. She enjoys his pleasure as well as the sense of having his cock explode in her. She loves the trembling and groaning. But she never had the sense that any former lover might like to lick her pussy after spurting inside her. She personally does not like the taste of semen, so there's no kissing after I eat her. She doesn't like fellatio and never sucks me to climax. (Too bad!)

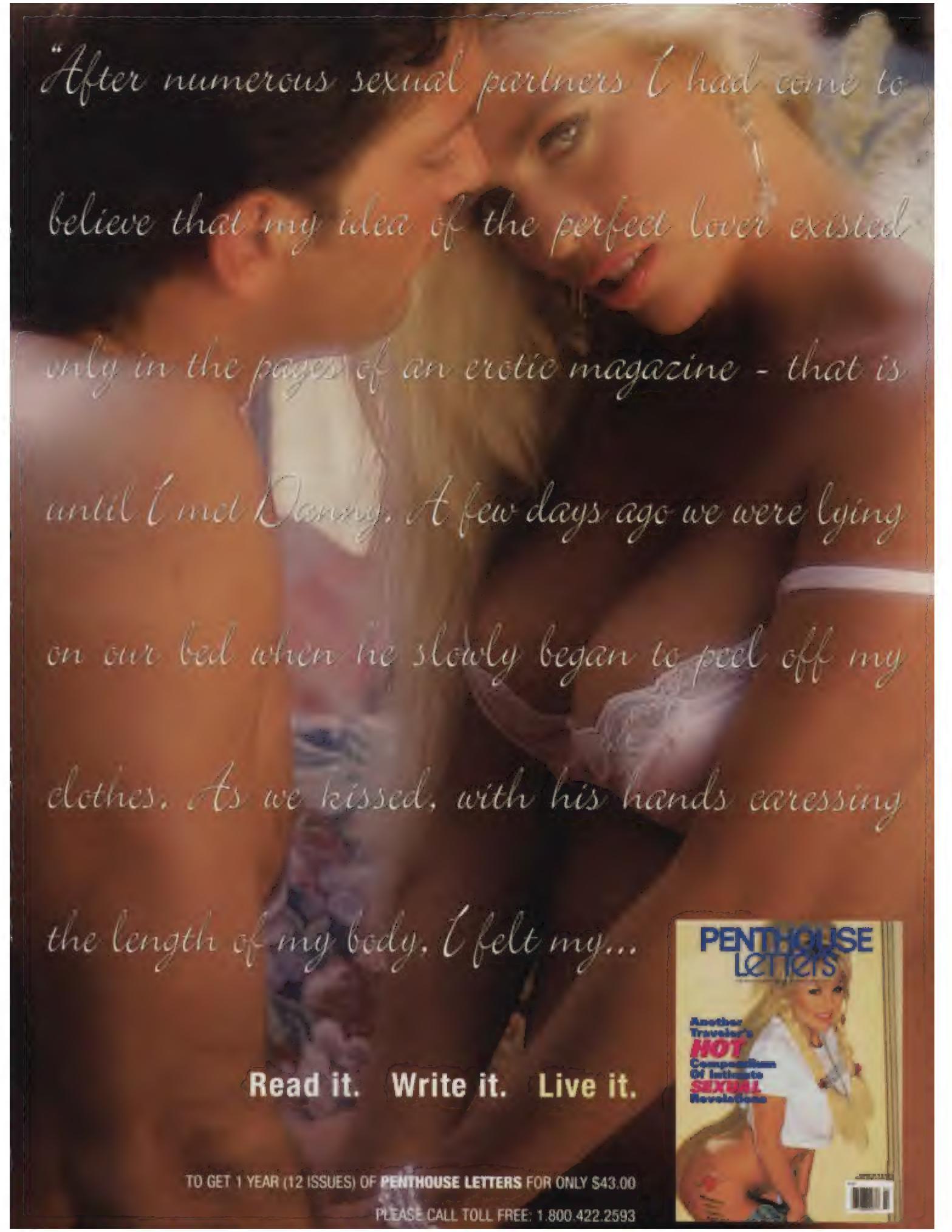
She views male come as fluid to be managed like vaginal fluid. She says that a lot drips out of her in bed after screwing, and more drips out in the bathroom as she urinates. She was surprised to learn early in our relationship

that I liked to see her wetness after lovemaking and watch the come seep out of her hole. I also like to have her put on a pretty pair of clean panties after we have had sex, and give me the come-soaked garment she's taken off.

Over the years I have read that some men like to watch their wives or girlfriends do other guys, and then eat their woman's pussy when it's full of another guy's spunk. Eating another guy's come out of a woman's pussy does not appeal to me at all. I have undoubtedly eaten women who have been fucked by someone else within a matter of hours or days prior to my eating them. But I have never eaten anyone just after she's been fucked by another man.

I participated in a couple of threesomes before I was married. I loved watching my then-girlfriend fuck another man. I did enjoy looking at her pussy and fucking my lover after the other guy came in her. I find sloppy seconds highly erotic. But I didn't then want to eat her. I've kissed a lover after she's been sucking another guy's cock, so I've tasted the man's come on her lips and tongue. This wasn't a turn-off, but it wasn't a turn-on either.

With this same former lover, on a particular occasion, after an ex-boyfriend of hers had declined a ménage à trois with us, I watched surreptitiously from a closet as she fucked



"After numerous sexual partners I had come to believe that my idea of the perfect lover existed only in the pages of an erotic magazine - that is until I met Danny. A few days ago we were lying on our bed when he slowly began to peel off my clothes. As we kissed, with his hands caressing the length of my body, I felt my..."

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him. She sucked his cock to get him hard, then mounted him. She inserted his cock between her labia, and gave me a little wave with her fingers before sinking down on the guy's dick. She fucked him until he climaxed. Rivulets of come rolled out of her pussy. After an interim, he fucked her with her legs over his shoulders and came in her again.

Later, while he was in the shower, she lay back on the bed and fingered her hole while looking right into my eyes as I watched her from the half-open closet door. After he dressed, she put on a T-shirt of mine, walked him to the front door to kiss him good-bye, then came back to the bedroom. There was come running down her thighs when she opened the closet to hug and kiss me. I lay down on our bed and had her sit on me, facing my feet. I guided her very wet pussy down onto my cock and slowly fucked her. I absolutely loved looking at her pussy on my dick while all the come squished out of her.

So I definitely like the look of creamy cunt. And I like to eat my own come out of my lover. My wife has been my only lover the past 15 years. Your comments would be much appreciated.—D.E., Washington

One of the best things a man can do for his woman, on the occasions when he

has shot his load before she has climaxed, is to complete the contract, as it were, by sucking her to orgasm, his tongue finishing the job his penis failed to do. Not many men are prepared to do this, because most, unlike you, are scared of tasting their own semen.

My theory about the men who enjoy watching their women fucking someone else is that this desire has very primitive roots, calling out feelings going back to before the one-on-one marriage relationship came into fashion. The macho male is excited by the fact that his woman is a sex symbol for the tribe. Other men have found her desirable and have therefore fucked her limitless. This is a turn-on in the same class as dating a world-class pinup.

I had a boyfriend who used to fondle his own nipples, which for some reason annoyed me. I suppose I felt he was wasting time on himself when he could have been fondling me. I used to have the same feeling about my lover masturbating, as if he were cheating on me, but with some of the insatiable satyrs I have met over the years I finally realized that you can't keep a good man down and that masturbation is as important to a serious lover as a workout is to an athlete. It is, however, a manifestation of self-love, or narcissism.

I suspect you have a streak of narcissism in you. In Greek mythology, Narcissus was punished by the gods for neglecting his nymph girlfriend, Echo. It was hardly his fault, however. Although she was panting for him, she was incapable of telling him, because she was also undergoing punishment from the goddess Hera. All she could say was an echo of his last remark. Narcissus was walking in the woods when he thought he heard something. "Is anyone here?" he shouted. "Here!" she echoed, and he saw her. "I'd like to fuck you!" he said. "Fuck you!" said she. "Fuck you too!" he said, and turned his back on her and walked away. After a while he came across a mountain spring and caught sight of his own reflection in the crystal-clear water. "That's real beauty," he sighed, and fell instantly in love with his own reflection. In the fullness of time, when he found he couldn't reach or touch the image, he got more and more miserable and finally killed himself out of frustration.

Self-love is not necessarily fatal. Most of the great lovers I know save a large portion of adoration for themselves, which is what makes them stay in good shape. They almost always treat their women well, because their reputation is part of their ego and is extremely important to them, which is probably why you are writing to me, for confirmation that loving yourself is okay.

Bosom Friends

My friend claims he's found a safe, satisfying way to have sex. He started dating a girl who can have orgasms just from breast play. He says that all he has to do is rub his cock between her breasts and they can both have an orgasm safely. Is he putting me on, or could this be possible?—W.A., California

I have been blessed with big boobs and large, supersensitive nipples, which I have often described as being directly connected to my clitoris by a hotline, but it takes the right man to make me come through my nipples alone. I have achieved orgasm at least three times recently this way, but after a short bout of tit-fucking with a beautiful cock, I do tend to persuade its owner to put it in my pussy with all haste.

I have also known several women who can reach a climax simply by massaging their own breasts and nipples, but they seem to be few and far between. On the other hand, there are women whose bosoms are so insensitive they can barely be described as erogenous zones. I remember a boyfriend telling me how, when he was very young and inexperienced, he was groping his date in a taxi. After he'd fondled her tits for a while, she took off her bra, which turned out to be heavily padded



VIEW FROM THE TOP



By Phil Maranda



There's no room for pussies up here. That's my first impression of the world-famous mountain-biking region of Vancouver, British Columbia, as I stare in amazement and disbelief that anyone would be crazy enough to ride down a trail that looks more like an army obstacle course than a mountain-biking path.

A number of drops, carefully constructed ladder bridges, and a wild-looking teeter-totter named the Skookumizer await

"Dangerous" Dan Cowan and Thomas Vanderham, veteran riders who have agreed to show me around the North Shore. The North Shore consists of three mountains—Fromme (home to about 40 death-defying trails), Grouse, and Seymour—ranging in difficulty from beginner to extreme. Thousands of enthusiasts ride the Shore every year, but only a handful are daring enough to go anywhere near the gnarliest of trails, includ-

ing the Flying Circus, Walk in the Clouds, and Groovula.

Walk in the Clouds is where we begin, and Cowan tells me that it was the first of its kind to use skeleton-like ladder bridges. It's also got all the ingredients that make up the quintessential North Shore experience. "The trail starts off with a six- or seven-foot wheelie drop, and back when it was originally built, this was the biggest drop around," says Cowan of Clouds' first obstacle, the Abyss. "I remember going up to ride it, and I was like, 'Oh my God, I'm going to do the Abyss, and nobody's done the Abyss!'"

Riders have been challenging the dense rain-forest environment of the North Shore for more than 20 years, and in that time the area—which has, bar none, the wildest mountain-biking terrain on the planet—has seen a lot of changes. The first trails had little or no construction on them, but by the 1990s log bridges began to pop up over such obstacles as fallen trees, and before long builders were getting more creative and constructing the many different stunts that have made North Shore freeriding famous around the globe.

Over the years the builders and riders have been engaged in a game of one-upmanship that has seen the creation of increasingly difficult stunts and trails. The terrain of the rain forest—seasonal creek beds, steep drops, large boulders, and cedar trees—provides a perfect construction site. "Without the cedar trees that you have here, you wouldn't be able to build these stunts," says Rich Vigurs, the promotions and events coordinator for North Shore Mountain Biking's Web site. "If you were to build the

No Fear: Thomas Vanderham (far left) and "Dangerous" Dan Cowan (left) see obstacles like the Abyss, Lobotomizer 2000, and Tower of Contemplation as challenges.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



stunts out of other types of wood, they would become extremely slippery, or they would break down really quickly. Cedar lasts a long time—hundreds of years."

In the past decade or so,



the extreme free-riding style and trail-building techniques associated with the Shore have transcended the borders of British Columbia and spread around the

"One after another they drop off the Abyss and land perfectly on the other side, then continue onward ... before disappearing into the forest."

world. Today its Website receives e-mails from as far away as Iceland. And a group Cowan's involved with called the Flow Riders has recently begun to introduce people to the North Shore riding style. They tour with a modular system of wooden stunts similar to the ones found on the mountains, and put on shows for freeriding enthusiasts. They can fill half a football field with the stunts they have now, and there are no restrictions for the future. "We're no longer confined by the forest," Cowan says. "I actually used information I learned in physics to build some of the stuff."

Time to ride. Vanderham and Cowan charge into Walk in the Clouds at full speed. One after

another they drop off the Abyss and land perfectly on the other side, then continue onward over the teetering Skookumizer before disappearing into the forest. Vigurs is also on a bike, but I'm on foot and have to scramble down the trail after them. Just walking seems lethal: There are protruding roots, slippery rocks, and other forest debris covering the ground.

I catch up to the trio just in time to watch Cowan and Vanderham cruise off again, descending the Needle Drop, a

Vanderham and Cowan have been riding here for years, however, and they've mastered the many trails and stunts, making it look easy as they hit Borf Bridge and land gracefully on the other side, then continue onward. By the time the two riders have reached the end of the trail, jumped off a rocky cliff, and landed on the road, I've torn open my finger on a branch that I used to slow my descent into a gully. "We'd better get you to the hospital," Vigurs says when I ask for a Band-Aid.



six-foot-long narrow plank that allows riders to get down a rocky outcropping. The next stunt is Cowan's creation. He's named it Borf Bridge after his dog, Borf. "He was there the whole time that I was building, watching me; he was the foreman," Cowan says.

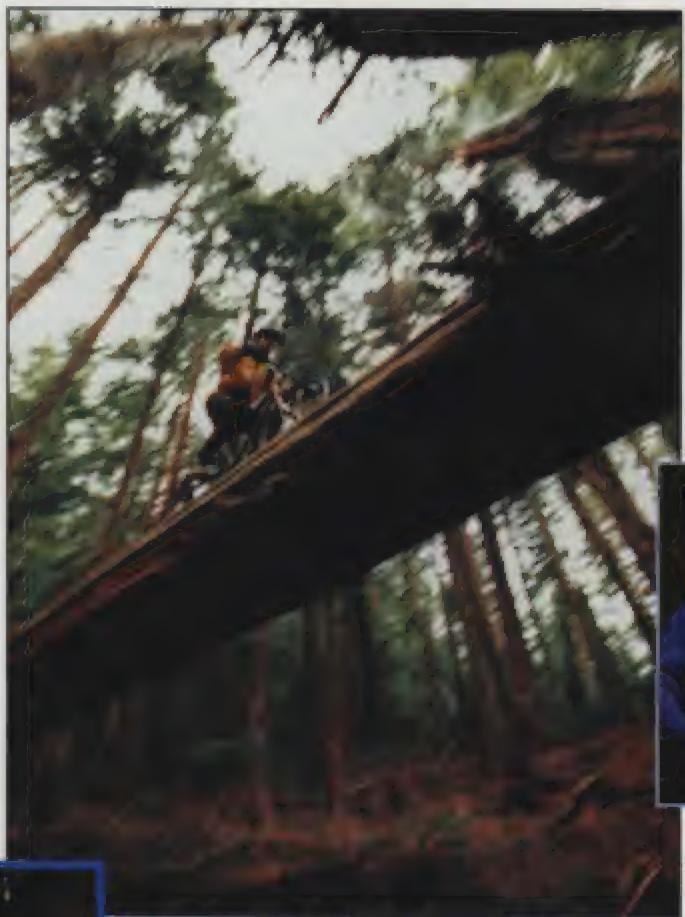
Borf Bridge spans the gap between two giant trees. Its landing zone, like many on the North Shore, is ripe with objects that could easily end a rider's life. There are large trees lining both sides of the trail, rocks of all shapes and sizes to smash a body into submission, and lots of sharp branches at just the right height for impaling a guy. Every time mountain bikers ride a course like this, they're taking their lives in their hands.

It turns out that even the pro riders get injured from time to time tackling the North Shore. Cowan, a stocky 31-year-old math and physics teacher, tells me he considers himself lucky as far as injuries go. "I've broken my ankle and had to have a plate with nine screws in it and stuff, but I did that when I was young and I didn't really know how to ride at the time. Since then I've been pretty good—although I did dislocate my shoulder last year."

For his part, Vanderham has broken his two front teeth, an incident he shrugs off by telling me he needed a little dental work and that it was no big deal. About three years ago he also bruised his kidney; other than that he's had relatively few injuries.

The Flying Circus is the second trail on the tour. It's also Cowan's pride and joy. This is his baby—he made it—and he's one of the few people who can ride it from one end to the other without coming off his mount. "When I built the Flying Circus, people thought I was crazy. They thought, 'Dan's up there doing some crazy shit. But nowadays there are quite a few people trying to ride it.'" The first stunt on the Flying Circus is the Tower of Contemplation—aptly named, Cowan says, because most people won't ride it without walking up it and taking a look first. It consists of a ladder bridge that carries riders up onto the massive stump of a fallen tree, and then a drop off the top of the stump.

Leaving the Tower behind, we continue down the trail to the unfinished Ridiculator, which has got to be the most radical stunt on the North Shore—or anywhere else, for that matter. It's a very skinny



Trail-blazer: Todd "Digger" Flander (below) kicked off the



Freeriding craze. He has been honing his skills here for 20 years.



ascending log ride that climbs to a height of 20 feet above the forest floor. Then—if that's not enough excitement for anyone with the balls to ride it—there's a bone-breaking drop off the end. Cowan seems to be the only one who's looking forward to tackling it once

it's completed.

After seeing the Ridiculator, every other stunt on the Flying Circus trail seems mellow from my feet-firmly-planted-on-terra-firma view—but of course I'm not attempting any of them.

By the time we reach Circus's halfway point, Vanderham and Cowan have covered a couple of skinny log rides named the Mother Tongue and the Epitomizer, and a funky-looking ladder bridge called the Lobotomizer 2000, which has a 12-foot drop with a lad-

der extending all the way to the bottom. "What happened was, we had a drop up here called the Lobotomizer, which was like an eight-footer," says Cowan. "Then I decided we needed a really big drop, well, I needed a big drop somewhere up here. So I decided to build the Lobotomizer 2000."

Farther down the trail we arrive at a giant log. Vanderham and Cowan ride up it while Vigurs and I stand below so I can get a perspective on just how big the damn thing is. Cowan tells me that this ancient fallen tree is the reason he built the trail here in the first place. The Sky Bridge

VIEW FROM THE TOP



Mountain bikes are expensive—as much as \$5,000—and must be able to withstand 25-foot drops, rugged terrain, and countless wipeouts.

follows next; it's the climax of the trail, the largest ladder bridge on the Flying Circus and possibly the entire North Shore.

On Day 2 I finally get my own bike to push around the forest. We proceed along a dirt road to another trail, Groovula, which cranes upward into the dense forest. We're forced to dismount and push our bikes, as the trail is too steep for pedal power.

Reaching the three-quarter point on Groovula, we find Todd Fiander, a.k.a. Digger, the man who started the whole freeriding craze. He's covered in dirt, laboring on one of his newest stunts. He's carefully packing the rich soil of the rain forest over a base of large stones used to make a sturdy berm. The structure looks as if it will last forever. When I met Digger the day before, he mentioned he'd been in these woods almost daily for the past 20 years. After witnessing his skills as a trail builder, it's easy to believe him.

Digger is anxious for the guys to ride a new jump he's just constructed, but first we'll climb to the top of Groovula and I'll finally get a taste of what it's like to ride a North Shore trail. At the top Vigurs hands me shin pads, knee pads, gloves, and a full-face helmet befitting a motocross racer. He assures me that the pads will protect me in the event of an accident. "You can't ride up here without the body armor," he says.

The trail that goes around

the major stunts doesn't look overly menacing, but that doesn't make me feel any more assured as I mount the rugged-looking bike Vigurs has loaned me. I take a few minutes to psych myself up, and once my knees stop shaking I'm ready to give this a try. A few practice runs later, with me skidding down the slope, both brakes pulled tight, I become more comfortable and begin riding slowly—very slowly—down the trail.

North Shore mountain bikes are not your average mount. They're incredibly strong, with heavy-duty frames and components that allow the bikes to withstand vicious treatment. These machines have to be able to handle drops as much as 25 feet (Digger's Drop) and the wipeouts that can result from attempting serious stunts.

Despite their durability, bikes do get damaged, but some of the riders are fortunate enough to be sponsored by mountain-bike manufacturers. In the past two days, Vanderham has managed to take a new Rocky Mountain R7 he was provided by the company and make it look as if someone like me had been riding it for years. Cowan broke the swing arm on his Ellsworth Joker our first day out, and wouldn't have been able to ride on this day if he hadn't picked up a spare part from another Ellsworth team rider. Bikes cost upwards of \$5,000, and Vanderham tells me he couldn't afford the sport if it weren't for his sponsors.

By the time I've made it back to Digger, there are a few other riders who've joined in to

tackle a 25-foot span of creek bed and then Digger's new rock stunt. The riders push their steeds to the top of a trail that lines up with a dirt ramp used to get enough air to clear the span. One after another, they begin exploding over the jump. Vanderham is in his element here, and with each try he performs a new trick. On his first attempt he tabletops the bike, and on his second he lets go of the handlebars for what seems like an eternity as he flies through the air.



"The big gaps and high-flying jumps are definitely my area," Vanderham tells me once he's made 20-plus jumps in less than 60 minutes.

A few hours later the guys have tackled both stunts and are worn out. Time to go. We say our good-byes to Digger and the other riders and get on our bikes. Vanderham, Vigurs, and Cowan go first; I skid along behind them.

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



'They tell me you can keep it up all night...'



SPORTING AMERICA

By Jonathan Davis and Michael-Ann Rowe

San Francisco
49ers
quarterback
Jeff Garcia
"When I was
young they
used to call me
Woody Wood-
pecker."



• If you could rip the vocal chords from one person, whom would it be?

• At times I would like to remove [wide receiver] Terrell Owens's vocal chords just so he wouldn't say some things he has said. It tends to take away from what we have been able to accomplish as a team. I think he would help himself out if he just kept quiet.

• Who's the sexiest sportscaster?

• Rebecca Grant, the cohost of NFL's *Under the Helmet* on Fox, is very beautiful and does a great job on her show. I'm also very impressed with Lisa Guerrero, who does the sports updates on Fox Sports Net's *The Best Damn Sports Show Period*.

• How and when did you discover your liquor limit?

• Those are not times that you remember with much fondness. For some reason it always involves this guy named José. I guess it's part of being of Irish and Mexican descent.

• Who's one guy you wouldn't want to sit next to on the team plane after a game?

• [Linebacker] Jeff Ulbrich—the

guy doesn't shower for two days leading to a game and I think we're lucky if he takes a shower following a game. What's even more incredible is he's married to a beautiful woman, who must have a high tolerance level.

• Have you ever found yourself with a girl who was a ten at two but a two at ten?

• Who hasn't? Thank God I haven't been in that type of situation since my college days.

• What would make you run screaming from a woman's bedroom?

• I'm very anti-hair. Proper grooming is what it's all about.

• What's the longest you've gone without sleeping?

• It had to be at this past Super Bowl in New Orleans. It was the first time I had ever experienced Bourbon Street. The week tore me

• If you were to get hit so hard that you landed on a group of cheerleaders, which team would you want to break your fall?

• There is so much hype about the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders, but they're worth it. But this year the Atlanta Falcons had a great group of cheerleaders. They were gorgeous. A fine group of Georgia peaches.

• Who has hit you so hard you thought you were back playing in the Canadian Football League?

• It was in our play-off game this past year against Green Bay. Gilbert Brown caught me under the chin, drove me to the ground, and split my chin open. I felt the blood coming down my neck. I got up and was feeling a little dazed. He's borderline 400 pounds. It was not the way I wanted to start the game.

• What was the best practical joke you were ever a part of?

• This past year, HBO was filming a segment for their *Inside the NFL* show. A couple of my teammates were playing a prank on one of our quarterbacks, Tim Rattay. They had some cops come into our locker room and "arrest" him for driving a stolen vehicle.

My part was to have HBO pretend to interview me because my locker was next to Tim's. The cops come in and ask Tim if he was driving this certain vehicle that was out in the parking lot. They tell him that the car was stolen and was part of a hit-and-run. The HBO camera is now moving off me and onto Tim as the cops are putting him in handcuffs. Tim is screaming for 49ers security. Guys are in the background yelling, "Bullshit! bullshit!" and egging it on. Rattay was close to tears before we let him know it was all a practical joke.

• Which player has the largest entourage?

• My teammate Jeremy Newberry. He holds tailgates in the players' parking lot after games where he has 50 to 60 family members.

• Who is the best trash-talker?

• Without a doubt it's John Randle of the Seattle Seahawks. The guy was talking trash to me at the Pro Bowl. We're talking about an all-star game! He has a motor that doesn't stop.

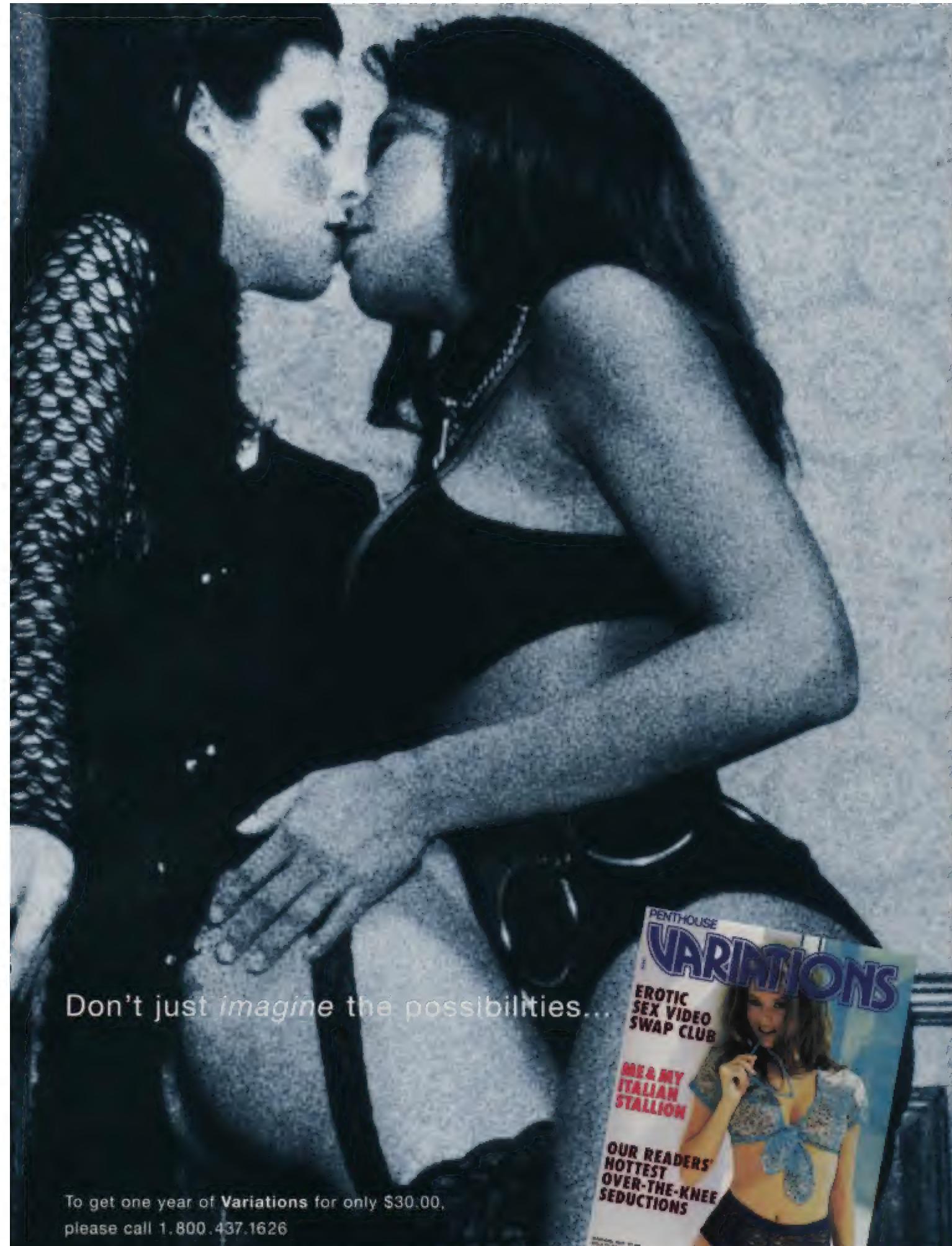
• If you could be granted one wish, what would it be?

• My brother drowned when I was seven and he was six, and a year and a half later my sister, who was five, died in a fluke car accident. If I had one wish it would be to bring them back. I feel like we would have shared so many great things together. Who knows, maybe my brother could have been my wide receiver and we could have had that sort of connection. I miss them big-time.

• Tell us about the T-shirt your dad has that says, "Hi, I'm Bob from Gilroy."

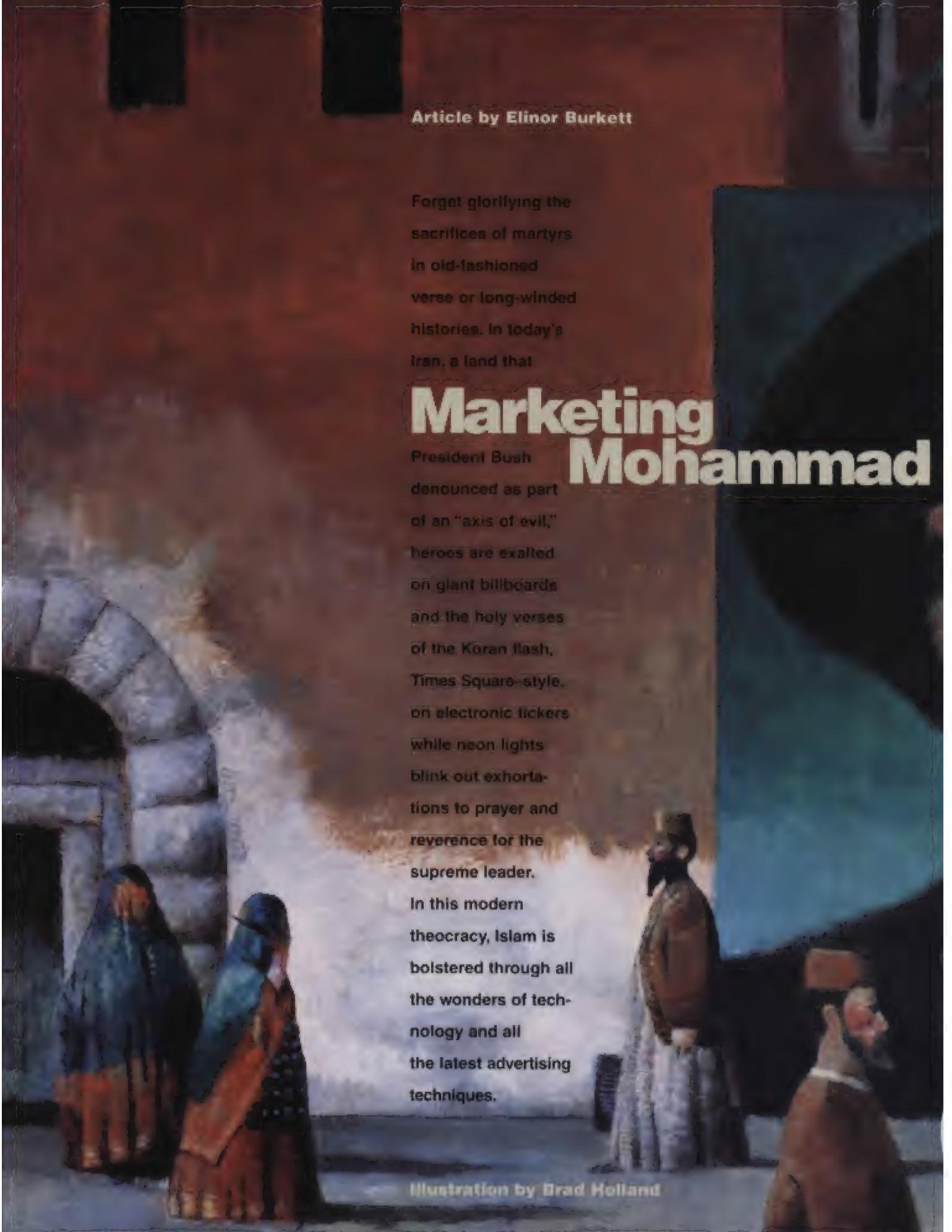
• It goes back to when my dad called in to this sports talk-radio show and identified himself as "Bob from Gilroy, California." The hosts of the show were all over me following a 49ers loss to Atlanta a couple of years ago, and my dad decided to stick up for me. The hosts thought he had more insight than the average fan.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174



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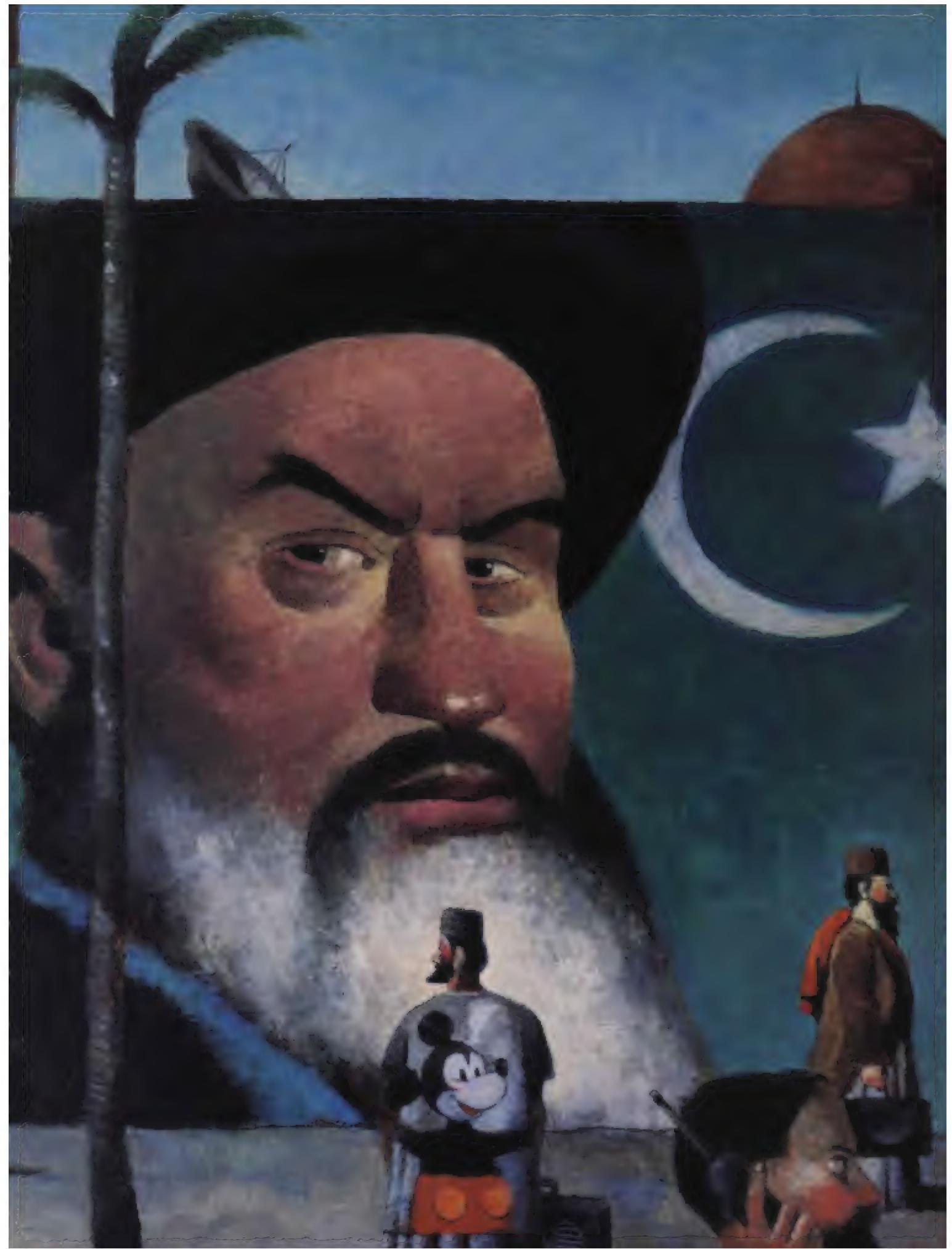
Article by Elinor Burkett

Forget glorifying the sacrifices of martyrs in old-fashioned verse or long-winded histories. In today's Iran, a land that

Marketing Mohammad

President Bush denounced as part of an "axis of evil," heroes are exalted on giant billboards and the holy verses of the Koran flash, Times Square-style, on electronic tickers while neon lights blink out exhortations to prayer and reverence for the supreme leader. In this modern theocracy, Islam is bolstered through all the wonders of technology and all the latest advertising techniques.

Illustration by Brad Holland



It is the birthday of Emam Reza, the eighth Shiite emam. The faithful pour into Mashad, Iran's holiest city, to pay tribute to the spiritual leader who was murdered with poisoned pomegranate juice 12 centuries ago.

Each year, 12 million Muslims make that pilgrimage to kiss the gilt-edged tomb covered with a gold latticed cage and pray at the adjacent Great Mosque of Gohar Shad to guarantee themselves, as many believe, a place in paradise. Iran's secular tourist industry may have been decimated by the attack on the World Trade Center, the war in Afghanistan, and mounting international concern that the mullahs in Tehran might be a tad disingenuous in protesting their disdain for terrorism; true believers, however, have not been deterred.

On the eve of the national holiday, they flew in from every part of the country and from across the Arab world, jamming the aisles of airplanes during prayer times to ensure a safe voyage. This morning they line up at the security cubicles outside each of the shrine's four entrances while the men are

versed or long-winded histories. Today's Iranian martyrs are exalted on giant billboards with the same Technicolor overstatement used elsewhere to push cars or movies. The Koran has been digitized in red letters that flash on the same sort of huge electronic tickers that spell out the latest baseball scores in Times Square. Neon lights blink out exhortations to prayer and reverence for the supreme leader.

Even Emam Reza's shrine, one of the most sacred places in the Shiite world, has been so flooded with pink and green lights that it screams "Magic Kingdom" to anyone who has ever seen a commercial for Disneyland.

If elsewhere around the globe fundamentalism has declared war on technology, in Iran the two live in apparent harmony, and the result feels less like an axis of evil, as President Bush would have us believe, than a fundamentalist theme park, with the Ayatollah Khomeini cast in the role of a not-so-benevolent Walt. All the glitz and kitsch, the razzle-dazzle and seductively familiar iconography, make Iran look too modern, too American, to be taken seriously as a font of depravity.

Evil lurks in caves among the illiterate and undereducated. At least that's what Iranians argue. Does this, they say, look like the refugee camps of the West Bank or the Tora Bora caves?

Actually, Iran doesn't look or feel like any other place on the planet. It's a universe of jarring juxtapositions, dizzying ironies, impossible contradictions.

When I first called the Iranian embassy in the Central Asian republic of Kyrgyzstan to inquire about a visa, I languished on hold listening to Muzak renditions of "Dixie" and "When the Saints Go Marching In." And before I could even open the glossy Aseman Airlines magazine on a flight to Mashad, I noticed my fellow female passengers seated in the state-of-the-art Tupolev hastily concealing their blue jeans and bleached hair beneath long coats and black chadors, since even Iran's skies aren't friendly to the uncovered.

In Qom, still the heart of the revolution, mullahs in flowing

Martyrs are exalted with the same hype used elsewhere to push cars. This billboard, captioned "War Is the School of Love," shows a dead hero of the Iran-Iraq War.

searched for weapons and the women are both patted down and inspected for appropriate garb.

Elsewhere in the first Islamic republic, an ankle-length coat and securely tied scarf satisfy the demands of the religious police. At the Place of Martyrdom, however, a full chador—an enormous black sheet that shrouds head and body—is compulsory for all women, and a bevy of female guards is on hand to oversee compliance.

Inside the vast complex—a wonderland of golden minarets, gilded cupolas, and glittering mirrors—thousands of the faithful stretch themselves out on the cold concrete, their heads pointing toward Mecca. The stillness of the towering halls and serene courtyards is broken only by the nasal wail of the muezzin, the mumbled chanting of the worshippers, and the persistent clicking of hundreds of automated prostration counters.

Iran is, after all, a modern theocracy, so all the wonders of technology—and all the latest advertising techniques—are employed to market and bolster Islam. No more old-fashioned stones against which you tap your head during prayers. No more keeping mental count of how faithfully you've fulfilled your religious duties, simply keep track with a Mohr-e-Hazrat-brand *rak'at* counter. No batteries necessary. Good in temperatures as high as 40 degrees centigrade. And accurate up to 400,000 prostrations.

Forget glorifying the sacrifices of martyrs in old-fashioned

robes and carefully wound turbans zoom around town on Japanese motorcycles while debating the fine points of Koranic interpretation on cell phones. They flood Internet cafés to post their latest sermons, while preaching bans on public access to the World Wide Web.

The country is wallpapered with advertising, a growth industry since President Mohammad Khatami lifted the lid on that old capitalist evil. But since at least five percent of outdoor ads must provide "cultural guidance," French perfume and Zim Zam cola compete for public attention with reminders like "Rush quickly to your prayers," and the ruling couple—the president and the supreme leader—look down from their lofty aeries atop major buildings onto billboards for Cacol, a candy adorned with the Coca-Cola logo.

Female villains dominate the silver screen in movie theaters from Yazd to Tabriz, but not a strand of hair peeks out from beneath their veils even when they wave their guns menacingly at the good guys. Turn on the nightly television news to catch the daily sports scores, and the female newscaster sounds like any other jock recapping the game's highlights with breathless excitement. But in her triple chador (three layers of headcovering, in three different colors), she clearly has never been able to play any sport at all.

The sale and distribution of alcohol is banned, although the Jews in Shiraz and the Armenians along the Turkish border are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

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TECHNOLOGIA

By Kim Sander
Photos: Robert Lovett

High-Tech Tools for the 21st century



At the Consumer Electronics Show this year I noticed a new trend: automotive and portable music players that feature big hard drives. The Rio Riot, voted Best of CES, is a portable digital audio player. This ten-ounce system features a 20 GB drive that stores more than 400 CDs, a built-in FM tuner with custom presets, and a sizable backlit LCD for easy readout. It comes with headphones, a rechargeable lithium battery, power adapter, carrying case, and audio-management software for PCs and Macs. Click to www.sonicblue.com for more information.



There is a new digital CD format called SACD (super-audio CD). The Omega SACD-1 is Classé's first foray into the super-audio field. The transport system used is the Sony reference level SCD-1. Its laser optics are fixed so the disc moves to the laser—as opposed to the laser operating in phonograph-like fashion—resulting in less margin for error and more stability while the disc is read. The SACD-1 features two lasers, one for CDs and the other for SACDs. The digital filtering automatically selects the best filter for playback. It also supports CDR, CDRW, and HD-CD. For additional details, go to www.classeaudio.com.



MOHAMMAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

free to brew wine and vodka at home—and do a brisk business supplying their Muslim neighbors.

And the Ayatollah, dead for 13 years, has become his own industry, reproduced on film and videotape, on calendars, date books, ashtrays, ceramic tiles, even Melmac plates.

It's enough to make you think that the old man actually succeeded in creating a nation in which theocracy and modernism coexist. And they do coexist, to a remarkable extent, defying the power of the Internet (available, albeit slow), satellite television (tolerated but illegal); international travel, and every word Marshall McLuhan ever wrote.

The mullahs who run this country have never shown much fear that the medium would undermine the message. In his war against Reza Shah, Khomeini wielded the audiotape as a revolutionary weapon, flooding Iran with dubs of his own sermons. And shortly after he seized power Khomeini reversed a decades-long fundamentalist hostility toward the movies as blasphemous iconography and supported the development of "Islamic cinema."

So in Iran there's no contradiction between Stone Age fundamentalism and

modern technology, between Gucci shoes and polygamy. There's no sense of irony whatsoever in the notion of turning the Ayatollah's house into Muslimland—think Graceland with domes, arches, and minarets—or in dragging out Mickey and Bugs for a parade celebrating the defeat of the Great Satan and the establishment of the first modern theocracy.

That doesn't mean that there are no chinks in the system. On the street and in the bazaars, in teahouses, restaurants, and hotels, even strangers offer up complaints, although few have anything to do with the political stranglehold of the clerical elite, or the lack of political freedom. Iranian newspapers offer up a daily diet of denunciations of "the illegal Zionist state," of "Zionist-American conspiracies" and US attempts to undermine Iranian sovereignty, sandwiched between listings of prayer times and verses from the Koran. Despite the popularity of satellite television and the availability of BBC news, even those most vociferously intolerant of their government seem to believe every word of propaganda.

The din of secular media simply can't compete with the million-decibel blare of the message that Iran and fundamentalism are indivisible and invincible, reinforced by a thousand mau-

soleums, scores of medrassahs (theological schools), a teeming mass of swaggering mullahs, and millions of women shrouded in chadors clenched between their teeth as they dutifully make their way to the back of the bus while racing between business appointments. There's not a scrawl of political graffiti or a seditious leaflet to suggest serious popular ferment.

Iranians carp about the economy with the same blend of anxiety and disgust heard throughout the world, hardly a counterrevolutionary sentiment. To outsiders, a country with free education, government-funded retirement after 20 years of work, perfectly paved roads, superior health care, and thriving commerce doesn't exactly seem in bad shape. Iranians, however, have high expectations for their standard of living. Those expectations are not being met.

The leadership has evaded the rap with aplomb by blaming all the nation's economic problems on the late Iran-Iraq War—which means that the problems are entirely Saddam Hussein's fault, since Iran, of course, was the innocent victim of vicious aggression. (Saddam is the one issue on which Iranians agree with Americans, and people delight at the thought that the U.S. government might use the war on terrorism as an excuse to get rid of their old enemy. It would be a double-barreled victory for Iran, the ouster of their greatest foe coupled with a delicious opportunity to condemn American imperialism.)

The eight-year bloodbath devastated the country, forcing more than a million Iranians from their homes, polluting the countryside with landmines, and sapping more than \$240 billion from the nation's budget. But the conflagration has been over for more than a decade, and today's economic malaise owes as much to an unwieldy bureaucracy, state ownership, and overregulation as to that carnage. Laying the responsibility at Saddam's feet, however, is a politically convenient ploy.

"Do you think part of the problem might be the amount of money the government spends on religion?" I asked flatly. After two weeks in Iran, I'd concluded that I could ask anything if I did so without any inflection. I was dying to gauge popular skepticism toward the religious establishment.

"Oh, that's not very much money" was the universal response. It was a curious blind spot. The government heats, lights, and maintains hundreds of mosques, shrines, and mausoleums—and is building more every day, in Iran and elsewhere. Every mullah in the country, and you can't go out without seeing at least two mullahs per block, receives a government stipend. And then there are the religious police, who inspect everything from hotels to the piety of the



"Now, Mr. Bates, you knew there was a penalty for filing a late return."

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



AND VERY LITTLE IS REQUIRED

A series of magazine ads for a New York fashion house features model **Anna Eirikh** wearing a shirt open to reveal her breasts and see-through panties, standing before a mirror with two half-naked young men. The designer declares, "What has happened or is about to happen is left to your imagination."

OKAY, HOW ABOUT CHICKEN?

A South Carolina fire department was ordered to return a \$2,400 fund-drive donation when officials discovered the money had been raised at a local club where women danced onstage while having their bare breasts rubbed with ham.

YEAH, RIGHT

Winona Ryder, arrested for allegedly shoplifting nearly \$5,000 worth of goods from a Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills, reportedly claimed she took the merchandise as research for a part in an upcoming movie, according to the *New York Post*, though she has not been reported at work on any such film.



MEOW!

Supermodel **Claudia Schiffer** told model-turned-author **Amanda Lear** in *Paper* magazine: "I love your book! Who wrote it for you?" Lear to Schiffer: "I did, darling. Who read it to you?"



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

JUST IN TIME, I FOUND YOU JUST IN TIME

Actress

Alexandra Wentworth

says that if she
hadn't met and married

George Stephanopoulos,
she probably would
have had a whole chain of
relationships, ending
up "with an adopted baby or
a lesbian lifestyle."



NO WONDER

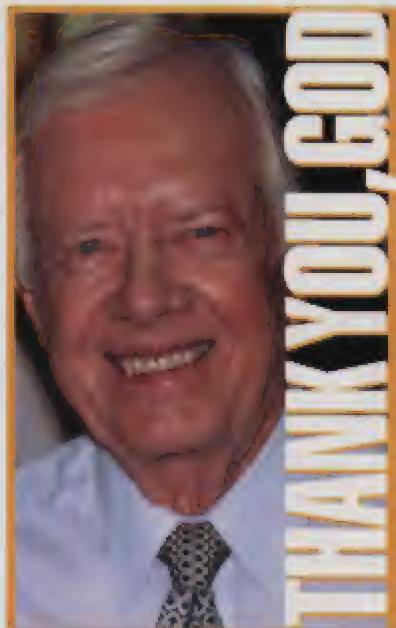
Singer Pink says
she has trouble dat-
ing, which, she
admits, may be due
to the fact that
her pet terrier bites
any man who comes
near her. The dog,
as it happens, is
named Fucker.

GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

According to **P. J. Corkey**, gossip columnist for the *San Francisco Examiner*, **Phil Bronstein**, husband of **Sharon Stone** and editor of the rival *San Francisco Chronicle*, was ordered to take anger-management classes after a tirade to reporters for their failing to obtain an exclusive interview with **Congressman Gary Condit**. Bronstein later referred to Corkey's assertions in a memo as "completely off the wall" and "utter fabrication."



Former President Jimmy Carter reveals that in 1978 he mentioned his painful case of hemorrhoids to Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, who said he would ask all Egyptians to pray for Carter's relief. A few days later the American president's problem suddenly disappeared. Carter considered revealing the miracle cure in a nationwide radio address, but ultimately decided not to burden his fellow Americans with the news.

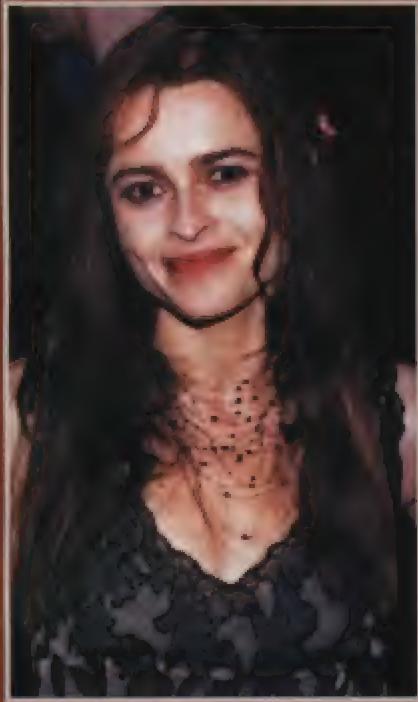


THANK YOU, GOD

OUR LITIGIOUS SOCIETY AT WORK

A San Francisco woman filed a wrongful-dismissal suit against the hospital where she had worked, claiming that she was illegally fired despite her obsessive-compulsive disorder—a disability that took the form of her needing several hours to groom herself before work, making it impossible for her to meet a set schedule. Occasionally this process took so much time, she wasn't ready until her shift was over.

ANOTHER ILLUSION SHATTERED



Helena Bonham Carter, on performing an intimate sequence with **Woody Allen**: "In a kissing scene ... he says up front what he does not want. No exchange of liquid is permitted. Absolutely no tongue encounter. His mouth is a no-go area. And he makes no effort at all. It's like kissing the Berlin Wall."



STING LIKE A BEE

To the nervous laughter of his racially mixed District of Columbia audience, **Muhammad Ali** decided to tell a few politically incorrect jokes at a fund-raising event, including "What's the difference between a Jew and a canoe? A canoe tips." Also: "A black, a Puerto Rican, and a Mexican are in a car. Who's driving? The police." The fund-raiser was for a new center in Louisville, Kentucky, that Ali said would teach "multicultural appreciation."



BOW-WOWTH

A London newspaper reports that Spice Girl **Geri Halliwell's** dog Harry is gay. The newspaper did not reveal how it arrived at this determination.

QUICK, SHOOT THIS MAN!

A Romanian doctor has purportedly invented a vibrator that uses advanced technology to give women up to 16 orgasms a minute. His machine, he says, assures more sexual pleasure for a woman than could be imparted by 30 men.

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, RAPPER

Eminem on his relationships with the opposite sex: "If it weren't for this rap stuff, I could never get a girl."

MOHAMMAD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

army. There's the enormous religious bureaucracy, which has veto power over secular decisions. Yet not even those who are old enough to remember what everyone euphemistically calls "before" question this spending.

The reformers, represented by the wildly popular President Khatami, deftly finesse discontent by appealing to other facets of public vanity. After years of estrangement from the international mainstream, Iranians—vain about their long cultural tradition—chafe at their sense that Europeans and Americans consider them to be backward. They long to be hip, to be au courant. And Khatami is indulging that yearning. He has fought off attempts by hard-liners to shut down public Internet access and crack down on satellite dishes. And while he hasn't thrown out the old laws, he has stopped enforcing certain regulations—about alcohol, television, playing cards,

business had opened two weeks after the attack on the World Trade Center.

"I can't let my children live in this country," one of the women told me between bites of saffron rice. Her voice was not hushed. "This country is a piece of shit." She and her husband had just received residency visas from Canada and were preparing for a summer departure.

"Freedom!" she declared when we arrived at her elegant suburban home. She shut the front door, removed her scarf, and shook out her long hair. Her husband pulled out a gallon jug of vodka, clicked the remote control that operates his satellite dish, found one of four Iranian stations beamed in illegally from California, and invited our small crowd to dance—yet another publicly illicit activity. Their sons, in their late teens, chatted comfortably in English about their favorite video games, about the problem of drunk driving among Shirazi youth, and the popularity of hymen replacement—at \$200 a pop—among middle-class women.

"Do you want to hear some Michael

"I can't let my children live in this country," an Iranian woman told me. Her voice was not hushed. "This country is a piece of shit."

and videotapes—that undermine Iranian illusions about their modernity.

These days, then, free to drink in their own homes, to watch satellite television, even to exchange porn tapes, Iranians bask in their coming of age and revel in the thrill of breaking the law without fear that doing so will land them in jail.

And break it they do, with seeming abandon. In Kerman and Tabriz, I was offered vodka on the street. In Shiraz, a group of teens approached me at an outdoor restaurant and unveiled a brick of hash on a table. Strangers bragged about the satellite dishes they had hidden in the garden or behind laundry, about their knowledge of the latest American films, their pop-music savvy.

See, they seemed to proclaim, we're sophisticated people.

Yet

One night in Shiraz two local couples—the men civil engineers, their wives child psychologists—invited me home. We'd met over a special dinner and traditional-music performance held in a teahouse carved out of an old caravanserai. Designed to provide the growing number of European tourists traveling to Iran with tea, water pipes, and a respite from the chaotic bazaar, the

Jackson?" one of the boys offered. His father sneered.

"Wasn't *Titanic* the most awesome movie?" the man asked, clearly anxious to avoid his son's taste in music.

His companion poured yet another drink. "Don't Americans understand that bin Laden is being scapegoated?" he asked, adding a dollop of Fanta soda to six ounces of corrosive home brew. "September 11 was a Jewish plot. That's why no Jews were killed."

Iranians of all ages, social classes, and backgrounds embraced me warmly and openly. "Oh, we're so glad to see Americans visiting! We love Americans!" They served me tea. They offered to take me home, organize parties, teach me Farsi. But the warmth was laced with a curious historical blindness, a fascinating blend of indifference, gullibility, hubris, and self-pity. Poor us, we're so misinterpreted and misunderstood.

How could anyone think Iran would be involved in international terrorism? they asked. President Bush had not yet branded Iran as a member of the "axis of evil," along with Iraq and North Korea, but that indictment was already in the wind and Iranian newspapers were

already responding by accusing the United States of everything from war-mongering to being a dupe of Israel.

For Iranians, almost as galling as the indictment itself was the prospect of being tarred with the same brush as Iraq. Iranians might disagree over most political issues—from privatization of companies to the power of the clergy. But on the sinister nature of Saddam Hussein—provoker of wars, dispenser of poison gas, prisoner of Iranian soldiers—Iran is united.

"Don't you think that Iran's encouragement and financing of fundamentalism might have played some role in it?" I inquired. No one was willing to engage the question. "That's just U.S. propaganda," they said. "After all, we always opposed the Taliban."

"What about Hamas and Hezbollah?"

"They're not terrorists, they're freedom-fighters." The answer was pat. Automatic. There was no arguing with people who lacked even the most basic skepticism about what they hear from their government.

Anyway, no one wanted to argue politics. They just wanted to know why more Americans don't come to Iran. "How could they possibly be afraid to travel here?" dozens of Iranians wondered.

When I mentioned the 52 Americans taken hostage at the U.S. Embassy, one young man—like most Iranians too young to remember 1979—insisted that no such thing had happened. "You are clearly mistaken," he informed me. Older folks, of course, couldn't deny that bit of history. But they dismissed the event. "Oh, that old thing! That was a long time ago. Things have changed."

I made a pilgrimage to the old embassy building after reading in the *New York Times* that it had been opened to the public with a permanent exhibition called "Great Satan's Crimes Against Humanity," complete with an Israeli-flag doormat, on which guests were invited to wipe their feet, and a carnivalesque mock-up of Uncle Sam, at which they could shoot with an air canon.

My mind flashed back more than two decades, filling the now-peaceful street with images of angry mobs, but the museum was not open. I was in fact informed that there is no museum. Perhaps, like the teahouse in Shiraz, it had fallen victim to the post-September 11 tourism bust.

But the walls around the compound still display Khomeini's warnings—"We will make America face a severe defeat" and "On the day the U.S. praises us, we should mourn"—painted during those grim days. The colors aren't faded; the graffiti has clearly received a touch-up. In a new mural, added in 1998, Lady Liberty has been artfully transmogrified into a skeleton. She, too, shows no sign of wear. ■



South Beach in the spring is bursting with beautiful young girls soaking up the sun. But one stands out as even more beautiful than the rest: Anna Kournikova, tennis brat extra-ordinaire, is well aware of the sensation she causes wherever she goes, but as she peels off her top she appears not to notice the stares from other sun worshipers.

PROFILE BY ANNETTE WITHERIDGE

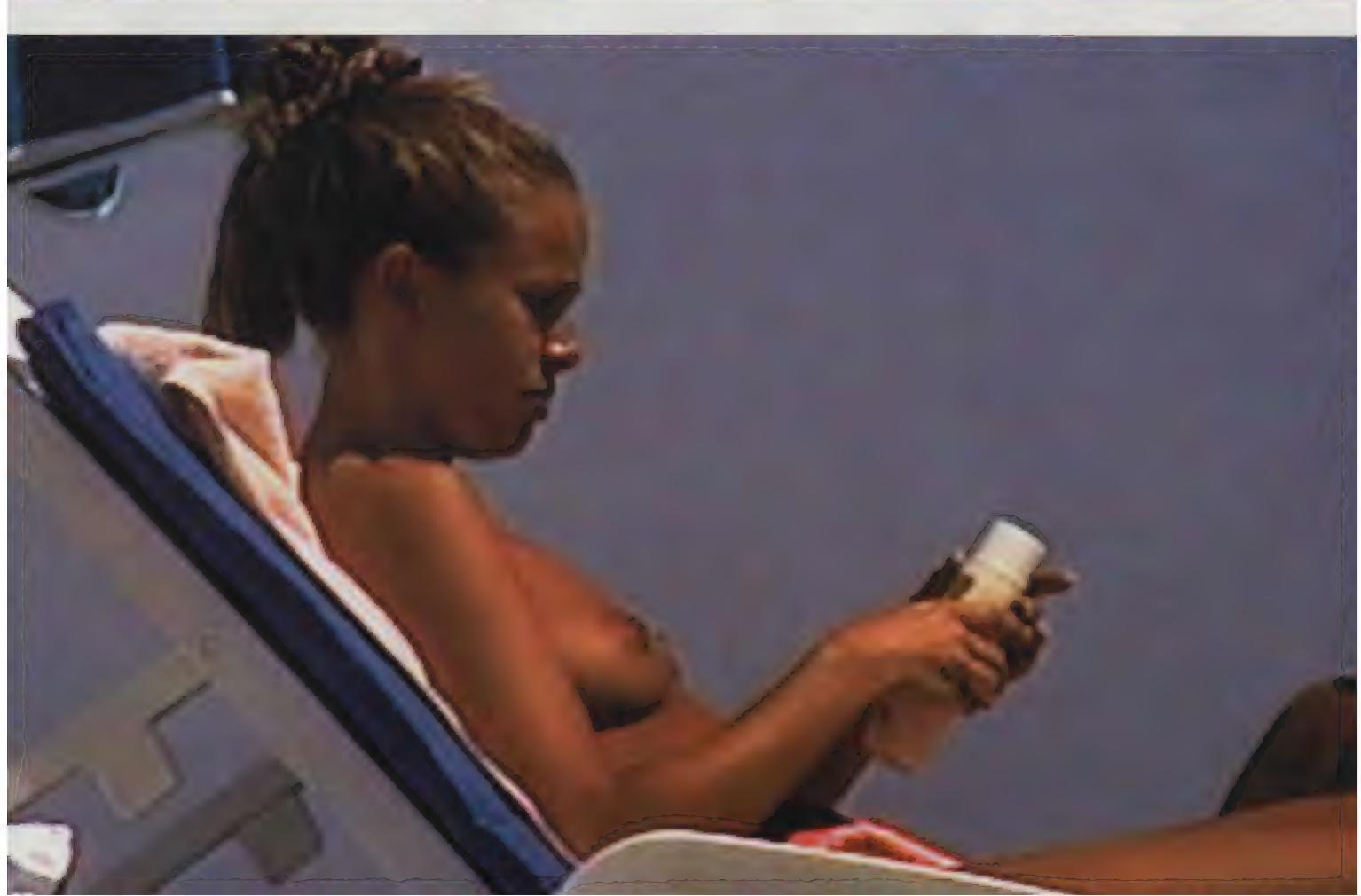
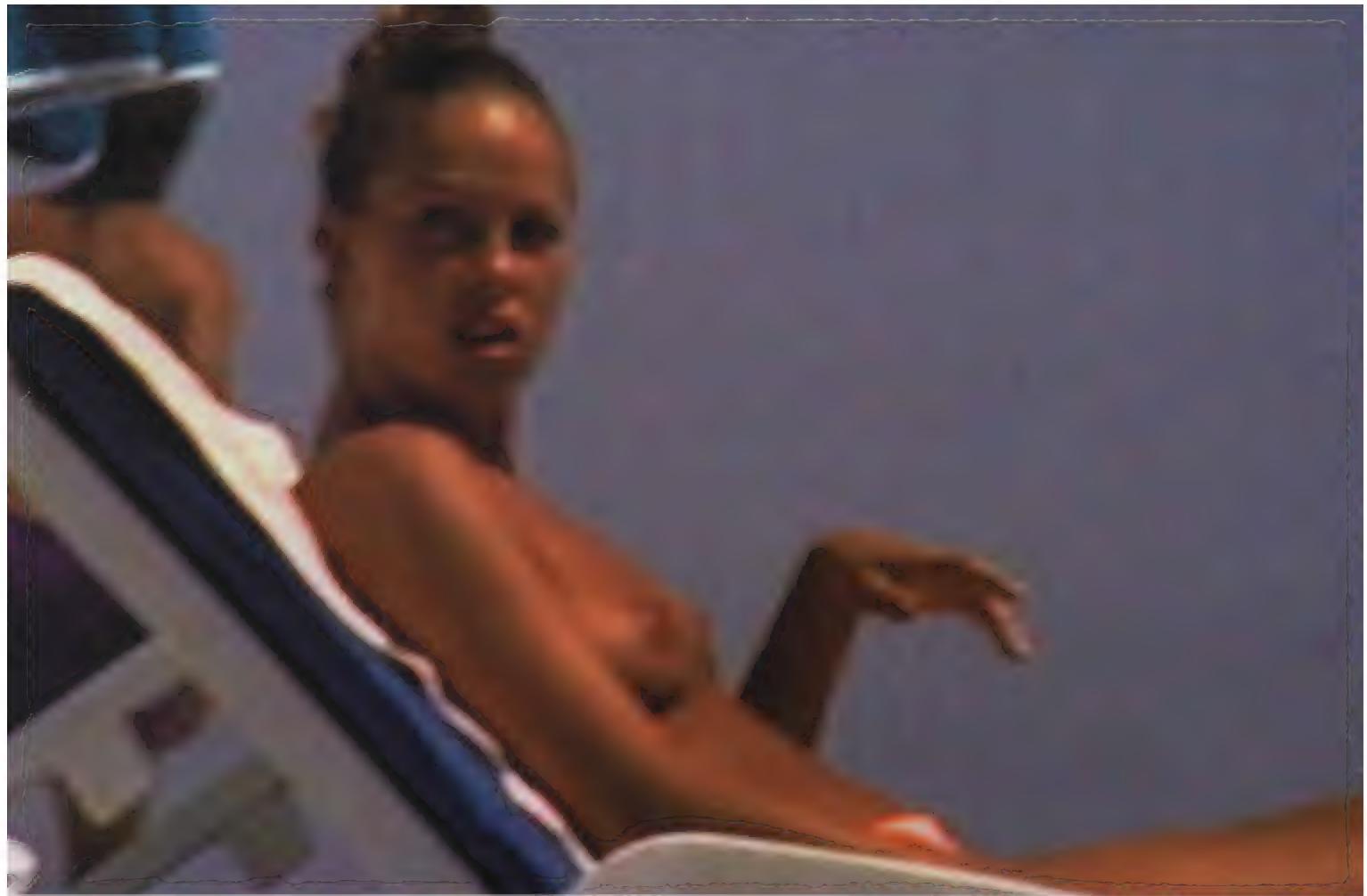


Anna Kournikova



Anna has yet to win a major singles tournament, but her ability to attract attention is the stuff legends are made of. Two summers ago, 1,500 billboards shot up across Britain showing Anna in a skimpy sports bra and the words ONLY THE BALL SHOULD BOUNCE emblazoned down below. Drivers reportedly crashed as they craned for a better view. "I'm beautiful, famous, and gorgeous," she announced on the Website AskMen.com. And without a hint of irony, she suggested on Rick Dees's radio show that the reason she received daily marriage proposals from across the world was "because my breasts are absolutely perfect. Unlike other women's, mine are firm and bouncy and they don't sag or droop."





This, *Penthouse* can confirm. As our exclusive photographs of Anna basking in the Florida sunshine show, her 34C breasts are hard to beat, and it's no wonder her taut body is lusted after by every male around the globe.

Even on the court, when she should be concentrating on her game, Anna gets a buzz watching male reactions. Her coach, Eric Van Harper, told *Sports Illustrated* that after one particularly good performance she asked, "Did you see their faces, Eric?" Van Harper told *SI* that the men all had sheepish grins and the women looked rankled. "I think, for Anna, it is more important to see the man's face."

Anna pulls in \$10 million a year in commercial endorsements alone, and her face is used to advertise everything from sportswear to Wall Street stocks. Tennis, it would appear, comes second to the spin-off money she makes.

She has graced hundreds of magazine covers, from *Sports Illustrated* to Russian *Vogue*. *GQ* put her on the front page with the headline DON'T CALL ME LOLITA; inside she assumed a Lolita pose for the photographer. Britain's *Sun* honored her on "Page 3," a space regularly reserved for topless models.

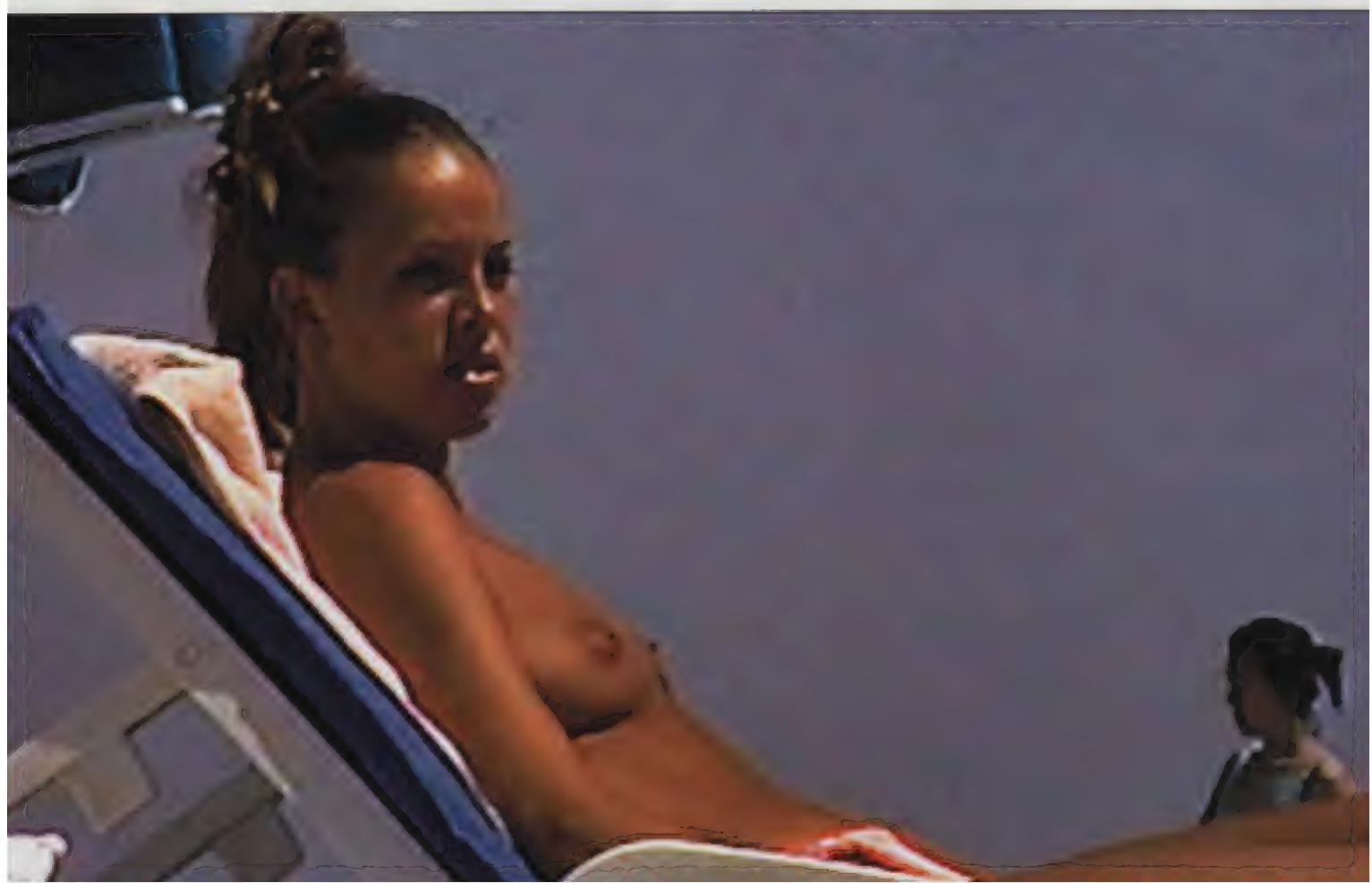
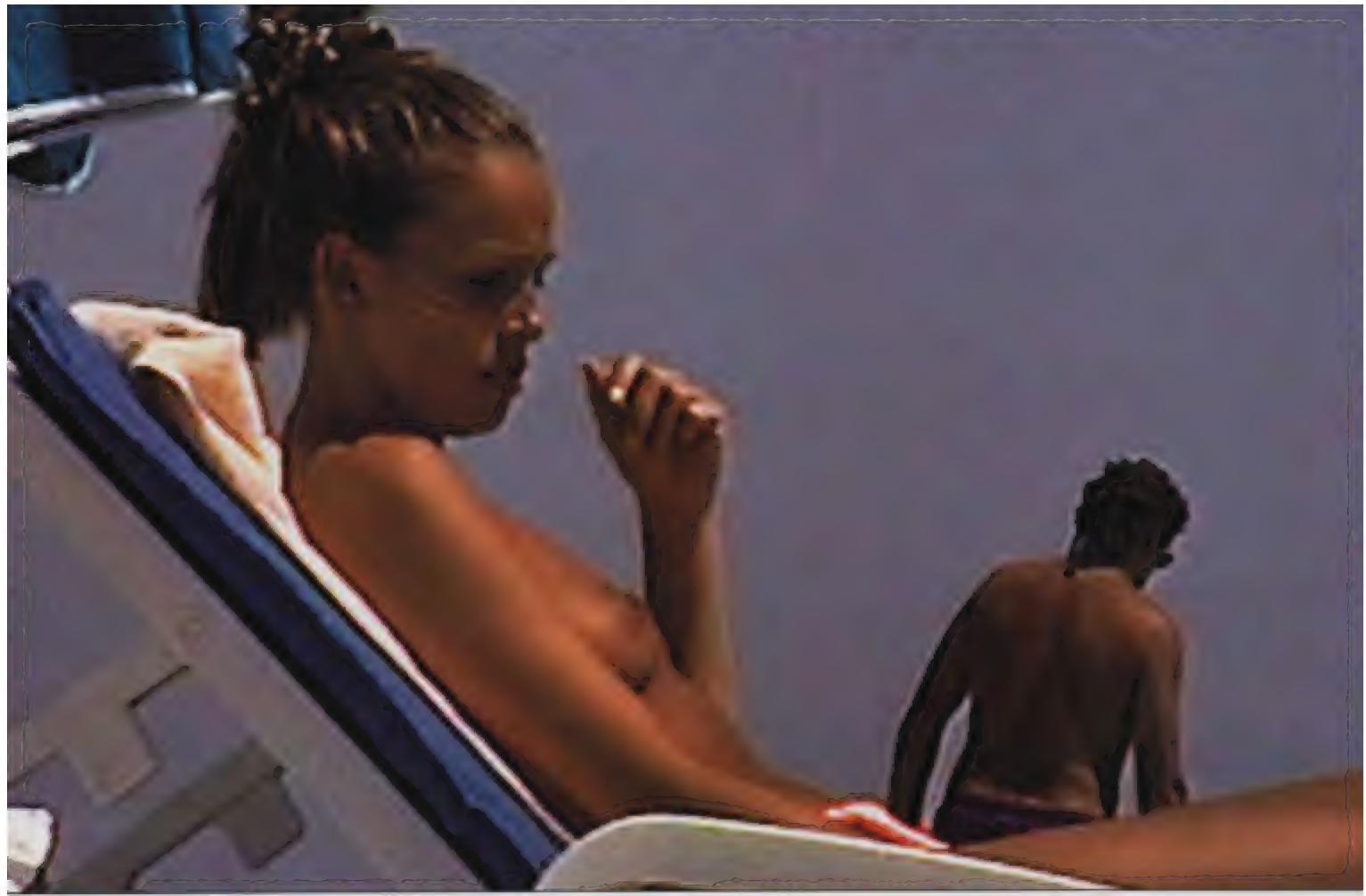
All of which is a far cry from her humble beginnings in the Communist Soviet Union. Anna, the doted-on only child of physical-education instructor Serger Kournikova and his tennis-playing wife, Alla, was encouraged to play sports merely to keep fit. At five she won a place at Russia's Spartak Olympic Sports School and took up tennis.

Still, no one could have predicted that as the Soviet Union crumbled, Anna would find fame and fortune in the richest country in the world. Spartak instructors seemed to think little Anna was nothing special, but American talent spotters were keen to see what Russia had to offer. At nine she won a junior event in the prestigious Kremlin Cup, one onlooker was former U.S. Davis Cup player Gene Scott, who tipped off sports giant International Management Group and prominent Florida tennis coach Nick Bollettieri about the future star.

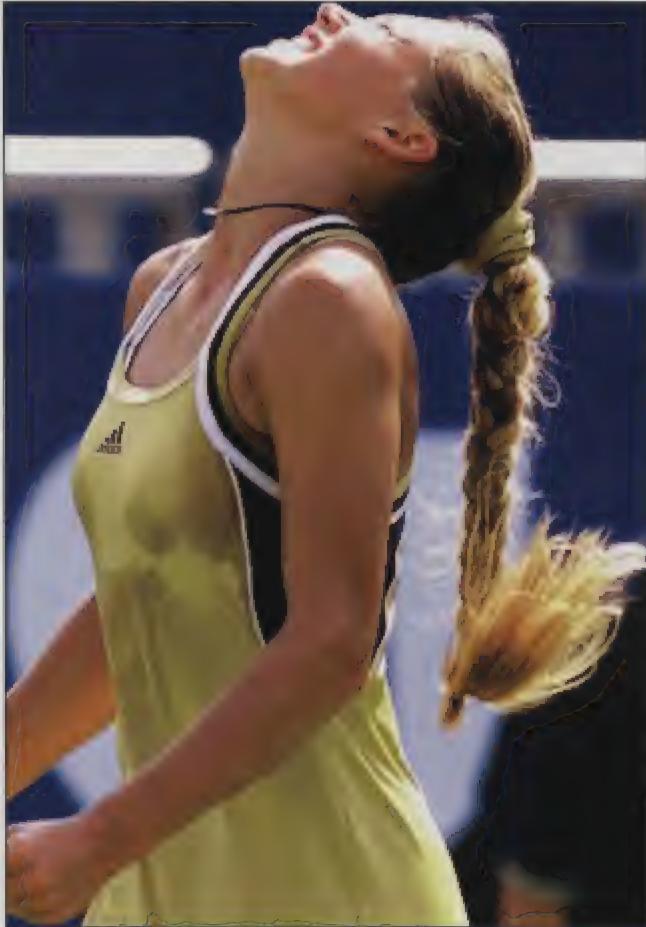




It didn't take long for Anna—and her ferociously ambitious mother—to cut a swath across the U.S. tennis circuit. She quickly began to win tournaments, and Bollettieri, who has coached Boris Becker, Andre Agassi, and Monica Seles, was blown away by Anna's talent. "I've seen them all, but this one actually frightens me," he said at the time. "She knows everything—what she wants to do and how she's going to get there.... The challenge isn't going to be how to make her a champion; it's going to be how to hold the reins on her until the time is right."







Bollettieri stands by that sentiment today, and still believes her time will come. Last summer, after she'd incurred increasing criticism over seemingly minor injuries that kept her out of action for three months, he said, "If I were Anna at Wimbledon this year, I would play the actress, and whatever happens happens. She will be in the headlines because of her looks and her sponsorship." But Anna often suffers for her beauty. She is arguably the most hated player within the traditionally butch women's-tennis circuit. Only veteran Billie Jean King appears to have a good word for her, and believes it is Anna's off-court earning ability, not her looks, that have made her unpopular. (Continued on next page)

"It doesn't bother me at all if some of the guys come out to watch women's tennis because they want to see a beautiful woman," King told *Sports Illustrated*. "Who could hold that against Anna? Still, it is unfortunate when others with a high skill factor don't win the endorsements. Sure, the good-looking guys get more endorsements."

Coach Van Harpen admitted to *SI* that Anna's looks are a mixed blessing. "I tell her, 'Sure you are a beautiful girl, but there are enough of them in the world. But Anna, there has never been a beautiful girl who can win at tennis.'"

Her rival Nathalie Tauziat wrote in her book *Les Dessous du Tennis Feminin (The Underside of Women's Tennis)*, "Everybody in women's tennis hates Anna. Against her, everyone plays the hardest so they can beat her and prove her looks are useless."

Obviously, Anna's looks are far from useless. They are the reason her Marilyn Monroe-style pose during an Adidas ad shoot, complete with billowing skirt, inundated tabloids earlier this year. And

trade. The former Russian running champion turns enough heads herself, but is decried in the bitchy tennis world as scheming and manipulative.

It is arguable that Anna has her eye on the prize. She knows that every paparazzi snap and every gossip item raises her daughter's profile a hundredfold.

But Anna was nowhere to be seen when these exclusive *Penthouse* pictures of Anna were taken. As the photographer explains, "Anna was in another world. She seemed to be emulating Greta Garbo and had a look that said, 'I won't be alone.'"

As Anna paid \$6 for a sun bed, the photographer picked up his video camera and started filming. "She was wearing a shirt with strawberries on it, which I later found out are her favorite fruit. She unbuttoned it and laid it over her black beach bag. Then she undid her blue bikini top and took it off," he says.

"She has an absolutely stunning figure, her breasts are full and firm and absolutely natural. She was surrounded by women with silicone implants, and it

tween she was said to be seeing tennis players Mark Philippoussis and Nicholas Lapentti—and earlier this year she was linked to Latin singer Enrique Iglesias, after starring in his music video.

But if the London *Sun* is to be believed, Fedorov, now 30, won Anna started appearing increasingly at Fedorov's side in Detroit. He loudly toasted her in the crowded Red Wings locker room as she stood on a stool in a skimpy pink minidress that sent temperatures rising among the other players.

She started the marriage rumors a year later when she collared *Detroit News* reporter Cynthia Lambert, flashed what appeared to be a wedding ring, and suggested Lambert "ask Sergei about that."

Then came the rumors about Bure, who was supposed to have gone down on bended knee while offering a million-dollar engagement ring. The gossip sent Fedorov into such a funk that he was allowed to skip practice to sort out his problems. Apparently he wooed Anna back with 300-odd roses, and they were reported to have tied the knot in Miami in August 2001.

But again, while Fedorov's folks were happy to accept congratulations, Anna's people denied the story. From the moment she hit the tennis big-time at the age of 14, Anna has tantalizingly said things, only to deny them later.

She has also created unfortunate headlines with bitchy comments about her non-tennis contemporaries. She described actress Elizabeth Hurley as "ugly," and when asked by the London *Independent* about a meeting with the Spice Girls she snapped, "It was a big deal for them but not for me."

And her arrogance about her own good looks knows no bounds. After another tennis player said that Anna might "wear out" the locker-room mirror, Anna told the *Daily Mail*, "I can't help it if other players don't want to look good, but the way I look is important to me." And a year ago she described herself as "an exotic, expensive item on a gourmet menu that people look at—but can never afford."

In fairness to Prada-loving Anna, she would look utterly stunning clad in even a garbage bag. As Claus Martens, one of her Adidas managers, told the *Independent*, "There's an aura around Anna. The way she acts and walks, the whole appearance."

Anna, of course, blames her public. "People misunderstand what I'm about," she told the *Daily Mail*. "I'm just being me. Every time I do anything it's translated as attention seeking. Even when I bend down I'm accused of showing off my butt," she pouts, showing off the Kournikova style that will be wowing the tennis circuit once again this summer. O

The photographer watched Anna unbutton her shirt and put it aside. "Then she undid her blue bikini top and took it off."

Anna's beauty is obviously the reason she displaced Michael Jordan as the most downloaded sports star on the Internet. There are thousands of Websites devoted to Anna, including several offering fake pictures of a naked look-alike.

But Anna really made it in the fame stakes when she had an Internet virus named after her. "Every guy in the world is going to click on that attachment," fretted Andrew Antipass, systems manager at Tekserve security consultants, as the Anna Kournikova worm threatened to crash the World Wide Web last year.

In the end the virus didn't do much damage, leading *Wired.com* to observe, "It was a bit like Anna at the Grand Slam. [She] gets lots of attention, and then nothing happens."

Cynics claim that Anna knows exactly what she is doing when she bends down to pick up balls on the tennis court. They say every move, from seductively smoothing out her panties to make sure there isn't so much as a ruffle on her rump, to readjusting her top in front of crowds of fans, is carefully orchestrated for maximum exposure.

Critics also point the finger at Anna for teaching her daughter the tricks of the

was a joy to see someone as fresh and natural as Anna. There isn't an ounce of extra fat anywhere.... She is lean and taut and it is clear she works out.

"She lay down on the sun bed and began rubbing sun-tan lotion all over. Then she pulled her hair into a pony tail, doing that double-knot thing that she does on the tennis court.

"Anna did not look at anyone, she did not want to attract attention. She has an apartment nearby and she seemed to want time and space to herself. She clearly needed to be alone."

The five-foot-eight tennis prodigy, who weighs in at a lean 123 pounds, stayed on the beach for just 30 minutes.

"She put her shirt back on and was gone," the photographer says. "I must admit I was dazzled by her."

Anna is rightly proud of her firm figure. Last summer, according to the London *Daily Mail*, she sent the paparazzi into a tailspin when she was spotted sunbathing topless with Detroit Red Wings hockey ace Sergei Fedorov.

The gossip mill went into overdrive because just weeks earlier it had been rumored that Fedorov's Russian hockey rival, Pavel Bure of the Florida Panthers, had asked Anna to marry him. In be-

Your Guide to the Best New Video Games

State of Emergency (Rockstar—PS2) Loosely based on the World Trade Organization riots in Seattle in 1999, this raucous new title from the publishers of *Grand Theft Auto* and *Smuggler's Run* drops players into a virtual wilding. Ostensibly, the story involves your efforts as a resistance fighter against a martial law-imposing corporation. But basically it's just a bunch of people running around breaking stuff as looters, gangs, and security forces brawl in the streets. And—no surprise—it's fun. Gamers get to select different modes of play. "Revolution" mode requires you to complete a variety of missions, such as escorting a character safely through a riot; more fun is "Chaos," which challenges your ability to wipe out as many as 200 foes in the space of a few minutes. Whether you're shooting up a department store or battling sword-wielding thugs, this cheeky, over-the-top game pumps out the visceral, albeit gratuitous, thrills.



WWF Raw Is War (THQ—Xbox) Are you ready to raaaaaumble? Developed by Anchor, creator of the popular *Ultimate Fighting Championship*, *WWF Raw* distills all the blood, bashes, and theatrical machismo that professional-wrestling fans crave. Players become their choice of star grappler—The Rock and Steve Austin, among others—and get to pull all their signature moves. Even niftier, players can create their own wrestlers sporting a variety of gestures and accessories. (The more one plays, the more accessories there are to choose from—like jester hats or a tutu.) Thanks to Xbox's high-power graphics, the game replicates pro wrestling's finest details—down to Raven's grisly tattoos. Unfortunately, the action is not always as pristine; players must struggle to hit the right combination of buttons on the controller to pull off fancy moves during a match. But for fans of real WWF bouts, this game is the next best thing to bleeding there.

Star Fox Adventures (Nintendo—Gamecube) In the latest installment of the popular *Star Fox* series, you are Fox McCloud, an industrious fox investigating the invasion of Dinosaur Planet. Along the way, Fox is helped by some smart and agile locals: a sinewy blue cat named Krystal, a triceratops named Tricky, and a kooky rabbit named Peppy. Characters appear and disappear like surreal refugees from *Alice in Wonderland*. If the irreverent tone sounds familiar, it's due to Fox's developer: an idiosyncratic British company called Rare that has churned out some of Nintendo's biggest hits, including last year's raunchy *Conker's Bad Fur Day*. *Star Fox* sticks closer to the exploratory fantasies of Nintendo faves like *Ocarina of Time*, and features the intergalactic space flight that fans of the series expect. While it includes combat scenes throughout the journey, this adventure is more about enjoying the scenery than destroying it.



Sid Meier's SimGolf (Electronic Arts—PC) For his latest title, legendary strategy-game designer Sid Meier (*Civilization*, *Gettysburg*) has collaborated with industry vet Will Wright, creator of best-selling simulations *SimCity* and *The Sims*. Here, Meier applies Wright's construction-set style to the challenge of designing, building, maintaining, and micromanaging a golf resort. Players begin by choosing where to go into business, from a rocky British coast to a volcanic Hawaiian island. Next they decide where to lay the fairways, traps, and greens. If all goes well, discerning golfers will soon be unloading cash to play the holes, giving the course owner more money to spend on expansion. There are challenges along the way, such as golfers who demand extra ball washers and golf carts—or else. Best of all, *SimGolf* lets you play a round on your personally designed 18-hole course to get the feeling of your creation from the duffer's perspective.

TRADING PUNCHLINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST

What are the top five things a real man would never be caught doing?

Not farting in an elevator, ballroom dancing, putting up drapes, hanging out at a pet-adoption fair, going to one of those places where you paint pottery.

Do real men ever cry?

Yes, but only when they're gambling. There has to be sports involved. Once in a blue moon if you get caught doing something horrible like having sex with your sister's boyfriend or husband, then crying is permitted in that situation as well.

What is something you wish you could do?

Jimmy: I have always wanted to be invisible. Not only would I find and kill bin Laden, but I could also jack off in women's locker rooms while they are changing and not get caught.

Adam: I'd spy on Jimmy jacking off in women's locker rooms. The other thing I'd like to do is to take a year off and just tour factories. Go to Germany and visit the Porsche factory. Maybe check out the Rolls-Royce factory. I'd also check out some of those beer factories. It would be a great way to get trashed for free.

Whose vocal chords should be removed?

We're voting for the Oprah/Dr. Phil combo. A hysterectomy is also in order for the both of them.

Is there possibly a Man Show workout video in the works?

It's called porn. Work one specific area over and over. You can lose two to three ounces per session. It's great for elevating your heart rate. The only potential drawback is that it can ruin your comforter.

Jimmy, if your wife gave you one night with the person of your dreams, whom would it be?

Definitely Adam. Oh, you mean sex. Howard Stern's girlfriend is pretty hot. I'd like to fuck someone like Queen Elizabeth. How cool would it be to say, "I fucked the queen"? Or how about some 1970s icon like Farrah Fawcett or Charlene Tilton? You're at home watching *Nick at Nite* and you can say, "I did her." The fact that she may have been way past her prime when you fucked her is something only you would know.

What does the Man Show diet consist of?

We'll let you know in a minute. We're going to order lunch. Being a man is not living on nachos and salami. Being a man is eating good food in large quantities and not knowing when to stop. Jimmy tends to go crazy, stuffing himself with appetizers, and then when the main course comes you'd think he has nothing left in the tank, but he regroups and polishes it off.

Adam, what was the most bizarre topic you dealt with on Loveline on MTV?

Some guy called and told us he'd been fucking his brother's goat. Not his goat, but his brother's. He wanted to know what he should do. I told him, "You have two choices: Pull out or get married." It's really funny how people react to the animal thing. We have no problem eating them, wearing them as coats, or having them made into car seats, but as soon as we start fucking an animal, all of a sudden they have brains and the act is so disgusting.

Other than having two balls and a penis, what qualifies you to host The Man Show?

We thought of it! We're not the type of guys that feel we need to justify our qualifications, because if we did we wouldn't be qualified.

What is one thing you would never do again on the show?

Instead of *The Man Show*, we did *The Woman Show*. It was an all-female audience. We absolutely horrified them.

What is something that surprised you to have censored out of your show?

Jimmy as a gay trucker driving an 18-wheeler and talking to the other drivers on the CB radio. Comedy Central felt it was too much. Those truck drivers are real men, and the gay thing was

just not something that would have gone over too well with them.

Jimmy, you're married, and Adam's in a relationship. Do your women ever give you a hard time about the show?

Part of being a man is not having a relationship that alters your ultimate goals. We just plopped down \$350 on massages for our significant others. It wasn't that long ago when spending that kind of money for anything was just not fathomable. We can do things for our significant others because of what we do. If we were two guys doing construction, the massage and a lot of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172



The Man Show's **Jimmy Kimmel & Adam Carolla**

"We're not the type of guys that feel we need to justify our qualifications, because if we did we wouldn't be qualified."

RIBALD RIMES

Our continuing compilation
of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks

Illustrated by David Miller

A striking young woman named Janet
seems as cold as a mountain of granite.
But the truth that belies
her Victorian eyes
is she gives the best head on the planet.

—submitted by Nicholas Victor

There was a young plumber of Leigh
who was plumbing a girl by the sea.
She said, "Stop your plumbing,
there's somebody coming!"
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me."

—Anonymous

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
once said, "There is one thing I do know:
A woman is fine
and a sheep is divine,
but a llama is numero uno!"

—Anonymous

There's an oversexed lady named Whyte
who insists on a dozen a night.
A fellow named Cheddar
had the brashness to wed her—
his chance of survival is slight.

—Anonymous



Original limericks can be submitted to "Ribald Rimes," c/o Penthouse, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001, or via the Penthouse Website, www.penthouse.com. You must certify that your limericks are your own original compositions, not copyrighted, and never published anywhere. We'll publish our favorites in upcoming issues, and winners will receive a free one-year subscription to Penthouse.



*"I have guarded the chalice for a thousand years. The blinking of an eye in cosmic terms,
though it feels more like conjunctivitis...."*

Bernard Goldberg

"There are lots of reasons fewer people are watching news," wrote CBS newsman Bernard Goldberg back in 1996. "and one of them, I'm more convinced than ever, is that our viewers simply don't trust us. And for good reason." • With those words—the opening of an opinion piece in the *Wall Street Journal*—Goldberg pretty much sealed his fate at CBS. At the time a veteran of almost a quarter century at the Tiffany net-

work and the winner of six Emmy awards, he had recently assumed the prestigious commentary slot once held by Eric Sevareid on Dan Rather's *CBS Evening News*; but after the piece appeared, Rather—the news division's 800-pound goril-



Interview by Harry Stein

and led some fellow reporters to brand Goldberg a traitor and worse, was not merely that it highlighted the liberal bias Goldberg saw in the mainstream media, but that Goldberg had used as an example a report by a colleague at his own network. That report, on Steve Forbes's proposed flat tax, seemed so innocuous that it gave no one else at CBS the slightest pause—which, Goldberg pointed out, was precisely

Network news executives "can go through their entire lives speaking only to people like themselves ... fancying themselves very sophisticated and worldly. They're not—they're provincial and narrow-minded. They just don't know it."

la—told CBS he would never forgive Goldberg. Though Goldberg remained with the network another four years—and even worked on a prime-time newsmagazine—he was basically a pariah as far as Rather was concerned. He is now a correspondent on HBO's *Real Sports*. • What so infuriated Rather and CBS execs about the *Wall Street Journal* article,

the problem: Liberal bias is so ingrained, so much a matter of prevailing assumptions, that it is practiced reflexively, as a matter of course. The report in question referred in a Letterman-style jab to "Forbes's No. 1 Wackiest Flat-Tax

Promise." "Can you imagine, in your wildest dreams, a network news reporter calling Hillary Clinton's health-care plan 'wacky?'" asked Goldberg. "Can you imagine an editor allowing it?" • In the midst of the ensuing uproar, Goldberg was unrepentant, insisting that what mattered was not individual egos, but the bias issue itself. It was, he said, the elephant in

the room, the reason viewers were turning away in droves from network news. For years he had argued his case behind the scenes, to no effect. His editorial was not an act of rebellion; he wrote it because he cared desperately about the integrity of the news business. As he said recently, "If I worked at Enron instead of CBS, would they be calling me a traitor or a hero?"

Indeed, integrity and fairness are an obsession of the 56-year-old Goldberg. Unlike many of his former colleagues at CBS, he did not come from a privileged background. Goldberg came up the hard way; the son of a factory worker in the South Bronx, he was the first in his family to go to college. He did not attend an Ivy League institution; he went to Rutgers, a public blue-collar university. In his early days as a reporter, Goldberg, a liberal Democrat, covered the later stages of the civil-rights movement, sickened by the race hatred in so much of America.

But over the years, as he tells it in his recent book *Bias: A CBS Insider Exposes How the Media Distort the News*, he saw the character of liberalism begin to change. Where once it was a doctrine that preached color blindness and equal treatment for all, now it advocated racial preferences and excused the excesses and misbehavior of privileged "victim" groups; and where once, in his own business, good reporters tried hard to remain neutral, casting a skeptical eye on all comers, in many mainstream newsrooms it became a virtual given that reporters who in their private lives were sympathetic to

much of America is interested in, and they think that by saying "No comment" or not talking about it on the record, or not talking about it period, that this problem is going to go bye-bye. They're crazy. This isn't going to go away. [The newscasters are] going to go bye-bye before this issue goes bye-bye.

Time magazine called me and wanted to do a piece, and they said they went to Rather, who had no comment, and Jennings, who had no comment. And they said Brokaw said, "Get back to me," and when they did, he had no comment. So part of me thinks it's arrogance—it's the Steve Brill quote that I begin my book with: "When it comes to arrogance, power, and lack of accountability, journalists are probably the only people on the planet who make lawyers look good." And part of me thinks they're in denial. But when I think about it, I think they're afraid that if they analyze this subject of liberal bias, it will be an indictment of their entire careers; that it's an attack on their integrity. It gets visceral, so they're incapable of having an intelligent, serious discussion about liberal bias, or even thinking about it too deeply, because they find it so threatening.

Now that's crazy, that's not what I intend; I don't think it's an indictment of their entire careers. I'm willing for them to start fresh tonight and start doing the right thing. I just want them to think about it and fix the problem.

Didn't you suggest years ago doing a show with Rather about media bias?

"These guys don't have the *cojones* to tell their feminist wives, 'Yeah, we did a tough story on feminism. Too bad—we're journalists.' "

ic to feminists, gays, and multiculturalists would be quick to defend those groups in their reporting of the news.

Goldberg made his case with *Bias*, which quickly became a publishing phenomenon. Within a month of its December release it was No. 1 on the *New York Times* best-seller list—and, in what many perceived to be a dart aimed at the press, President Bush was photographed carrying the book.

Still—tellingly, as far as Goldberg is concerned—*Bias* had received zero attention on the major networks.

Obviously, based on sales of your book, there's tremendous passion out there around this issue of liberal bias. But you're still shut out in some quarters.

That's true. I've been on just about every radio show from Maine to California. I've been on Fox, I've been on MSNBC. I've been on CNN. But there is no discussion at all with Dan Rather or Andrew Heyward, the president of CBS News, or Peter Jennings or Tom Brokaw, or the presidents of NBC or ABC. Isn't it interesting that the one subject they refuse to cover is their own business? It may be one of their biggest problems as far as their viewers are concerned, and they have an opportunity to tell the world how stupid I am and how wrong I am and they refuse to come on. They're afraid to come on and have a civil discussion about liberal bias. So basically I've come to expect that media bias is just not something they're going to talk about on their own networks. They ought to. It would endear them to their viewers, but they're not going to do it.

So, essentially, the major networks completely ignored a book that has made a tremendous splash.

Not only that, but a book about their own profession. [Their behavior] is either disgraceful or just plain funny. There are times when I think it's just hilarious; I mean, here is a topic that

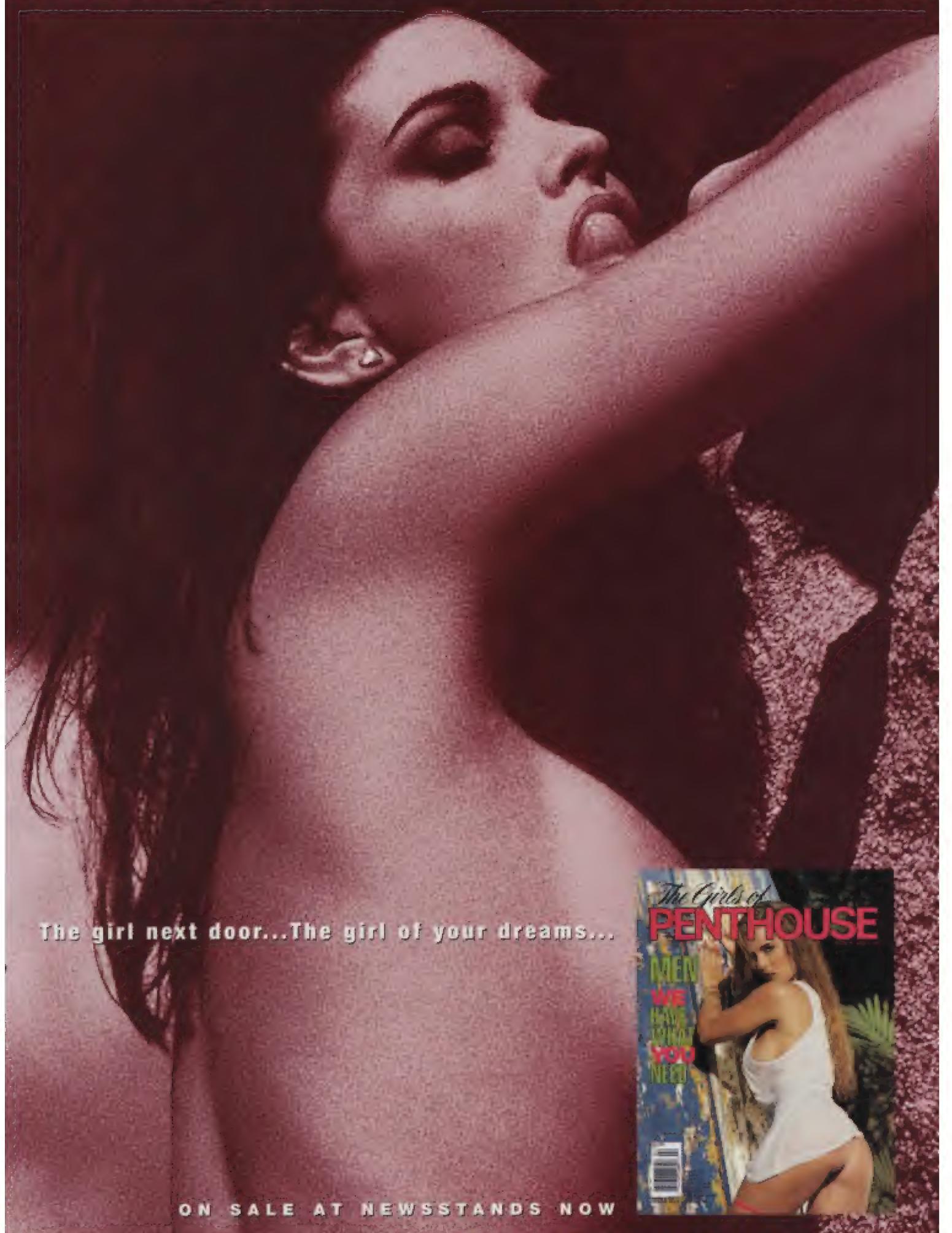
Yes. *Eye to Eye With Connie Chung* was a brand-new show in 1993, and I said to Andrew Heyward, who was the show's executive producer at the time. "Why don't we do [an *Eye to Eye*] on whether or not there is a liberal bias, and get some buzz going for the show? We'll interview all the anchors and we'll interview intelligent, responsible critics." I was also thinking, This is better than doing the ten thousandth piece on which shampoo you are better off buying, or the ten millionth story about the runaway kid who became a hooker. And Andrew looked at me as if I were from the planet Zutron or something. I still had a little clout back then, so I said, "Come on, let's do it." So he goes to the president of CBS News at the time, Eric Ober, and comes back and says, "Eric says you can do it, but you can't ask Dan any tough questions." I thought Andrew Heyward was kidding. I actually said, "It's a joke, right?" He said no. I said, "I'm not doing that story." And out of frustration—he wasn't angry—he just said, "Come on, we all know there's a liberal bias, all the networks tilt left." And the implication was, "Come on, that doesn't mean we have to do a story about it."

And of course he wouldn't even dare broach it with Rather.

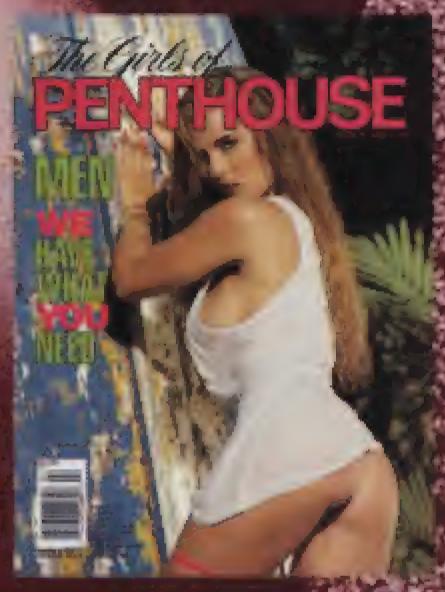
That's right. You see, that's something I'm not sure people understand, how much power the anchor people have. I said in the book that "[i]f CBS News were a prison instead of a [journalistic enterprise], three-quarters of the producers and 100 percent of the vice presidents would be Dan's bitches." And while I know it's a funny line, the serious point I was trying to make is that if Dan Rather thinks there's no liberal bias, you can bet your ass that the producers who work for him aren't going to say, "I think you're wrong, Dan. I think Bernie's onto something." That's not gonna happen.

How would you characterize your relations with Rather prior to all this?

Excellent. He would send me nice notes. I would always talk



The girl next door...The girl of your dreams...



ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

to him when I was in New York. Absolutely 100 percent friendly and decent, and I liked hanging out with him.

What kind of reaction did you anticipate from him when the Wall Street Journal piece appeared?

Not the one I got. I could understand how, as a former marine, he thought this was one of his own troops frapping him, shooting the commanding officer. I understand that. But that isn't what I was doing at all. If you're a newsman, don't you want to keep an open mind to criticism, even if it's coming from your own people? I just figured he was going to listen and say something like, "I'll read it, I don't think I'm going to agree with you, but hey, we're all big boys around here and you're entitled to your views."

I realize now I was incredibly stupid or incredibly naive. I just figured if you express your opinion and you do it aboveboard and you don't try to knife somebody in the back the way they do it ... by the way, they're always expressing controversial opinions too, but they

criticizes them and says there's a liberal bias must be the one with the bias. They say, "We're not the ones who are biased, it's you. And the proof of your bias is that you're accusing us of bias." It's Orwellian; it's like 1984.

Didn't you have an exchange on exactly this point with former ABC News political director Hal Bruno on CNN?

Yes. Hal Bruno—who I'm assuming is an intelligent man, although you'd never know it from the program he was on—started out by saying, "Oh, no, there's not a liberal bias. We've actually discussed it at ABC, and we came to the conclusion basically that there is no liberal bias." You're wondering if the guy is being serious.

I think that denial is something that transcends television and journalism. In my view, it has to do with how they see themselves. They see themselves as better than their audience. They think, "We're smarter, we know more and you don't. And since we're smarter and more important and better than you, when you tell us there's a liberal bias

the American culture, about whether she's crazy or not. I think they were both crazy to do the interview. And nobody, nobody in the mainstream media says, "You know what, doing crazy, stupid interviews like this is out of control." So I say it and I become the bad guy.

As a viewer, it's hard sometimes not to pick up on that arrogance—even a little thing like the way an interview subject is often put at a disadvantage by not being in the same room as the anchor.

Because it's easier to ask tough questions when you're not facing the person.

So you wouldn't necessarily see that as arrogance.

There's just something in the human condition that makes it harder to ask tough questions to a nice person, who may have views that deserve to be challenged, when you're sitting two feet away from them. It's not natural. It's not natural to invite somebody in—the person takes time off from their day or night—to come into your studio, sit down with you, and then you grill them. So if you put the person in some other studio and you interview them on a TV monitor, well, now they might as well be on the moon, and you can ask them anything you want because they're not sitting there. It's hard. When I interview somebody who needs to be challenged, I have to psych myself up for it. I say, "Look, this person is letting me into his house, he's letting me interview him, he's letting these crews in with their crap," and now I have to say to him, "When did you stop beating your wife?" And I have to say to myself that there's a greater good here, this person needs to be asked these questions and I'm gonna do it.

I've heard people say that after the initial Wall Street Journal piece appeared, what CBS should have done was make you their media critic—that it would have been an innovative and interesting and successful move.

Right. I think if they had done that, they would have stood out as an organization to be respected, because they had the courage to look at their own business and themselves. But of course they were far too afraid I might say something that not only was true but would embarrass them. We make a mistake in this country when we equate education, for instance, with awareness or decency. There are people who may be intelligent as measured by SATs and IQ tests, but they're off in their own little rarified world. They are no more aware than somebody living in the hills of Tennessee, and no less provincial. They can go through their entire lives speaking only to people like themselves, never meeting anybody who disagrees with them. All the while they go merrily along, fancying themselves very sophisticated and worldly. They're not—they're provincial.

TV news people "see themselves as better than their audience.

They think, We're smarter, we know more and you don't."

do it in a "don't use my name" basis.

But as you also point out, many of these people are genuinely not even aware of the bias.

No. I don't think they're aware. There's a line from an old Funkadelic song that goes, "The fish don't know he's wet." The reason the fish don't know he's wet is the fish doesn't have any other frame of reference. And the reason that these liberals don't recognize liberal bias is because they don't have any other frame of reference. They can go through their lives without meeting somebody who disagrees with them—not literally, of course, but close. So after a while they just see their own newscast, and they say, "What liberal bias? What are you talking about?" This is the fish, and if the fish could talk and you asked it, "Is the water wet?" he'd say, "What do you mean, 'wet'? What does that word mean?" But part of the reason for that is they won't look at the problem. If you keep saying, "No problem, no problem, no problem," then you're never even going to consider that [someone calling attention to liberal bias] could possibly be right. So what they do is simply dismiss their critics as right-wing ideologues. They act as if anybody who criti-

this is a reflection on you, not on us. Next question." There was one caller on a Baltimore radio station who put it to me in a way I thought was just elegant. She said, "They have ignored us, and now we're going to ignore them." Pretty straightforward.

Have you ever had a conversation with anyone at CBS, from Heyward on down, saying exactly this, that bias is why we're hemorrhaging audience? And what kind of reaction did you get?

I said that in the opening sentence of my *Wall Street Journal* piece in 1996. So I had a discussion with them that way. And instead, they made me the issue. They turned me radioactive. The unwritten rule is, nobody challenges anybody else at the networks. It's one big country club. Nobody at ABC challenges anybody at CBS, and nobody at CBS challenges anybody at NBC, and nobody at NBC challenges anybody at ABC or CBS. We have this unwritten code in the media, this unwritten agreement, that nobody criticizes anybody, because if you do they may criticize you, and we don't want that. Somebody ought to criticize Barbara Walters. I mean, she does an interview with Anne Heche, a totally unimportant person in



SARAH & TERRI

Whenever they look to let off some steam,
Sarah and Terri turn a heated sparring match into an all-out body slam.
It is not long before the gloves come off and the rules of
the ring are broken, proving time and again that all is fair in love and war. These
very feisty, very horny girls are ready to hit below the belt.



As punches are thrown, an uppercut grazes Terri's chin. She counters with a jab, makes contact, and then slides off Sarah's sweat-soaked flesh. Summer heat beats down on them as blows of a dirty catfight fly.





Sarah pounds her opponent, pressing her ass to Terri's heaving bos. The girls tear their drenched cotton panties aside, exposing their pussies to the air. Steam rises from their overheated loins.



The scent of sweat and tangy pussy juice is too tempting to resist, and soon Sarah succumbs to Terri's slippery folds. She feasts on Terri's nectar and is invigorated. Surely she can go another round.

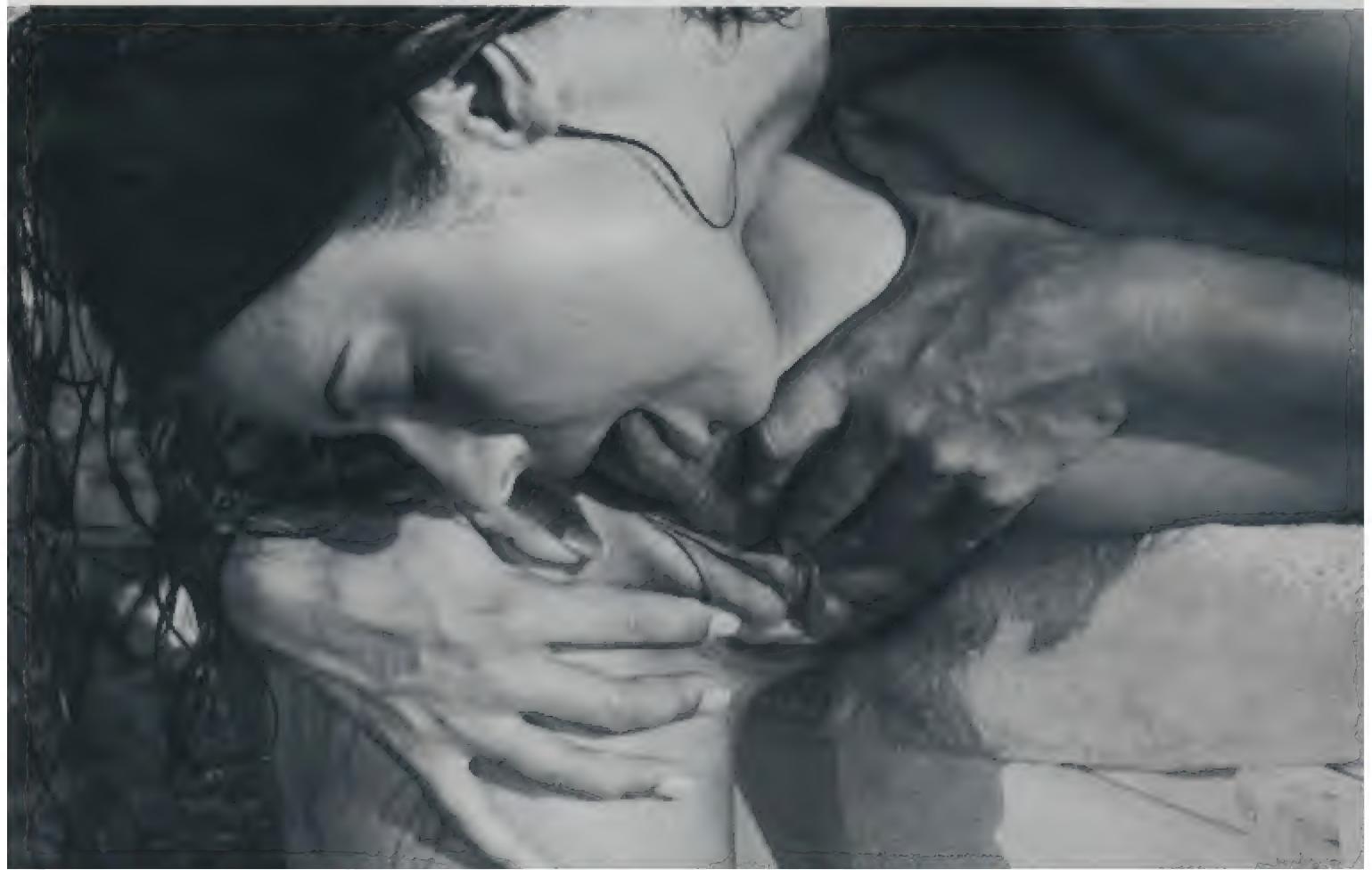


At last the trunks come off. Slick asses slam down against the icy cooler, chilling quivering clits. With a tongue flick to a taut nipple, the fight resumes. Sarah pries apart Terri's ass cheeks to reveal a sweet pink prize.





Sarah pins down her challenger jabbing her finger into a dripping-wet pussy Terri surrenders to the invading digit, and is further aroused by long, hot licks penetrating the sensitive crimped ring of her ass hole





Sarah kneads her breasts as Terri maneuvers into position and straddles her. She holds Sarah down for the count as she shows off her pulsating clit and drips sticky joy juice all over.

her opponent.

All this excitement has made Terri weak in the knees. She squats down to jab her hard little clit between Sarah's tits. She can almost taste victory on her lips.





Terri grinds
against
Sarah, riding
her erect
nipple like a
tiny cock
fucking herself
with it in
ecstasy. Con-
fident that
her toe is close
to surrender,
she pins Sarah
down, leaving
only enough

space for
prying fingers
to rouse
them both to
come hard.
And come they
do. In little
more than a ten
count, the girls
are writhing
against each
other and
riding a rollick-
ing wave
of orgasm.





Terri's knockout blows are delivered in the form of droplets of cream onto her opponent's proffered tongue. But Sarah doesn't mind. To the victor go the spoils, she thinks as she laps greedily at the pussy she has conquered. OH



Article by Jon Wiederhorn

Turning Over

Beneath the bombast, Budweiser guzzling, and big-brimmed hats lurks a suburban family man.

Being a multiplatinum rock star can turn everything larger than life. Just ask Robert Ritchie, who in five years has transformed from unknown redneck songwriter from the Detroit suburbs into the outrageous and charismatic Kid Rock.

Kid Rock digs big-brimmed hats, full-length fur coats, stretch limos, private planes, and big-breasted women. He likes huge-sounding rap-rock with giant southern-rock hooks and massive scream-along choruses. He likes oversized American flags draped across his shoulders and amps and the huge firework displays that cap off his bombastic performances. He also likes to keep big company.

kid Rock

Illustration by Sebastian Krüger



For example, there's his new buddy Ahmet Ertegun, the dapper and cultured 78-year-old Turkish-born founder of Atlantic Records, and the man responsible for crafting superstar careers for the likes of Ray Charles, Led Zeppelin, and Eric Clapton. Now, this isn't the type of gentleman you'd normally associate with the foul-mouthed, Budweiser-guzzling Rock, but the music mogul has recently taken an active interest in the Kid. And it's not just a business relationship. Maybe the 31-year-old rocker makes the old man feel young again. Whatever the reason, he hooks up and parties with Rock whenever time permits.

In fact Ertegun recently flew from New York to Mexico to join Kid Rock and his superbabe girlfriend Pamela Anderson during her and Rock's vacation. Between bottles of expensive white wine, Ertegun regaled the couple with the kinds of colorful music-industry stories Kid Rock regards as history lessons.

Comfortably seated in a beige leather chair and outfitted in a tight black T-shirt, gray denim jacket, and unwashed blue jeans, Rock is the antithesis of his flashy, rambunctious stage persona. He looks more like a hungover trailer-park tenant as he clenches his eyes shut and rubs his temples with his forefingers. He sighs, cracks open a bottled water, lifts it toward his unshaved face, and chugs. Then he places the bottle on the floor and tells one of his favorite Ertegun anecdotes. It involves a young Mick Jagger, who with his father had just attended the Olympics, where he'd been recognized everywhere he went.

"He was like, 'Fuck it, I just want to go somewhere that nobody knows me,'" Rock recounts. "So he goes to Ahmet's house in Turkey, and the first day he's there he's all in disguise and nobody notices him. Second day, he takes his hat off, walks around town, nobody notices him. The third day, he's fuckin' Mick, head to toe. He's got the Capezios on and fuckin' makeup, walkin' down the street, and nobody recognizes him. So he goes back to Ahmet and says, 'Are all these people fuckin' stupid!'"

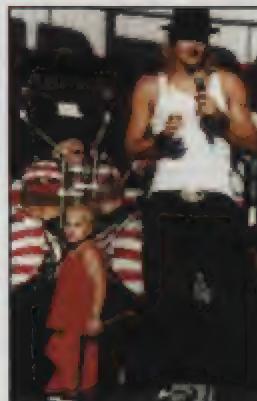
Rock laughs loudly, then coughs and gasps for air. He's especially amused by the tale because he's always craved the spotlight and has learned a thing or two about being recognized. His 1998 major-label debut, *Devil Without a Cause*, sold ten million copies; his follow-up EP, *The History of Rock*, which com-

bined a few new tunes with a bunch of pre-*Devil* material, sold an impressive two million-plus. Such success guaranteed continued recognition from the MTV crowd, but when the public found out last summer that Rock was dating Anderson, he instantly became a household name and an open target for the tabloids and paparazzi.

Unlike the many rock stars who bemoan their celebrity, Kid Rock eats it up. He's willing to put up with a few inconveniences if it means being a star. "Isn't that what we all wanted when we got into this? Fame, girls, money, parties?" he asks rhetorically. "Obviously, I love music very much—I wouldn't be here if I didn't. But for all

joined some other artists for a special trip to Ramstein Air Base in Germany to entertain U.S. troops. And recently Anderson announced that she would like to go on tour with her beau and strip onstage during his set. She even bragged about having a stripping pole in her bedroom.

Of course there are better ways to stand by your man than getting naked, as Anderson learned with her ex-husband, Tommy Lee (of Motley Crue). Regardless, it's clear that the scraggly Rock is mighty proud about having bagged the seductive VIP temptress, whom he met in April 2001 at an after-show party for VH1 Divas. As he sings on *Cocky*, "I got the baddest bitch in the world!" But



TOP LEFT, KID ROCK WITH PAM ANDERSON; ABOVE, WITH AEROSMITH AND RUN DMC; LEFT, WITH JOE C.; THE DAY AFTER JOE C. DIED, THE KID AND HIS BANDMATES TATTOED "C" ON THEIR BODIES IN TRIBUTE TO THEIR FALLEN COMRADE.

the so-called musician rock stars going, 'Oh, my life's so hard. I got millions of dollars and people recognize me and everything's so hard' ... get those people a Pabst Boo-Hoo Ribbon, a Whineken, a Budwhiner, and waahburgers and french fries. And then have them go out and work at a gas station for a few days and then see how they feel. I mean, shit, if it's all about the music, then go back to your fuckin' basement and make songs for yourself and listen to them all day long."

While Kid Rock's attitude and antics may titillate the public, there are signs that his music career may have hit a bump. His latest record, *Cocky*, will probably sell close to two million copies, but that pales in comparison to the ten million units shifted by *Devil Without a Cause*. A major hit single or sold-out tour could turn things around in no time, but just in case that doesn't happen, Rock is ensuring that he makes headlines in other ways. A few months ago he

bragging on disc and in interviews are two different matters, and he declines to answer any questions about his relationship with Anderson, no matter how vague. Asked whether he thinks the public is as interested in his bedroom exploits with Anderson as they are in his music, Rock snorts and says, "I honestly think people don't give a shit." He glares with contempt for a moment, then continues: "Look, Tom Cruise and what's-her-name get a divorce and it's all over fuckin' everywhere. I'll read about it because it kills five hours between New York and L.A. if I'm on a plane. It's something to do, it's something to read. But at the end



DAMN!
I'm stuck.
What next!?!

Wecetin.

of the day, it's just something that passes time. People love to gossip, but in the big scheme of things it don't mean shit. America's great because Americans are just so quick to forget."

Or to move on. Since *Devil Without a Cause* exploded, other rap-rock acts, including Crazy Town, Papa Roach, and Linkin Park, have clambered to the top of the charts. It's nothing new. Just a few years after being at the top of the rock hierarchy, former multiplatinum stars like Hootie & the Blowfish, Green Day, even Alanis Morissette have been shoved aside by a new wave of talent. Many musicians agonize over their inevitable dethroning, but Rock seems unconcerned. He's enjoying himself too much to stress out about tomorrow.

"This is my reality. This is how bad it can get," he reasons. "I could go out on tour right now and it could flop. My record could flop. It's already sold a million records, but compared to my last record that's nothing. So in a worst case, I make a couple million bucks off that, and then if the tour flops I could make

Coe, and Willie Nelson. And he can't stop plugging the new record by Hank Williams Jr., *The Almeria Club Recordings*. "That ain't just because he talks about me in one of the songs," says Rock, who added guitar and harmony vocals to the track "The F Word."

Cocky features lots of blaring guitars and Run DMC-style banter, but Rock's passion for country has leaked into several of the tracks. "Drunk in the Morning" and "Picture" are both flavored with Nashville twang, and the latter tune features the unlikely guest vocalist Sheryl Crow, whom Rock is rumored to have dated before meeting Anderson.

"I think of country music as maverick music, just like rock 'n' roll is maverick music," Rock says. "They're just different ends of the same extreme. Country is basically white man's blues music, and almost everything stems from the blues—southern rock, classic rock, heavy metal—all that stuff."

It was rap music more than rock, country, or blues that first rocked Rock's

"When you're in your teens, you try to figure out who you are," he says. "I was so good at deejaying and rapping, I just figured I should be black and be in the ghetto. And I thought I should get involved in the stuff other guys who came from the ghetto were doing."

Rock started hanging with drug dealers, then selling drugs himself. Before long he was peddling crack to support his music habit. Then for a short while he sold it to support his own drug habit. At the same time, Rock was deejaying basement parties and rapping at small clubs. In 1990 he signed a deal with Jive Records, but Vanilla Ice had poisoned the waters for white rappers. Rock's debut, *Grits Sandwiches for Breakfast*, flopped. Over the next few years, Rock would release two more discs and an EP on various labels, but they all failed to score with the public.

Lack of success weighed heavily on Rock in 1992 when his then-girlfriend, Kelley South Russell, became pregnant with their son, Robert Ritchie Jr. Russell already had two kids from other relationships, and Rock had cared for them both. But after Robert Jr. was born, Rock split up with her. In 1993 he won custody of his son; over the years Russell has repeatedly tried to get Robert Jr. back.

In 1997, as Rock was on the verge of desperation, someone from Atlantic Records heard about the tempestuous performer and flew to Detroit to catch him in concert. Following the show, Rock was signed and he and his bandmates celebrated. They partied hard, got into a bar brawl, and spent the night in jail. That night he started writing the hit ballad "Only God Knows Why."

A year later *Devil Without a Cause* was released, and at first it didn't look like it would do any better than his other albums. But MTV supported the release by regularly airing the first video, "I Am the Bullgod." When the second single, "Bawitdaba," came out a few months later, MTV began playing it on *Total Request Live*. Soon the video's images of motorcycles vaulting houses were burned into the minds of millions, who hungrily snatched up the album.

There are two sides to Kid Rock. On one hand he's the cocky, hedonistic, selfish, womanizing prick reflected in his trashy, foul-mouthed lyrics. But Rock can also be polite, considerate, and compassionate. He's nurtured the solo career of his pal and his band's deejay, Uncle Kracker, and served as a mentor to growth-stunted cohort rapper Joe C., who died in November 2000 of a lifelong intestinal disease. The day after his passing, Rock and his bandmates tattooed "C" on their bodies in tribute to their fallen comrade.

"Our band is like a family," Rock says with a sigh. "We got 'D' tattoos for

"I treat people like I want to be treated, whether it's a girl on a tour bus who wants to blow me or a girl who wants a hat signed for her little brother."

\$200,000 as opposed to about \$5 million. So if things go really shitty, I make a couple hundred thousand dollars in six months. That's not bad at all. It's more than most people make in a year."

A half-hour before Rock is due on camera, he's escorted to the hair-and-make-up room. As he takes a seat, he jokes to a beautician, "I'm pretty fuckin' good-looking, aren't I?" When Rock leaves five minutes later, it looks as if the stylist has waved a brush above his head for 30 seconds then sent him on his way. He heads back to the green room, where he picks up a 1959 Gibson acoustic guitar he brought with him. He starts to strum, then sings "Man of Constant Sorrow" from the *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* soundtrack. By the time he is called in to chat with Carson Daly, he's sung the tune no less than three times.

"I just think that's the best record," he'd said between renditions. "Those songs are classic. It's strong music with no trills. I also like those folk-record anthologies from the Smithsonian which have these songs with slaves banging on train tracks and chanting." In addition to traditional and spiritual music, Rock's been listening to a lot of country lately, including Johnny Cash, David Allan

world. He was born in 1971 in Romeo, Michigan, one of four kids of a car dealer and a homemaker. When he was growing up, his parents would play Bob Seger, Johnny Cash, and Chuck Berry records, and he'd bang along on pots and pans. But it wasn't until Rock discovered the percussive rhymes of hip-hop on Detroit mix radio shows that he realized his calling. His first concert was Run DMC and Felix and Jarvis at age 12. Soon after, he bought a drum machine and some turntables.

In high school he deejayed for a break-dance crew, the Furious Funkers, who performed at weddings and the local Burger King. He acquired his stage name from people in the audience who would say, "Watch that white kid rock." His first raps were his freestyle introductions for the members of his posse. He soon discovered he had a knack for coming up with clever rhymes. But along with his penchant for rapping, Rock developed a bad rap for drinking, copping a 'tude, and committing petty crimes. When he was 14 his parents threw him out of the house for being surly and disobedient. So Rock moved into the projects with a rapper friend and got a job at the 76 Car Wash.



VICTORIA

My ultimate sexual fantasy is one in
which I'm a slave girl in ancient Rome, being sold
at auction to the highest bidder. ♦



VICTORIA'S SECRETS

Twenty-nine-year-old Ukrainian-born Victoria Zdrok has two addictions: sunshine and sex. "I can't go for extended periods of time without either," reveals our alluring 36D-24-35 June Pet of the Month. "I love to travel. My favorite destinations are tropical islands. I love nothing more than a day at the beach. Of course, I have to have the right companion lying beside me to make it a perfect day." Victoria, who currently lives in New Jersey, came to the United States at sweet 16 as a catalog model and exchange student. As smart as she is sexy, she graduated from college just two years later with a degree in psychology and went on to receive her law degree from Villanova University. "I can practice law in both New York and New Jersey, but I have to be honest . . . being a model is a lot more fun!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL L. WACHTER







"Modeling gives me a sense of immortality," she says. "After my photos are published, I get to live in the fantasies of men all over the world, time and again. What other lawyer can say that?"



"My ultimate sexual fantasy is one in which I'm a slave girl in ancient Rome, being sold at auction to the highest bidder," Victoria tells us. "I stand

nude in the
middle of
the market-
place until
the most
powerful
warrior there
claims me
for his own to
do with
as he pleases.
Just think-
ing about it
gets me wet."





Veteran
photographer
Carl Wachter
has nothing
but praise for
Victoria.
"She's a great
model," he
says. "She
knows her
body, and was
willing to
try anything
to make
the shoot a
success."





"We had a collection of glass adult toys on the set," Wachter says. "They came in three different sizes. Victoria selected the largest one to use for this pictorial."





Besides her modeling career, Victoria has started her own Internet company. "I design Websites for models, law firms, and other businesses," our cyber-savvy Pet reports.





MISS VICTORIA ZDROK/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







"I've dated men of all races, religions, and nationalities, so there's obviously not one certain look for my ideal man. What I go for is someone who is generous—not only with his money, but with his time and feelings... a man who is giving in every way. I like someone who's spontaneous—a guy who doesn't have to plan every moment of his life. I once met a gentleman at a casino in Las Vegas," Victoria remembers fondly. "We were talking for only a few moments, but we made enough of a connection to exchange phone numbers. I was in law school at the time, and a few months later he called. He wanted to send me a plane ticket to meet him in St. Tropez for a big party on his yacht. I told a friend, 'Take good notes for me in class,' and took the next flight out. I had a great time!" Victoria's own spontaneity is just part of her charm. "A lot of men who meet me are surprised by how down to earth and candid I am," she tells us. "I'm part bookworm, part intellectual, and part party girl," she explains. "I don't even use a stage name. I'm real—an open book for all to see." And a real page turner at that!



To see some very special photos of Victoria
visit our Website at www.penthouse.com

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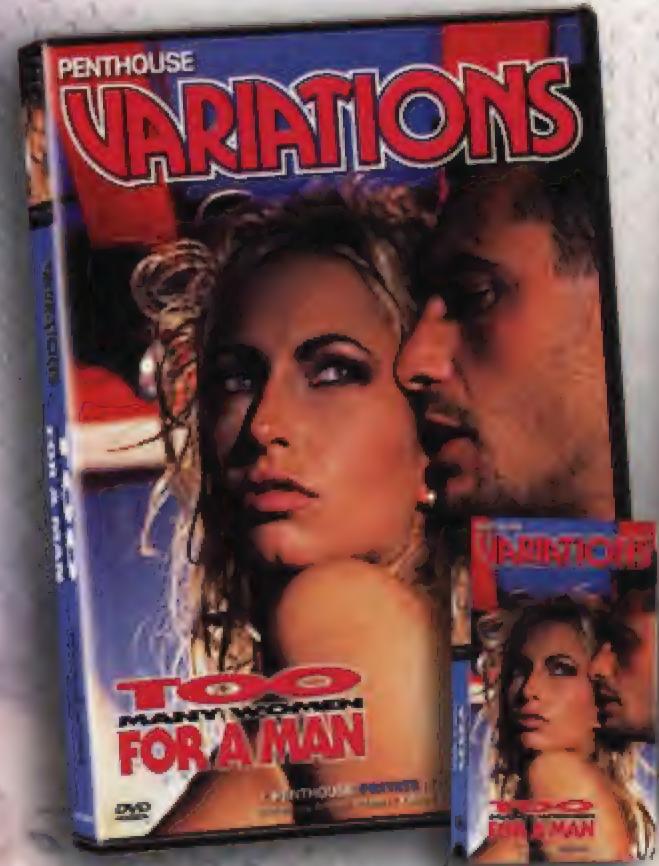
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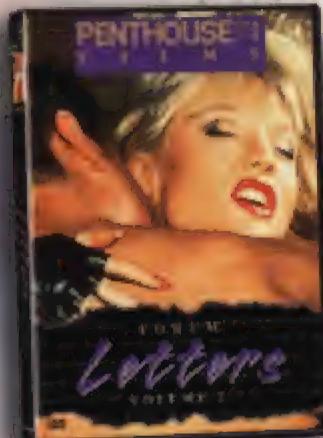
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JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

Don't cover up the spirit of justice, Mr. Ashcroft. We have a right to see it clearly.

In the Great Hall of the United States Justice Department in Washington, D.C., two statues have long reigned as symbols of justice itself. *Spirit of Justice* is a female figure covered mostly by a toga, save for one entirely exposed breast. *Majesty of Justice*, her male counterpart, wears a loincloth. Apparently that was too much skin—or, in this case, aluminum—for Attorney General John Ashcroft. The 12-and-a-half-foot-tall couple have now been hidden behind what some refer to as a "blue-nosed blue curtain"—which, incidentally, cost more than both statues.

Unfortunately, the scantily clad sculptures aren't the only things being covered up. The meetings of Vice President Dick Cheney concerning energy policy and its possible relation to the Enron scandal have been kept under wraps. So have many of the presidential papers of former Republican presidents, including the incumbent's father. But the most frightening example of all is Ashcroft's post-September 11 decision to resist most Freedom of Information Act requests made by the media, academics, and American citizens in general.

This act, passed in 1974 following the Nixon cover-ups that led to Watergate, grants us the right to know what the government is doing—and thus to judge its actions accordingly. But Ashcroft does not want to be judged, and he is using the terrorism threat against the United States as an excuse to deny us this most essential right of our democracy. (In a McCarthyite reaction to opponents of the war on terrorism, he has even gone so far as to accuse such critics of giving comfort and aid to our enemies.) The attorney general has instructed government officials to ask themselves, before releasing any FOIA information, whether "institutional, commercial, and privacy interests could be implicated by disclosure."

Whose commercial interests is he worried about? It's not his job to cater to the initiatives of corporate contributors, even those who give enormous sums to the Republican Party. Nor is it his job to protect government officials from

having their embarrassing screw-ups made public. As for "institutional" interests, the FOIA statute itself purports to balance the public's right to know against the legitimate needs of confidentiality. Subject to judicial review, some discretion is vested in bureaucrats to decide how to respond to justifiable requests for documents. In any such case, Attorney General Ashcroft urges politicos to err on the side of nondisclosure.

Lest any official be timid about participating in a cover-up, Ashcroft has given assurances that his minions will vigorously defend any withholding of information as long as it is not plainly illegal.

The message being conveyed is "When in doubt, don't let it out"—a directive that couldn't be further from the intentions of Congress when the FOIA was enacted nearly 30 years ago. The FOIA has proved its worth many times over. Disclosures mandated by that act have protected lives, exposed scandals, and saved taxpayers millions of dollars. But governments seem to prefer to operate in secrecy, and the disinfectant of sunlight must be forced by the voters. The attorney general has placed the curtain over the Freedom of Information Act precisely to keep us in the dark. What does Ashcroft have to hide? He may not have anything specific in mind.

Nevertheless, he doesn't want a bunch of inquisitive journalists, liberal academics, and untrustworthy citizens snooping around in government files, even if what's buried there is undeserving of confidentiality.

We're not talking about family secrets or private business information. This is our government—the same one that claims the authority to eavesdrop on our e-mail and pry in our bank accounts. Governmental apparatchiks are making life-and-death decisions that affect the entire world, and that power must be kept in check by knowledgeable citizens.

Lift the burqa from the spirit of justice, Mr. Ashcroft. We have a right to see what's underneath. **ON**



Cool Gadgets for a Hot



■ Robomower

This rechargeable battery-powered device automatically cuts the lawn. Place the sensor wire around the perimeter of the yard and press the mower's on button; sensors keep it inside this boundary and change its direction when it encounters obstacles. Can cut up to 3,000 square feet on a single charge. Switch the whisper-quiet Robomower to manual-operation mode and control it with its wired remote while you walk alongside. \$600. www.sharperimage.com

■ Homelite VersaTool

What separates the VersaTool from every other string trimmer is its versatility. Includes a Quick-Tatch connector that allows you to

transform it from a string trimmer into an edger, blower, straight-shaft trimmer, tiller, or a pruner—all powered by the same 0.8 h.p. PowerStroke gas engine. Zip Start technology makes it easier to pull and quicker to start, and there's an anti-vibration handle. \$39; accessories from \$49 to \$89. Available exclusively at Home Depot.



■ Scotty Classic Rotary Push Mower

If you want to get some exercise while mowing, this classic rotary push mower could be for you. Requires no fuel and cuts a wide 20-inch path. Unlike the rotary mowers of yesteryear, this model features easy-roll dual-wheel tracking, five-blade ball-bearing reel, a supersoft foam grip, and weighs a mere 34 pounds. It easily adjusts from a one- to three-inch cutting height. \$120. www.reelin.com



■ Murray Pedal Touch Automatic Drive

Unlike other riding mowers, this one has a Pedal Touch Automatic Drive, similar to a car's automatic transmission. Simply place the shift lever in forward or reverse and step on the pedal. It doesn't get any easier than this! Other features include tool-free deck leveling, which allows you to set the deck for an even cut in less than a minute. Dual independent steering and twin headlights. \$1,096. www.murray.com

Summer

By Andy Pargh



■ Wilson Reflex Package Set

Considering taking up golf but don't want to spend a fortune on equipment? Wilson's Reflex Package Set is the ticket to learning the basics of the game. Here's everything a beginner needs: one, three, and five woods; three through nine irons; pitching wedge; putter; and a bag with built-in stand. The clubs have a polymer-filled shock trap for better feel and control. Shafts are made of carbon-fiber graphite. \$200. www.wilsonsports.com



■ Golf Organizer

Instead of stuffing your clubs in the closet or stacking them in the garage, try the Golf Organizer. It features a storage area on each side that holds even the largest of bags, two shoe racks, and two shelves for shirts, hats, and gloves. Top shelf is ideal for storing golf balls and tees. This great-looking unit is made of dense fiberboard with a rich cherry-stained finish. \$150. www.brookstone.com

■ Titleist Pro V-1

The ball of choice for low-handicap golfers is Titleist's Pro V-1. Its large core and multicomponent technology deliver a higher ball speed and lower spin for long-distance driving. It's designed to launch higher with a flatter ascent (and less arc), and holds its line in windy conditions—even when used with short irons. It delivers what Titleist calls "drop and stop" performance. \$55 per dozen. www.golfballs.com



■ Humdinger Four-Seat Electric Golf Cart

Nearly three times more powerful a motor than that of a typical golf cart, and can go up to 25 miles an hour. It's street legal, and ideal for cruising the neighborhood. An eight-hour charge delivers a range of up to 30 miles. Equipped with headlights, taillights, turn signals, seatbelts, fold-down windshield, knobby tires, dual rear brakes, shock absorbers, insulated cooler, lockable top, and AM/FM radio with CD player. Holds two sets of golf clubs and seats four passengers. \$20,500. www.sharperimage.com



■ Head Down Golf Tees

Having problems keeping your eye on the ball? Head Down Golf Tees simulate a lady's long legs and ass staring back at you. \$5 for a set of three. www.spencergifts.com

■ All-in-One Fishing Kit

This compact case contains: collapsible, lightweight fishing rod; ball-bearing right- or left-handed spinning reel with adjustable drag and reverse control lever; fishing line; scale with measuring tape; waterproof flashlight; loaded tackle box; and a multitool of pliers, knife, fish scaler, scissors, two screwdrivers, and bottle opener. \$99. www.brookstone.com



■ Ultralight Wading Shoes

Constructed from tough nylon and rugged polyurethane, these waders supply hiking-boot support to the ankle and heel and a sturdy reinforced toe cap for comfortable, firm footing in unknown waters. They stand up to everyday use and dry quickly for travel. The nonslip soles are double-stitched for long-term wear. \$25. www.orvis.com



■ Pro Guide "No Sweat" Stockingfoot Waders

Converts from chest-high to a waist-high wader in seconds. The four-layer fabric system uses butterfly construction that gives a nearly seamless sole for maximum strength, zero leakage, and complete comfort. Includes removable elastic suspenders, double-reinforced lower legs, and removable lightweight foam knee pads. \$265. www.orvis.com



■ Garmin 188C Sounder/GPS

Enables you to mark up to 3,000 favorite fishing spots, monitor current depth and water temperature, and see your location at a glance. The speedy map redraw employs a high-speed RISC processor, combining a chart plotter and sounding capabilities in one easy-to-operate unit. Split-screen capability shows your position and sounder information simultaneously in vivid color easily viewable in bright or dim light. The 188C provides position accuracy within nine feet and installs easily. \$1,300. www.garmin.com



■ The Cajun Grill

Originally designed in 1963 in the heart of the Louisiana Bayou, this combination charcoal grill and wood smoker is probably one of the most versatile and durable on the market today. Made from heavy 16-gauge cold-rolled steel, it provides 714 square inches of cooking surface. The height-adjustable charcoal tray with aluminum air vents allows easy adjustment of temperatures from 200 degrees for cold smoking to 900 degrees for searing. Ash pan is removable for easy cleaning. \$680. www.charcoalgrillpot.com



■ Char-Broil's Electric Water Smoker

Designed to cook slowly so meat is loaded with smoky flavor. Features a 1,650-watt cooking element and rust-resistant steel body. A six-quart water pan generates steam and soaks up flavors from aromatic wood, herbs, and spices. The water keeps the temperature warm and the smoke going while draining away grease. Also supplied are various grids for cooking a variety of foods simultaneously. \$250. www.charbroil.com



■ Brookstone Professional BBQ Tool Set

This assortment provides a spatula, tongs, knife, fork, two skewers, and basting and cleaning brushes, all constructed of stainless steel with long rosewood handles. Comes with the Chef's Fork Plus, with built-in thermometer that displays 16 doneness levels; a 3-in-1 waiter's corkscrew; and a grill light. \$100. www.brookstone.com



■ DCS Grill

Dynamic Cooking System's new 27-inch stainless-steel model incorporates a battery-operated electric igniter for easy start-up, and delivers a temperature range from a gentle 200 degrees to a searing 1,050 degrees. Infrared rear burner for rotisserie cooking supports up to 60 pounds of eats; a ceramic rod system controls flare-ups and distributes heat evenly. \$2,179. www.bbqguys.com



■ Ducane Meridian Grill

Made from heavy stainless steel, including the front-mounted controls. The convenience of gas well serves Ducane's patented cooking system, which sears in juices and eliminates the need for a grease trap by vaporizing spillage, providing a true charcoal-like flavor. Features include 760 square inches of cooking surface, a 200-square-inch warming rack, built-in open-flame rotisserie, and large storage area. It's expensive, but will probably outlast its all. \$4,167; optional side burners, \$834. www.ducane.com



■ Grill Alert Talking Meat Thermometer

Just insert the transmitter's stainless-steel probe into the center of the meat and select the desired doneness; the receiver, which can be placed up to 300 feet from the transmitter, tells you when it's ready. An LCD screen gives a constant display of both the target temperature and current cooking temperature. \$75. www.brookstone.com

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

studies when a thought struck me. Why not just go up to her after class and tell her that I had looked down her shirt, felt terrible about it, and offer to buy her a cup of coffee or something?

When class was finally over, I waited for her in the hallway. As she walked out I fell in next to her and casually mentioned how sardine-like it was in the classroom. "Tell me," she replied. "I almost broke my leg getting a seat."

"I noticed."

What a perfect opening! Here was my chance. "By the way, I feel terrible about this," I said, looking around for any eavesdroppers. "I couldn't help but look down your shirt when you were sitting down. I'm really sorry. Can I buy you coffee or something? I feel awful."

At first I thought she was going to erupt and in a chilling voice say something like, "Get a good look?" Or maybe, "What are you, a pervert? Get away

age and crescents of rosy aureole. I made no attempt to do anything but appreciate the loveliness I beheld, which manifested itself in my cock swelling to full attention.

After a few minutes, during which I had completely forgotten about my coffee, she reached underneath the table and felt for my rigid manhood. "Glad you're enjoying yourself," she said with a sly smile. "Gather up your stuff. I'll give you a better look, but no touching. Understood?" she added, pointing a stern finger at me.

"Yes," was all I managed to croak.

I followed her toward the women's restroom, trying to conceal my erection and not be too conspicuous. "Just a sec. Let me see if it's empty." She ducked in, and a moment later returned and nodded me in. She led me to a stall where she sat on the toilet seat. "Close the door, and remember, no touching." I nodded and turned to lock the door.

When I looked back, she was unfastening the remaining buttons of her shirt, exposing her hooters completely

over at her. She had buttoned her shirt back up, and handed me some toilet paper. "Here, I'll let you get cleaned up." She squeezed past me and out of the stall. After I wiped myself off, all the while praying no one would come in, I looked around. The coast was clear.

I made a quick exit, hoping she was outside guarding the rest-room door, but she was nowhere in sight. All the way home I wondered at the bizarre-ness of this experience, and pondered what kind of after-class activity was in store for next week.—C.B., Washington

Lovefest

I was on a business trip in Miami not too long ago, leaving my husband at home, and on the first evening I went to spend some time in the hotel's indoor pool. Before putting my swimsuit on, I gazed at myself in the mirror. At 35, it is hard work trying to keep a young figure. The workouts in the fitness center were paying off, because I was quite pleased with what I saw.

At the pool I fell into a conversation with Calista, a 23-year-old Japanese-American law student on vacation. I was surprised how quickly she and I hit it off. I was even more surprised at how drawn I was to the incredibly beautiful and sexy Calista. Her tiny two-piece showed off a petite and quite delightful figure. Little did I know that Calista was feeling the same way about me.

We'd been in the pool for some time when I felt Calista move up behind me. Wrapping her arms tightly around my waist, she whispered in my ear, "You know, you're beautiful." It was a word I hadn't heard from my husband in a long time and it felt good to hear it again. "I've been thinking all evening long about making love to you," Calista whispered. I was quite shocked, to say the least, but at the same time quite excited. To be desired again felt wonderful. And to be desired by another woman was doubly exciting. As I turned to face Calista I told her I'd never been with a woman before. "Then let me be your first. Do you know how beautiful you are? I would look in a sixty-nine?" she said, and I quickly melted in her arms.

Taking my hand in hers, Calista led me to her poolside hotel room, where she removed my swimsuit and then her own. I stared at her beautiful small breasts and dark-brown nipples. Even more beautiful was the sight of her pussy, completely shaved of all its hair.

Lying me down on the bed, Calista, facing my knees, straddled herself upon me. She lowered her mouth to my pussy and began gently licking and sucking away. "Oh, Calista! Yes!" I cried as I peered up at this young woman's lovely clean-shaved pussy. Pulling her to my mouth, I began eating Calista in

"As I stood there jacking off, she continued to caress her boobs, running her fingers over each, tweaking the nipples between her fingers."

from me before I call the police."

Just when I was questioning the wisdom of this whole gambit, and beginning to think the police might indeed have reason to be displeased with me, she smiled and said, "Okay."

Over the coffee she asked why I was sorry for looking down her shirt. "Well," I began, "most women don't even like it if you look at their chest just walking down the street, let alone actually look down their shirt."

"Don't be sorry," she said. "I leave my shirts a little more open on purpose. I guess I like the attention. You're the first guy to be so honest about taking a peek. Listen, I need to use the rest room. I'll be right back."

Of course, I was thinking, She's out of here—but then I saw she'd left her backpack with her books. A few minutes later she returned and opened her purse so that I had a clear view of its contents. Inside was her bra.

My eyes immediately flashed to her boobs. She chuckled and sat down across from me. "Finish your coffee."

She placed her elbows on the table and hunched forward on them, resting her small tits on her forearms and giving me a wonderful vista of her cleavage.

They were much as I'd imagined, smallish and firm. Perky would be an accurate description. As her nipples hardened my own hardness returned.

She ran her hands up her torso, lingering at the side of each breast, fingers outstretched and spread apart. "Do you want to jerk off?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," I said, and fumbled at the fly of my pants to get at my pulsing member. I had never masturbated in front of anyone before, nor had even thought about it, so this was an entirely new experience and one where I was completely on autopilot.

As I stood there jacking off, she continued to caress her boobs, running her fingers over each, tweaking the nipples between her fingers. This was an erotic experience of titanic proportions for me. Soon the head of my thickly veined cock was purple with anticipation. A drop of semen had crawled its way up to the tip. I came with such fury that for a moment I feared I might actually shoot my wad across the stall and hit her. The first string of pearls, however, only made the toilet. As I continued to unload, my body shuddered, and I became totally lost in the moment.

When I was finally spent, I looked



Pet of the Year

PLAY-OFF

It's our annual rite of passage: a mercury-rising, pulse-quickenning contest to determine who will be crowned Queen. In the pages that follow, revisit the 12 hot honeys vying to follow in the footsteps of sexy Megan Mason (above), our 2002 Pet of the Year. Then visit our Website at www.penthouse.com/poty to cast your vote, or send mail to Pet of the Year, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. Once crown and scepter are passed, our new Queen will receive a ransom of cash and prizes ... and as members of her court, we'll all be winners when we see her in an all-new pictorial.



ARIA

September 2000

More sensual than any song we've ever heard, Aria Giovanni is truly one hot number. "There are two definite sides to my personality," the 24-year-old brunette says. "I'm usually very conservative in my everyday life. But when I go out, I like to have fun. It's my time to really let loose." No doubt that's what led our 38-26-36 Per to one of the most exciting experiences of her life. "One night I was at a dance club when my boyfriend suddenly lifted my skirt," Aria tells us. "I had nothing on underneath, and he started giving me oral sex right in front of everyone." Now that's music to our ears...indeed!

PHOTOGRAPH BY
SUZE RANDALL

LINN

October 2000

Halloween hottie Linn Thomas was a sweet treat who really knows a trick or two. "Each year my girlfriends and I throw a party," the 26-year-old says of the haunting holiday. "We'll dress up in our sexiest costumes and wait for our boyfriends to ring the bell. We have a basket of adult treats to give out to them. Body oils and vibrating toys are just some of the goodies they'll find at the bottoms of their bags." When Linn's not scaring up a good time, this 34DD-25-35 beauty likes to hang out au naturel. "I'm very uninhibited. I love to cook and clean in the nude. I'm the first to shed my clothes when the seasons turn."



PHOTOGRAPH BY
J. STEPHEN HICKS



MERCEDES

November 2000

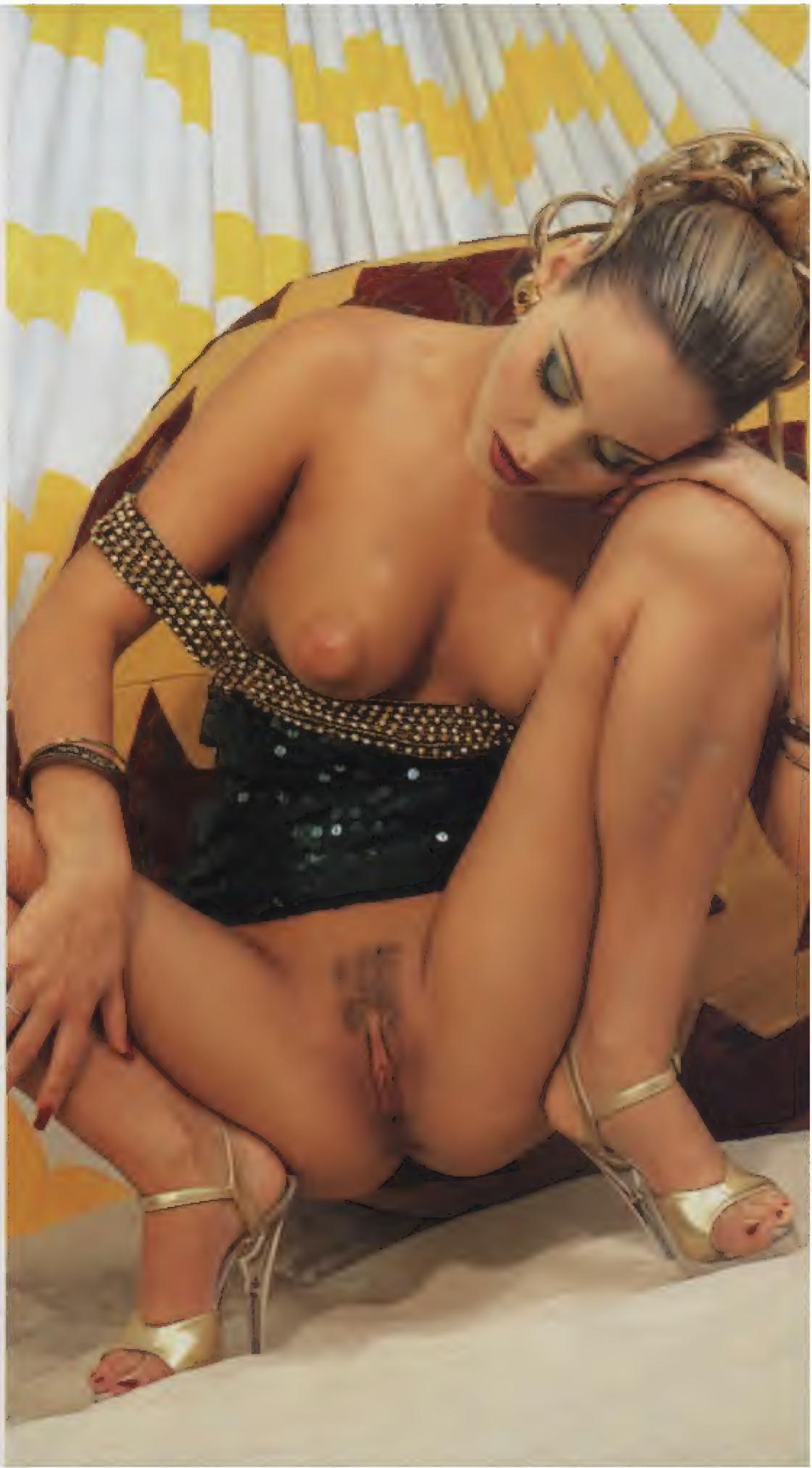
"I've certainly done my share of crazy stuff in life," says 36-26-36 bombshell Mercedes Lynn. "I once had sex on the 50-yard line of my old high school's football field." Another occasion the 22-year-old remembers fondly: her first group grope. "I made love to a woman and two men at the same time," she recalls. "We were all close friends who decided to get a little closer. It was definitely an experience!" What else appeals to Mercedes? "The perfect man for me has to be good at making conversation; he should be intelligent, and very neat in his appearance. He also has to be great at foreplay."

PHOTOGRAPH BY
CARL L. WACHTER

SUZETTE

December 2000

Twenty-two-year-old Suzette Spencer says she's proof that blondes do have more fun. "I once made love in the dressing room of an upscale men's store. After that incident, my boyfriend had to buy a suit!" In the privacy of her own home, 34-23-34 Suzette seeks out other thrills. "I love watching a man masturbate, and then masturbating along with him," she reveals. "The less inhibited my partner is willing to be, the more passion he gets in return. To me, being with a new man is like trying a new food. If it smells good and it looks good, I might as well eat it!" We couldn't have said it better ourselves....



PHOTOGRAPH BY
PHILIP MOND



DEVON

January 2001

The breathtaking beauty of 34D-22-32 Devon helped us kick off another year with a bang. "Being chosen by *Penthouse* to lead off its first 2001 issue is my own personal *Space Odyssey*," she told us at the time. "and I'm looking forward to a great adventure!" This 25-year-old is no stranger to excitement. "I've had sex hanging upside down in an elevator. We started out in a sixty-nine, and things just took off from there," Devon says. "With the right partner, I can have very intense orgasms. It's not just men who can get the bed-sheets wet, you know. I can squirt too—especially when I'm having sex using the butterfly technique."

PHOTOGRAPH BY
EARL MILLER

JUDITH

February 2001

Originally from Budapest, 21-year-old Judith Divine is thrilled to have spent the past several years in the United States—and she's raising the temperatures of red-blooded males worldwide. "I can't believe how much my life has changed since I came to America," the 34-32-34 former gymnast tells us. "Life is so much more electric here. Such excitement. So many more opportunities." When it comes to sex, however, Judith has found that many American men think they already know all the tricks in the book. "But I could show you some Old World skills you never knew existed," our Hungarian honey assures us.



PHOTOGRAPH BY
JACK HARRISON



SUNNY

March 2001

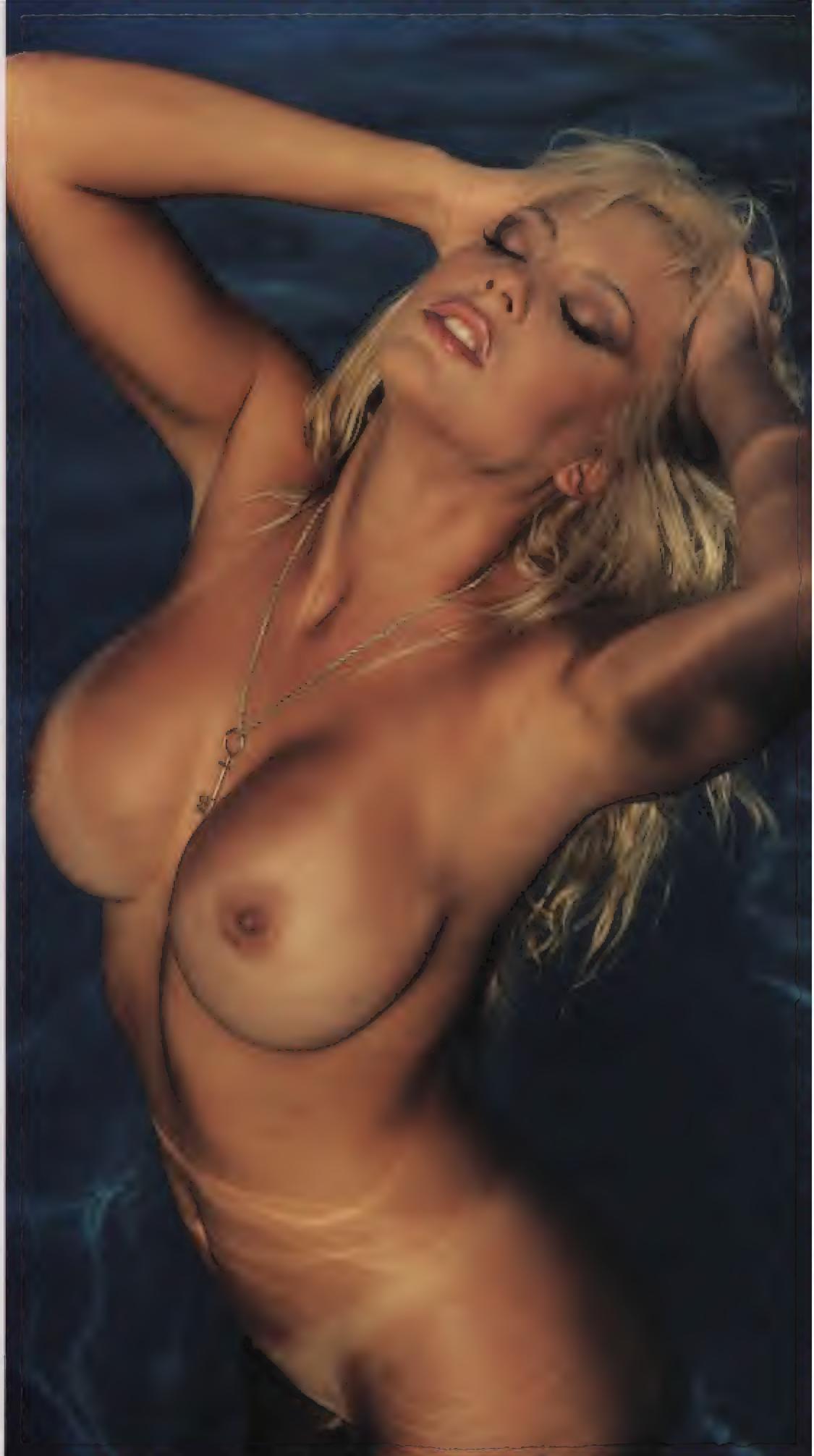
Twenty-one-year-old Sunny Leone is sure to brighten any day. "I don't go all the way on a first date," the Canadian-born beauty reports. "But once I get to know a man, I'll take him beyond his wildest dreams! Once I was walking with an old boyfriend in the park when I suddenly got in the mood for love. The next thing he knew, I was straddling him on top of an old wooden picnic table." This tasty 34-24-34 spread has her sights set high. She hopes to own a boat and a plane one day. "I love traveling," she says. "But I want to be able to pick up and go when I want." Apparently, Sunny lets no rain fall on her parade.

PHOTOGRAPH BY
JAY ALLAN

TYLER

April 2001

"My ideal man is a lot like my show horses," says 36-24-35 equestrienne Tyler Reed. "He has the temperament of a quarter horse and the body of a thoroughbred. I'd like to meet a man who's interested in equestrian competition, a bit of a rough rider who can tame a wild animal with a gentle—but firm—hand." Tyler, 25, has a bit of a wild side herself; sometimes she'll adapt her riding moves for a more intimate arena. She's particularly fond of the Western Pleasure. "It's a slower ride. You need to sit back as hard as you can, keeping your butt way in the saddle. I'm ready to mount. Are you?"



PHOTOGRAPH BY
WARREN TANG



KELLE

May 2001

Twenty-one-year-old Kelle Marie knows how to have a good time. Whenever she returns home to Wales and visits with friends, "we make a big party out of it," she says. "We put on our sexiest outfits and head out for a wild night." A self-described exhibitionist, Kelle recalls one such evening with her gal pals. While riding in a taxi, she flashed her taut 34-24-34 frame at passersby. "You should have seen the looks on people's faces. More than that, you should have seen our expressions when one woman flashed us! When we got out of the cab, we gave the driver a peek. He was so surprised, he forgot to charge us our fare."

PHOTOGRAPH BY
HANK LONDONER

BRIANA

June 2001

"I expect a man to treat me like a lady," says Briana Banks, 23. And by the looks of her awe-inspiring 34DD-26-30 figure, we can't see that that should ever be a problem. The German-born Pet has been modeling since her teen years. She started out by posing for magazines when she was in high school, and in more recent years has begun acting in adult films. "I fell in love with the work," Briana says. "It's really been a great experience for me. Before I got into adult films, I was conservative and inhibited. Now I'm more confident about myself sexually, socially, and professionally." You can bank on that!



PHOTOGRAPH BY
EARL MILLER



ALEX

July 2001

We hit the jackpot with Las Vegas's own Alex Arden. When the 22-year-old actress, singer, dancer, and model revealed to us that she'd "always wanted to be a centerfold model," we were happy to oblige. "I love being naked, and am very comfortable with my sexuality. I work hard to keep my figure," she says of her luscious 36C-24-33 body. "I'm very proud to be able to show off the results!" Of course, there are times when she's shown off a little too much. "One day my friend's mother caught us having a ménage à trois in her garage. She freaked out! Three is company, but four—definitely a crowd!"

PHOTOGRAPH BY
EARL MILLER

AVA

August 2001

"My most remarkable sexual experience was the first time I was with a woman," confides 26-year-old Ava Vincent. "My boyfriend arranged a date for the three of us. After dinner, we shared more than coffee. We went back to her house and my boyfriend blindfolded me. Suddenly I felt hands all over me, seducing me. When they removed the blindfold, we had a threesome. It was amazing." Having experienced lust with ladies and gentlemen alike, the 34-24-34 Californian is convinced there's much to be said about sapphic sex. "Every inch of a woman feels so soft," she says. "It's such a sensual experience."



PHOTOGRAPH BY
CARL L. WACHTER



These women are so easy to work with, and eager as well as skilled at expressing their beauty and sexuality.



I was really looking forward to shooting this video in California. I had a great selection of tremendous

We filmed it on a sunny day in L.A. (isn't it always sunny in L.A.?!), and the crew and the girls enjoyed some morning coffee and breakfast together,

the sizzlingly sultry Tera Patrick and the deliciously creamy Nicole Marciano, along with the beautifully bouncy Cristi Taylor (you'll have to forgive me, I love using adjectives), and we got down to business.

of the female form. We spent a few days there together, filming and talking with the Pets. It was a real delight. These women are so easy to work with, and eager as well as skilled at expressing their beauty and sexuality. Luckily for me, it was my pleasure and opportunity to shoot it, and now I present it for your viewing pleasure.

We have many gorgeous single-girl scenes, and of course my favorite—as a director and a viewer—scorching two-girl love sets. All I can say is—watch it! You won't be disappointed.

I hope you enjoy it! ■



women, a really nice location, and an appetite to capture some untamed beauty from our Penthouse Pets.

So that's exactly what I did. And now here it is, all ready for you!



thanks to our most skilled (and loved) caterer. Then the beautiful Megan Mason, our 2002 Pet of the Year, joined



The morning sun was gleaming through some palm leaves overhead, creating a wonderful stippled effect that fell on the near-naked figures of our girls sitting nearby. It was truly inspiring, and it again reminded me of the richness and beauty



Nicholas J. Guccione
nicholas.guccione@generalmedia.com

OH, TO CELEBRATE LIFE!

And our unalienable right to celebrate it! That's what *Penthouse* is all about—the right to express ourselves as civilized individuals and to have the freedom to do so.

And that's what our military is fighting for thousands of miles away in Afghanistan at the very moment I'm writing this—our freedoms!

And these are obviously blessings we cannot take for granted. So I want to praise the men and women who are giving their lives in order for us to have the liberties we have today.

I therefore dedicate this column, and my prayers, to all of our armed forces, here and abroad.

May God bless America!

Check out all our videos at www.store.penthouse.com

Nicholas J. Guccione



JOSEPH
FARRAS

KID ROCK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

Detroit when we got signed. And losing a member of your family is always hard for anyone. You just wake up one morning and somebody's dead. It's the worst thing in the world, absolutely. And my situation is no better or worse than anyone else's. I feel devastated, but I don't like to dwell on it, because why should people think I had such a terrible loss? I mean, what about his parents and his brother-in-law and his sister and his nephew who will never know him? I'm happy that I got to spend time with him and know him and show him a lot of things and have some great times with him."

Kid Rock, American badass, has existed for years with a devil on one shoulder and an angel on the other. This duality could be a source of conflict, but for the man who sings, "You wanna fuck with me, don't test the odds / Cuz your arms are too short to box with God" on "Forever," it's just another minor obstacle that's easily conquered by a solid moral code and a grin that says, "Aww, fuck it."

"I don't bicker with the devil or the angel, I just try to divide my time evenly between both of them," he says. "I got nothin' inside of me that every red-blooded American male ain't got inside

him, I just get to live the life. Any other red-blooded American male with the opportunity would probably be wild and take advantage of the same things I have. But I've never gone out of my way to hurt anybody. I treat people like I want to be treated, whether it's a girl on a tour bus who wants to fuckin' blow me or it's a girl who wants a hat signed for her little brother, I treat them both with the same fuckin' respect. Nothin' different."

Rock stands behind his words and expects his loved ones to do the same. There's no cursing around the kids, and if Junior wants to listen to a record with a parental-advisory label, Rock has to be there with him to explain what he's hearing. It may sound strange, but the guy who claims he "gets more ass than Mark McGrath" on *Cocky*, and boasts on "You Never Met a Motherfucker Quite Like Me" about getting high before meeting President Clinton, is raising his son to be polite, generous, humble.

"You gotta teach kids respect," says Rock. "[Junior] had a Halloween party last year and it was a very nice party, so this year he started telling kids at school, 'Well, you're not coming to my Halloween party.' He came home from school and I went, 'So, you're running your mouth about your party at school and certain people can't come? Guess what? There's no party this year if you're

gonna be mean to people. Now go tell them all that there is no party.'"

It's something of a shock to discover that Rock's favorite topic of discussion is not himself. He'd much rather talk about his son, and says he gets as much pleasure from playing ball with Junior as he does from drinking in a strip club. "The thing you gotta remember if you have kids is you have to be a parent. You can't be best friends with your kid," he says. "You gotta be the one that says, 'Do your homework or you're grounded.' But you also have to spend the time with them for them to be able to respect you. Go out and have fun, pull them around the yard on the sled. Let's throw the football around. Let's ride bikes. It's not the quantity of time, it's the quality [that's important] for kids to respect you."

Back in his suburban neighborhood in northern Michigan, Kid Rock is known as just another working father. Sure, at first folks were pretty freaked out that the devil without a pause had moved into a home on 13 acres just miles from their impressionable families, and begun attending PTA meetings. But as time passed, his neighbors learned to accept him as just another loving parent.

"Obviously, I have to walk the line of knowing when to let loose and when to be responsible," Rock says back in the green room after his interview with Daly, during which he'd sung snippets of "Freebird," "Old Time Rock and Roll," and, of course, "Man of Constant Sorrow." "You know, I can't take my kid to school as fuckin' Kid Rock with my hat on and my middle finger in the air wrapped up in an American flag drinking a Budweiser. That's not realistic."

He picks up the Gibson again and absentmindedly picks at the strings. Then he returns the instrument to its case and says, "You know what? I don't miss it at all when I'm not partying. Just being with my family excites me. I love being around the kids [his and Pamela's], tossing them around or telling them they gotta brush their teeth and do their homework. It doesn't matter how much money I make in life. Just making a difference in a child's life—that's the most important thing you'll ever have."

As Rock continues to gush about the virtues of family, his publicist announces that Rock's limo is waiting, ready to cart him off to the airport where his \$2,400-per-hour private plane awaits. Heading out to the car, he cracks a broad smile. Maybe Kid Rock enjoys being a star all the more because he knows it won't last forever.

"I know that people have short attention spans, and when it's time for me to move over, I'll move over," he says. "I would love to stay home and be there for my son 24/7. Or be able to have dinner at an old friend's house. Or spend more time with my girl. I'd be just as happy doing that." ■



"He thinks we're plotting to take away his rocks."

MIND AND MUSCLE POWER

Washboard abs and well-developed 'ceps may catch a woman's eye. But in the sack, she could care less about how much weight you can lift, press, and curl. There, it's all about how well you can push, pump, and thrust. "It's the smaller muscles you can't see, feel, or flex that make all the difference when it comes to great sex," says Ed Morand, master trainer and Pilates instructor for the New York Sports Clubs/Town Sports International in New York City. "It doesn't take much to tap into these 'love muscles' to maximize your sexual performance, if you know the right exercises."

And great sex isn't just about strength and stamina. Keeping flexible the muscles that sex tends to abuse is just as important for making an impression between the sheets. "You may feel proud about being sore the next morning, but that pain means tighter muscles that may limit your range of motion and affect how well you perform the next time," says Morand. "Throw in the right stretch afterward and your body won't seize up on you when she's ready for Round 2."

To give your muscles the stamina they need, and the flexibility to use

MAN YOUR POSITIONS

them over and over again, we asked Morand for the best exercise/stretch combination for improving performance in the three most common sex positions. Try all three exercises or handpick

Missionary Position

It may be popular, but it's not the easiest position to pull off, especially as we age. "The older a man gets, the more top-heavy he typically becomes as excess weight gets stored



whichever combo works best for you. Either way, exercise now and the lady will be the one all sweaty (and satisfied) later on.

Add the following routines to the end of your workout. If you don't exercise regularly, simply do these three times a week. Perform each stretch, depending on which way you screwed, either immediately following sex or in the morning after.

predominantly above the waist," says Morand. "That can make the missionary more difficult to hold for long periods of time." Maintaining a push-up while you're busy pushing in means being able to support yourself, which is why developing a strong, resilient upper body is helpful. After intercourse it's the lower back that ends up tighter than the rest of your torso, since most

of the thrusting from this position comes from arching to push your pelvis forward and backward.

The strengthener: Prone push-up (works the shoulders, chest, triceps, lower back, and abdominals)

Throw on a pair of socks and find yourself a slippery floor surface. Get into a classic push-up position, placing your hands flat on the floor (shoulder-width apart), arms straight and elbows unlocked. Straighten your legs behind you, keeping feet together and weight on your toes.

With hands firmly pressed to the floor, slowly slide your body back, letting your feet slide backward until your nose is pointing at the space between your hands. "You'll feel your stomach muscles contract as you slide," says Morand. Next, slowly shift your body forward (feet should be sliding up as well) until your belly is almost over your hands. Continue moving backward and forward for 16 to 20 repetitions. Repeat for two sets, eventually building up to four sets.

The stretch: Low-back lie-down (relaxes the lower back)

Before getting out of bed, lie flat on your back with legs bent

It doesn't take much to maximize your sexual performance if you know the right exercises.



(feet flat on the mattress) and arms at your sides. Grab behind your legs and pull both knees into your chest as much as you comfortably can, keeping your back flat on the bed. Hold the stretch for two to three seconds, then gently lower both legs. Repeat ten to 20 times.

Doggie-style

She may not be able to see how hard you're working back there, but thrusting forward while propped up on your knees requires a lot of hip flexion and extension. These movements ask a lot of the quadriceps and the hip flexors, two sets of muscles that make up the bulk of



She's doing all the work, but there's a reason she prefers it up there.

the front thighs. After sex, a pair of sore knees is nothing compared to how those same muscles can feel once they tighten up from a good romp. Giving them a good stretch after sex can save you from walking funny the morning after.

The strengthener: Hinges (strengthens the quadriceps and hip flexors)

For this exercise you'll need a mat, bed, or soft carpet to protect your knees. Kneel with your hands resting by your sides, and resist the urge to sit down on the back of your heels. Keeping your back in a straight line with your thighs, slowly lean back a few inches. Hold this position for two to three seconds, then slowly return to the starting

position. Continue the exercise back and forth for one minute. Repeat three times.

To make the exercise more challenging, try wrapping your arms across your chest or raising them above your head to change the leverage.

The stretch: Standing hip thrusts (loosens hip flexors)

Stand with feet together, arms at your sides. Step out with your left foot and plant it 12 to 18 inches in front of you, then step back with your right foot and place it 12 to 18 inches behind. Both legs should be straight with your toes facing forward.

Keeping your hands on your sides, gently push your pelvis forward. You should feel a tiny stretch in your hips. "Although this move seems stationary, don't overdo it by thinking you need to lean forward more," says Morand. "The hip flexors are attached inside the leg in

bone. "Being able to curl your pelvis forward and up lets your pubic bone meet her halfway, bringing her more pressure and pleasure than she's used to," says Morand. All that squirming underneath her also means a set of sore glutes for you once your lady climbs off the horse. That's when a quick bed stretch can spare your ass any post-coital regrets.

The strengthener: Lying shoulder bridge (works the butt, hamstrings, abs, and pelvic muscles)

Lie flat on your back with knees bent, feet flat on the floor. Your arms should be down along your sides (palms pressed to the floor, fingers pointing toward your feet). Keeping your feet on the floor, slowly raise your butt toward the ceiling as far as you comfortably can. Hold this position for one second, then slowly lower yourself. Repeat for as many repetitions as possible. Do two sets.

The stretch: Lying cross-over stretch (loosens the gluteal muscles)

Remain in bed. Lie flat on your back with knees bent, feet flat on the mattress. Slowly draw your left knee up to your chest, leaving your right foot on the bed. Grab the outside of your left knee with your right hand and gently pull your knee toward your right shoulder as far as is comfortable. Hold for two seconds, and then lower your leg. Repeat the move, this time raising your right knee with your left hand. Repeat the exercise, alternating legs, for ten to 20 repetitions each.—Myatt Murphy



a way that requires very little effort to stretch them." Hold the stretch for four to five seconds, then reverse your legs and repeat the stretch, this time standing with your right foot forward and your left foot back. Alternate to do each leg three times.

Lady on Top

Okay, so she's doing all the work, but there's a reason she prefers it up there. Being on top lets her lean forward so she can rub her clit against your pubic



ULTRASOUND BARRIER

More than half a million men get vasectomies in the United States every year, but it's a sure bet that none of these guys was happy to put his family jewels under the knife. Which makes the news of a potential surgery-free vasectomy welcome indeed.

In *New Scientist*, Dr. Nathaniel Fried and colleagues at Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore report on a recent study in which short blasts of ultrasound were used to perform vasectomies.

A traditional vasectomy cuts a 1.5-centimeter section from the vas deferens, the tubes that carry sperm from the testicles into the urethra. The cut ends of the tube are then either cauterized to seal them shut or blocked with silicone plugs. In Dr. Fried's method, an external plastic clip pinches the vas deferens tight enough to prevent

sperm from slipping through. Built into the clip is a curved plastic transducer that produces five watts of ultrasound focused a few millimeters beneath the skin. "The intensity of the ultrasound is around a thousand times greater at its focus than on the skin surface," says Fried. This ultrasound kills cells in the tube wall, which coagulate and obstruct the tube. "You are essentially cooking the tissue," says Fried. Scar tissue then forms in the tube and acts to reinforce the blockage.

So far, this method has been tested only on dogs. Before it can be tried on humans, Fried must prove that there will be permanent blockage without causing burns to the skin. "With a vasectomy, anything less than 100 percent success is really not good enough," says Fried.

—Jane Garrard

SWELL GEL

Thanks to Viagra, men can be ready to rock in minutes. But what about women? Enter Vigel, an all-natural topical gel that increases a woman's clitoral sensitivity. It's made from L-arginine, which stimulates the development of nitric oxide, which improves sexual sensitivity. "L-arginine gets the blood rushing to the genitals, which then helps a woman have an orgasm," says Vigel spokesperson Dr. Ava Cadell.

Prior to sexual relations, a dime-size drop of Vigel is applied to the clitoris. Blood flow increases and the clitoris becomes more responsive as it is manually stimulated. During arousal, the clitoris swells to four times its normal size, a process that normally takes about 20 minutes of foreplay. According to Cadell, Vigel can cut that time in half. The gel causes a tingling sensation that usually lasts from one to two hours, and Vigel can be applied more often, as desired. For more information, visit www.vigelusa.com. —J.G.

"L-arginine gets the blood rushing to the genitals, which helps a woman have an orgasm."

SUPPLEMENT SCARE

MUSCLE LOVERS SHOULD THINK twice before using gamma butyrolactone, a popular bodybuilding supplement. Despite U.S. Food and Drug Administration advisories on GBL, overdoses and deaths increased throughout the 1990s. Now a new study published in *Annals of Emergency Medicine* reports severe withdrawal symptoms. Over a six-month period, researchers looked at five previously healthy subjects who arrived at the emergency department with paranoid delusions, hallucinations, and off-the-chart vital signs after discontinuing use of bodybuilding supplements containing GBL.

"Withdrawal symptoms were so severe that we found the typical first line of treatment, benzodiazepines, was not effective," says Dr. Marco Siville of the University of Massachusetts Medical School in Worcester. "We had to turn to a stronger drug, pentobarbital, to sedate patients and get their vital signs under control." —J.G.



"Smooth skin feels good and enhances sensitivity. When a woman's naked vaginal lips rub together, she can get very aroused."

When I'm around, the conversation—as if given the go-ahead by my profession—very often turns to the most private aspects of sex. And so it was no surprise that a dinner guest one recent evening raised a topic rarely broached in public: pubic hair. Thick bush or silky smooth? That was the choice posed around the table.

Stephen, while slicing through his veal, was quick to answer: "I vote for a close shave." Jon, himself hirsute, was just as quick to voice the opposite taste. "There's nothing like a natural woman."

With that before us, I encouraged exploring the reasons. It's not enough to know what you like in a woman, but why.

A woman's tasteful pubic trim can be just as suggestive of good hygiene, self-esteem, and sexiness as a man's well-trimmed beard. A common psychological association is that letting her hair grow suggests a woman will also let her hair

down—i.e., be freer in bed and do things that other women might not. "Yeah, like better oral sex," Jon piped up. However, one's assumptions do not always predict the way a woman will act.

There are also practical benefits. Smooth skin feels good and enhances sensitivity. When a woman's naked vaginal lips rub together, she can get very aroused.

Hair tastes are cultural. Middle East tradition lets nature take its course, hairwise. Europeans are similarly famous for growing au naturel, but are also known for the most advanced methods of depilation.

Styles change over time, says *Penthouse* photographer Earl Miller, who notes that *Penthouse*'s 1980s full-bush vogue has given way to the "tight, trim, and tidy" look of a V-shaped patch of hair over exposed lips, and unusual shapes like birds' wings.

"I hate those big red bumps between girls' legs that they get from shaving," said Jon.

"I've gotten burned by

those stubbles before," Stephen chipped in, "so I first do a touch test on a girl between the legs to find out whether my penis or chin will get scratched."

"What else can women do besides shaving?" the guys asked. They were pleased to hear about waxing, and agreed to encourage any girlfriends to do it, though they winced at my description of how it's done. Hot wax is applied to those delicate areas and then yanked off. "It stings at first, but you get used to it and the results are worth it, since the hair grows back less and softer over time," I informed them from personal experience, citing how years ago I'd gotten into trouble answering honestly when a radio caller asked me about this subject.

Jon was excited at the idea of pouring hot wax on his lady. But don't confuse sex-play with preening. Send your girlfriend to a professional. The

cost (as high as \$65 in a salon) is worth it.

Get erotic by talking about what shape you like. Do you want to see a triangle, or a landing strip?

Brazilian waxing removes hair around the anus as well. After this procedure, some women feel more confident spreading not only their legs but their buttocks for their man.

Another hot trend that can boost your woman's confidence is microdermabrasion. California-based cosmetician Nancy Stillwell (www.imagederm.com) says that an increasing number of women are using this new technique to get rid of ingrown hairs from shaving, plus unsightly bumps, stretch marks, and scars. "They tell me their sex lives get dramatically better," says Stillwell, who advises serums, not creams, to maintain a silkier, sexy feel.

Another new vogue: waxing for men, a process Miller says

male models commonly do. But hold on to your pubes, guys: women may get off on stroking a bald head, but a bald crotch has not yet totally caught on. O



PENTHOUSE LOOKS AT AIRPORT SECURITY

ON A WING AND A PRAYER



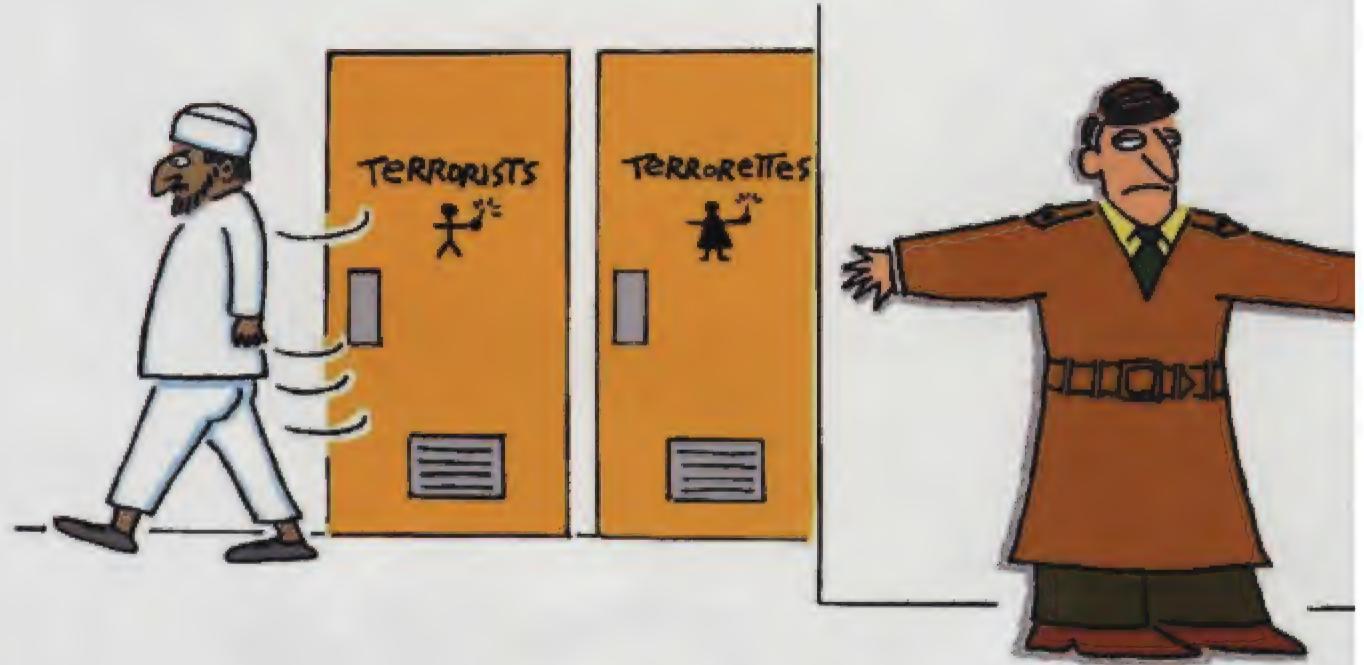
"You act like you've never seen a pair of platform shoes before!"

SATIRE BY SWISS

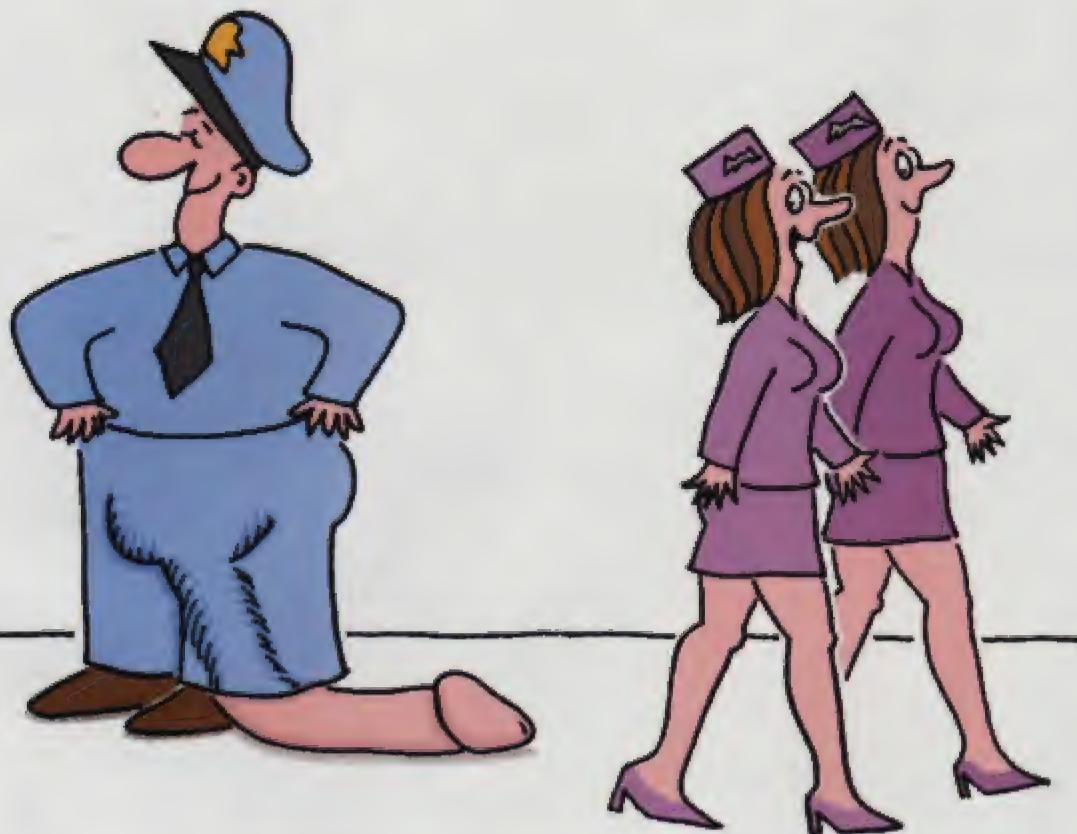




ATTORNEY GENERAL JOHN ASHCROFT
KEEPING PERSONAL TRACK OF TERRORIST MOVEMENTS



*"I'll be seeing yooopou ... in all ... the old ...
familiar places..."*



"Well, it's about time they beefed up airport security!"

earnest. To be in a sixty-nine with another woman was the most delicious thing I'd ever experienced. I don't know how long we continued in this embrace before we both surrendered, spilling our joy into the other's thrilling lips. Then Calista turned around and pressed her mouth to mine so we could taste our mutual love juice.

Reaching into the nightstand, Calista pulled out a large strap-on and fastened it around herself. Guiding the head of the rubber cock to my wet opening, she let it enter me slowly. When fully embedded within my pussy, she slowly began to fuck me. I wrapped my legs around her back and cried out, "Fuck me, Calista! Fuck me!" She fucked me like I'd never been fucked before, bringing me not to just one but to two gorgeous orgasms. Then she turned me over and fucked me doggie-style.

But I still wanted more. She unhooked

from head to foot. Well over six feet tall, he towered over my petite frame. He had me quite aroused, to say the least.

I ended up masturbating that night while thinking of Richard. With my husband away so often, my sex life had become quite miserable. Just being in the presence of this gorgeous young man had intensified my hunger. I had never seduced any man before, and found myself wondering what it would be like to seduce Richard. I knew there was the possibility that he wouldn't be interested in an older woman, but I was willing to risk finding out.

It was late Saturday morning when I saw him next door on the patio deck wearing only a pair of tight white shorts. I feasted my gaze on his beautiful body and excitement raced inside my pussy. It was time.

Putting on the smallest two-piece bathing suit I had, I made a pitcher of lemonade and grabbed two glasses. As I walked out the patio door onto my deck I made sure that I made enough noise to catch Richard's attention. When

bathing suit, stood back, and soaked me up with his eyes. I unsnapped his shorts and let them fall down around his ankles. What I saw took my breath away. Standing up magnificently between this young man's legs was a cock well over nine inches long. He was gorgeous.

Richard sat down on a chair and pulled me over to straddle his lap. As I sat down, the huge mushroom head of his cock opened my fuck-hole wide, sending waves of pleasure throughout my body. Descending slowly, I cried out with joy as each inch of this magnificent tool disappeared into my pussy, until I had all of it buried deep within. Never in my life had I ever felt so tightly packed with cock.

As Richard grasped my ass in his hands, I began moving myself up and down the full length of his joystick. I gasped with pleasure each time Richard's big cockhead touched deep inside me. His cock was so thick that the feel of it barging against my clit was almost unbearable.

"Oh, you feel so wonderful inside me, Richard!" I cried out as I buried my face in his neck and continued to fuck him. I rode this big gorgeous young stallion for a good ten minutes before finally surrendering with an explosion of the most intense orgasm I'd ever had. What's more, this young man was still fully rigid inside me. I hadn't even caught my breath when Richard, standing up with me wrapped around him, pressed me back against the wall and began driving his cock farther up into my pussy. Within seconds I was screaming out and coming. Just as I was riding the wave of my orgasm, Richard pulled out of me. Grabbing his cock in his hand, he began emptying his semen onto me, spurting forth the biggest load of white cream I'd ever seen or felt.

Richard picked me up in his arms and carried me upstairs across the threshold of my bedroom. Lying me down on the bed, he knelt down on the floor between my parted legs and began eating my pussy. Then he and I moved into a sixty-nine, and as he sucked my pussy I took his cock in my mouth and sucked it back to its full hardness.

Lifting me from his face, he slid me down so that I was straddling his cock with my back to him. I'd never fucked in this reverse position before, but instinctively knew what to do. Bending his big cock forward, I sat back and took it deep inside my pussy. Then, reaching out and grabbing his ankles in my hands, I began slowly fucking myself over the full length of his big joystick. Richard moaned loudly from the intense pleasure of having his cock fucked in this position.

Turning myself around and lowering my lips to Richard's I once more began fucking myself into a wild frenzy. Within moments I was coming again and

"As I fucked Kirsten's hungry pussy, Helen crammed her finger in and out of my ass and sucked my balls, all at the same time."

the rubber cock and I quickly strapped it on. First I spent a long while sucking Calista's big succulent nipples. Then, turning her over onto her belly, I licked and pressed my tongue into her tight ass. As she raised her bottom higher and higher, I mounted her from behind and began fucking with reckless abandon. The room filled with Calista's cries of joy as I thrust the rubber cock deep and hard into her beautiful pussy.

She and I spent the rest of the night together, experiencing even more bliss. And the next three days we continued our beautiful lovefest. It was an unbelievable experience that I will remember always.—M.K., Illinois

Seducing Richard

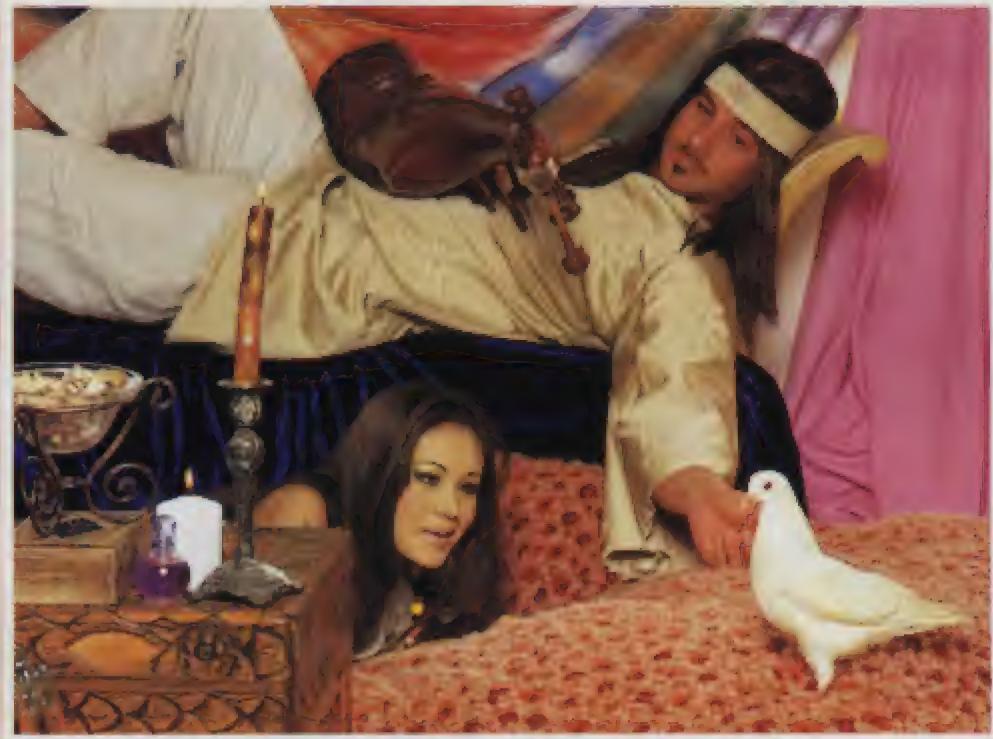
With my husband off on a business trip again, my next-door neighbors invited me over for a backyard barbecue Friday evening. Tending to the grill was their 23-year-old nephew Richard, on a visit from Florida. I was a little ashamed that at age 35 I was gawking at this young stud, but it was almost impossible for me to keep my eyes off of him. Richard was very good-looking and his sun-bronzed body had nice firm muscles

he said good morning, I invited him over for some lemonade. I had positioned the lounge chairs so that they faced each other. Over the lemonade, we began talking, but I was disappointed that I wasn't getting the eye response that I had hoped for. Couldn't this kid see my nipples jutting out from beneath my top? And how could he not detect the soaking-wet crotch of my French-cut bottoms? Maybe because of his age, he didn't know when a woman was trying to seduce him. I was frustrated, but not ready to give up just yet.

I asked him to pour me another glass of lemonade, and as he turned to get the pitcher, I reached down between my legs and pulled my bathing suit to one side, exposing my pussy. When he turned back, I now saw the excitement in his eyes that I'd been looking for. I could also see a beautiful bulge rising at the front of his white shorts. Even more beautiful, the bulge continued to rise and rise. "You know, you're staring at me," I said.

"I know, but I can't help it," Richard said as he raised his eyes from between my legs. "You're very beautiful."

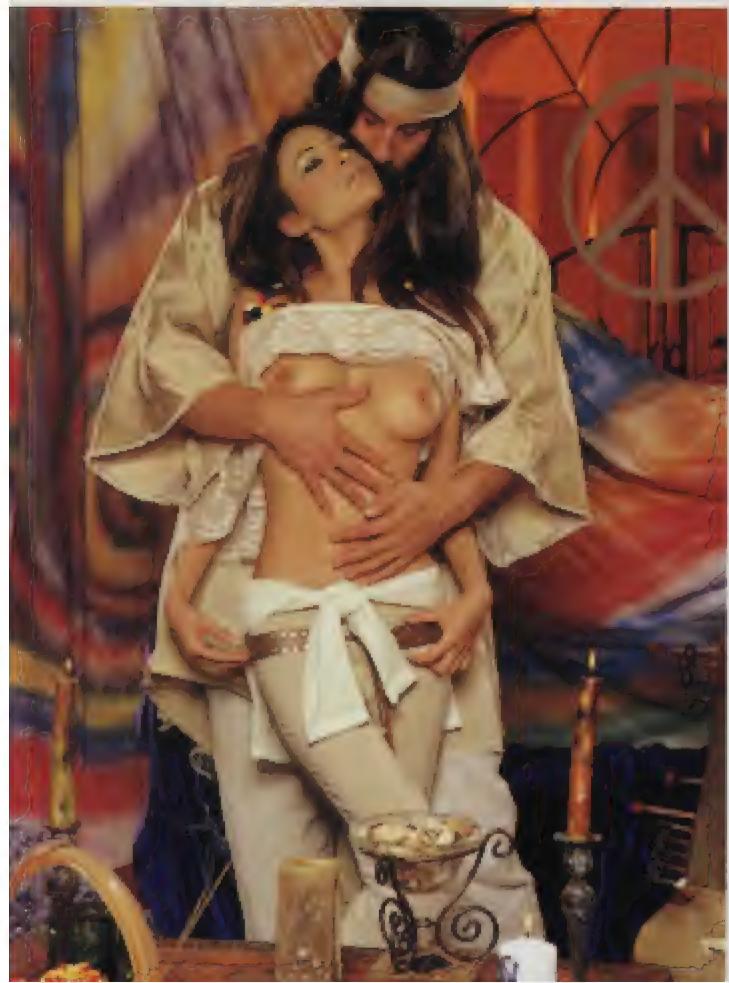
We went into the house and, stopping me in the kitchen, Richard removed my



JADE & JULIAN

This is the way life is supposed to be, Julian thought as he lay across the scattered pillows in a smoke-filled room that smelled of herbs and incense. His head swam with pleasure and his ears rang with the sounds of his music and a distant beat from a drum. This is where he had found the beautiful Jade, and he had not left since. For three days straight they drank wine, ate the juiciest fruit and meat, and delighted in the pleasures of the flesh.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER



It seemed to Julian that Jade never tired. Her skin glistened with perspiration, but still she'd beg for more. Julian loved the taste of her skin and he swore her nectar was that of the gods.



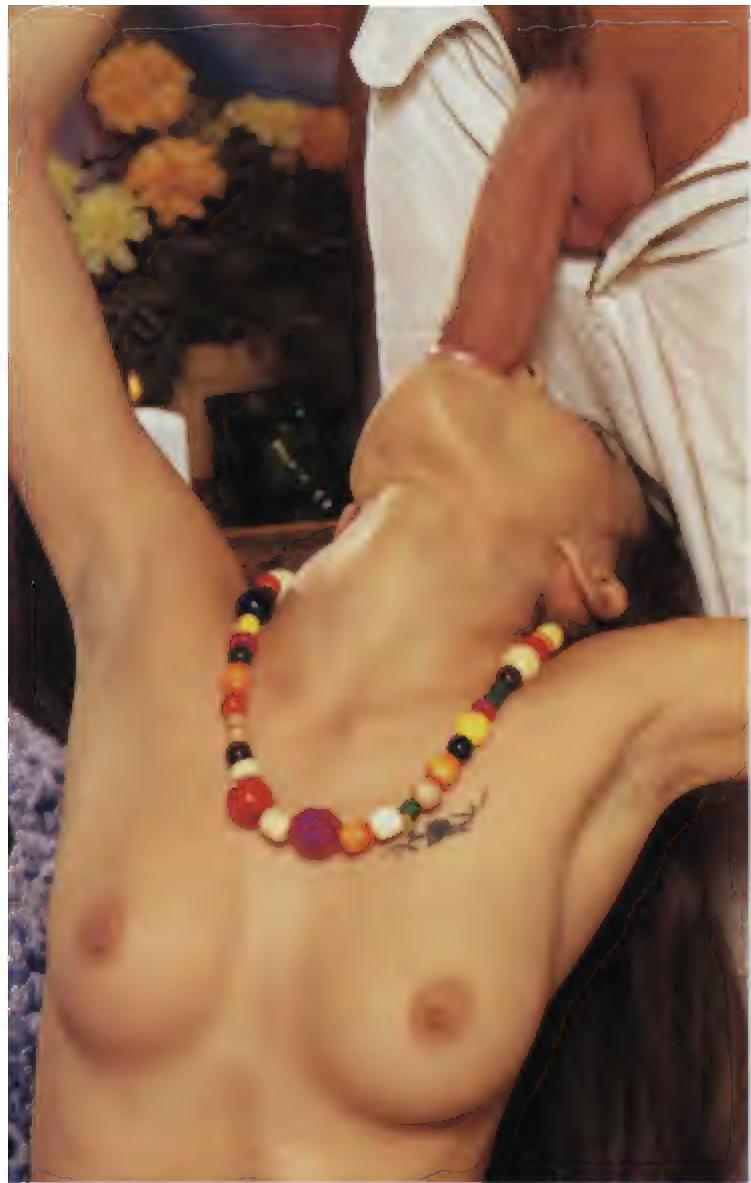


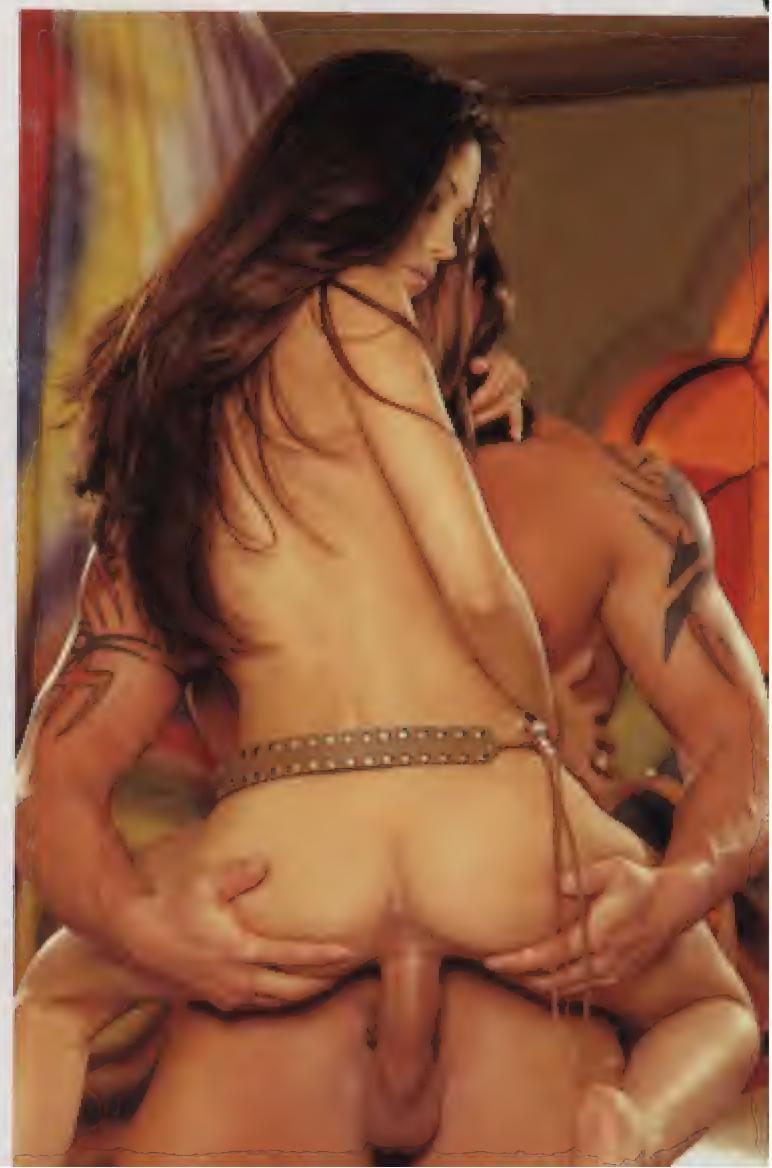


Jade didn't
say much.
Instead she
spoke with
her body.
Her lips com-
municated
her desire, her
fingertips her
urgent need to
satisfy. Her
tongue on his
long, hard
cock hypnot-
ized him.



The first time she fellated Julian, he didn't think she would be able to take in his whole shaft, but she did so with ease. Surprised by her incredible ability, he came right away.





Jade's pussy
was equally
accom-
modating.
Her hole—
tight yet
slippery—
engulfed him
to his balls.
She used her
hands to
massage them
as she rode
him up
and down to
the beat
of the drums





“The Other” (1971) by David Mazzatorta. (Courtesy of David Mazzatorta)





Julian pounded away and Jade matched him thrust for thrust. He wished that time could stop, hoping to relish the way he felt when inside her sweet loins. His balls slapped against her ass, making a magnificent rhythmic sound. She tossed her head back and forth, her hair brushing against his face as she screamed with her rising orgasm. Julian did as she said and kept the pace going, their hearts racing and their skin on fire. Jade shuddered and a flood of juices rushed forth from her, drenching Julian's cock and thighs. As he felt himself about to burst, he slowed his pace, wanting this to last a bit longer.



His whole body pulsed as Jade took over, doing everything in her power to make him come. Julian asked her to take him in her mouth so that he might feel her lips and tongue again.





Jade sucked him with wild abandon and when Julian began to spurt, she took every last drop and savored it. His juices held the power to energize her, and she was ready to start once more. O+ ■



THE JOKE MAN

This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of...

JACKIE MARTLING



LaGrange dies. The next day the mortician calls the dead man's wife and says, "Mrs. LaGrange, your husband passed away with a huge erection, and we don't know what to do. It won't stay strapped down."

She says, "Then cut it off and stick it up his ass."

LaGrange's wake is very crowded and stuffy, so the funeral director turns up the air-conditioner. Some condensation forms on a pipe directly above the body, and a few drops of water fall into LaGrange's right eye, giving the appearance of teardrops. Just then, Mrs. LaGrange comes to the casket, bends over the body, and sees the drops rolling down his cheek.

She whispers into his ear, "It hurts, doesn't it, you son of a bitch?"

Why do midgets' feet stink?

Because their feet are so close to their ass holes.

• Stukowski's riding along on a bicycle. His friend says, "Hey, where'd you get the bike?"

Stukowski says, "I was walking out in the country when a girl came along on this bicycle, wearing nothing but a pair of panties. She got off the bike, took off the panties, lay down, and said, 'Take anything you want.' So I took the bicycle."

His friend says, "That was smart. The panties probably wouldn't have fit you."

Mrs. McKim goes into a confessional. She says to the priest, "Father, I've committed adultery."

The priest says, "Was it against your will?"

Mrs. McKim says, "No, Father, 'twas against the cupboard, and ya shoulda' heard the china rattle."

• Bartlett constantly farts as loud as he can, and it drives his poor wife crazy. She keeps telling him, "Bartlett, one of these times you're gonna be sorry. One night you're going to blow your guts out!"

One afternoon she's in the butcher shop and sees some chicken livers on sale. She buys a pound, goes home, and hides them under the bed. That night she waits until Bartlett blasts away a few times. Then she reaches under the bed, grabs a handful of chicken livers, and throws them between the sheets.

She screams, "Look! Look what you've done!"

Bartlett sees the livers, scoops them up, and runs into the bathroom. A few minutes later he staggers out, looking very haggard.

His wife says, "I told you one day you were gonna blow your guts out!"

Bartlett lifts one of his hands and says, "Yep. And if it weren't for the grace of God and these two fingers, I'd have never got 'em back in again."

A big fat housewife is scrubbing the kitchen floor on her hands and knees when she suddenly yells to her husband, "Come here, Charlie! I'm paralyzed! I can't get up!"

Charlie rushes in and says, "Stand up, you old bat! You're kneeling on one of your tits."

• Joanne gets out of bed, throws on her robe and slippers, uncovers the parrot, pulls up the shades, opens the windows, puts on the coffee, and sits down to read the paper. The phone rings. A man's voice says with anticipation, "Sweetie, I just flew in from Denver. I'll be right over."

She puts down the paper, turns off the coffee, closes the windows, pulls down the shades, covers the parrot, takes off her robe and slippers, and gets back into bed. The parrot says, "Damn! That was a short day."

Two minks grow up together and are best friends. Finally the day comes when it's their turn to be made into coats.

The first mink says to the second, "See you in temple."

• A guy is walking around in a supermarket yelling, "Cris-co, Cris-co!"

A store clerk approaches him and says, "Sir, the Crisco is in Aisle 5."

The guy says, "I'm not looking for the Crisco you cook with. I'm calling my wife."

The clerk says, "Your wife is named Crisco?"

The guy says, "No, I only call her that in public."

The clerk says, "What do you call her when you're home?"

The guy says, "Lard Ass."

• An Arab sheik says to an American tourist, "Mr. Schirrippa, your wife, she is beautiful. I have to have her. I will trade you her weight in gold."

Schirrippa says, "Give me a few days."

The sheik says, "To think it over?"

Schirrippa says, "Heil, no. To fatten her up."

A girl says to Dirty Johnny, "Do you want me to take my clothes off so you can play doctor?"

Johnny says, "No. Spit out your gum—I want to play president."

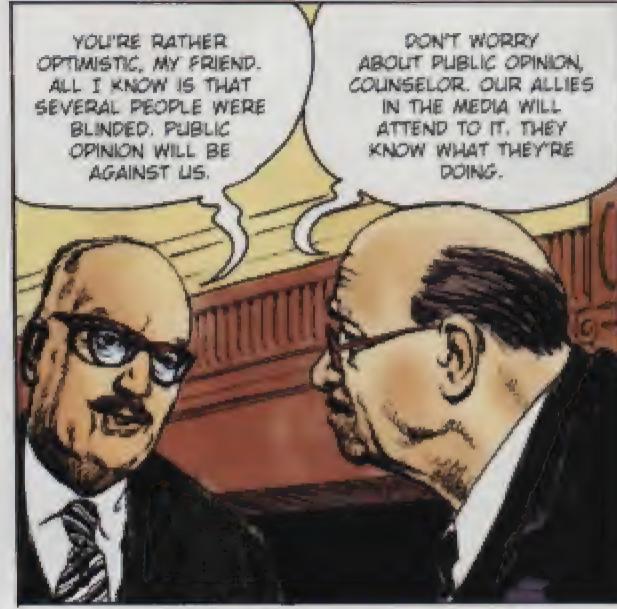
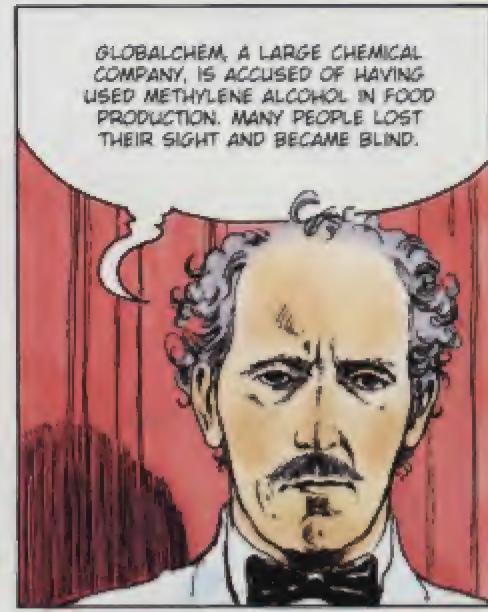
If you think you can stump The Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse magazine, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a copy of his Oglie Records CD F. jackie. Please include your mailing address with your submission.

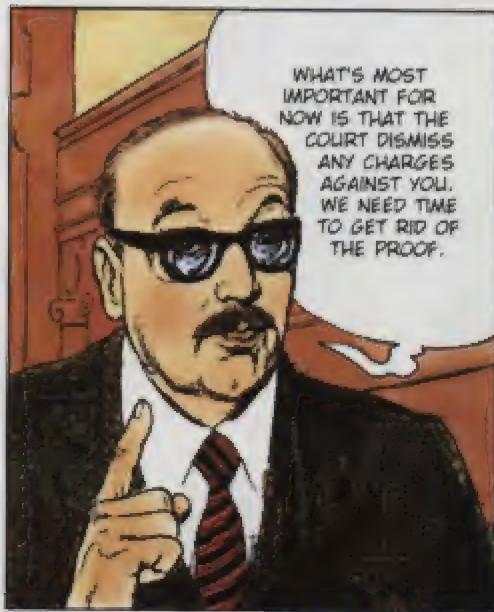
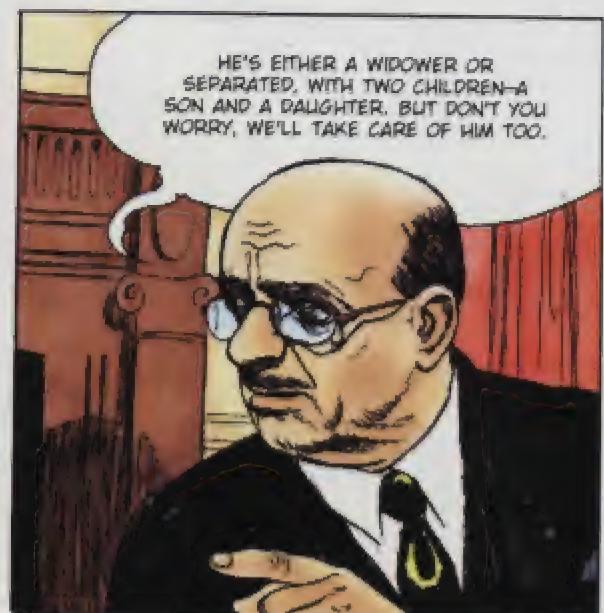
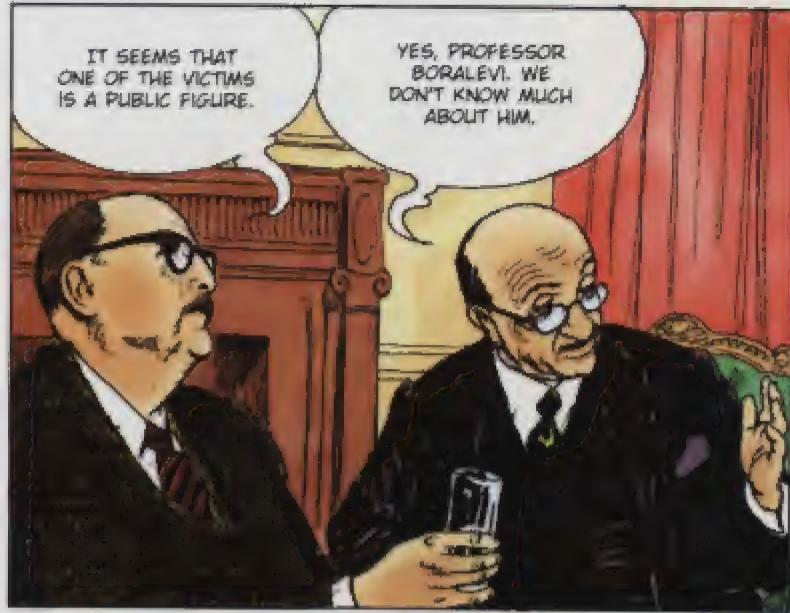
A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER
DAY AT THE HOME OF
LAWYER ALEANDRO
CRISTIANI

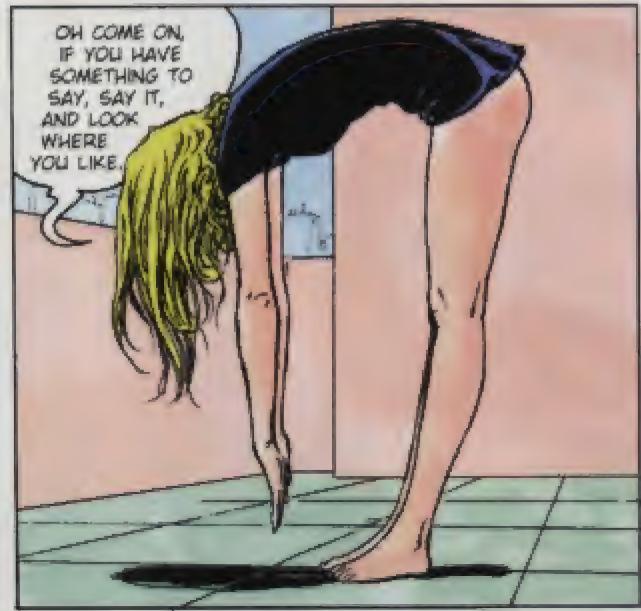
Milo Manara's CLICK 4

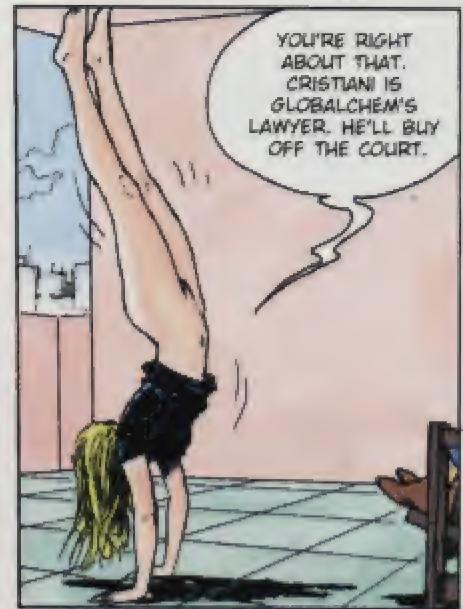
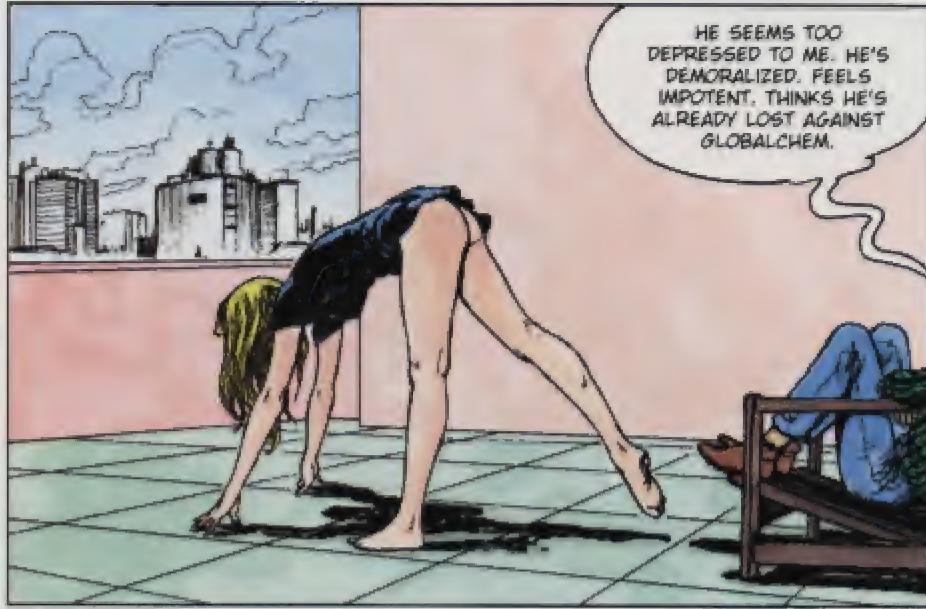
Chapter One











TO BE CONTINUED ...





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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

again, achieving more orgasms in this short time with Richard than I had achieved in the past six months.

Lifting me off of his cock, Richard had me kneel and took me from behind, fucking me so hard that I feared the headboard would splinter and I'd have some talk explaining to do to my husband. When Richard's breathing quickened and his fingers dug harder into my hips, he made one final thrust and, as he held himself firmly inside me, his huge cockhead ejaculated its creamy warmth deep inside my pussy. It felt heavenly.

After Richard left, I couldn't believe how sore my pussy was from the pounding he'd given me. But it didn't stop me from having that big cock of his back inside me that night, and for the next three days, until Richard left.

How ironic it was that when this all began I'd thought that I would be teaching this young man a few things about fucking. Instead, this gorgeous young man was my teacher.—J.D., Indiana

Karen's Birthday Gift

I was quite angry with my husband when I found out he'd made plans to go

deer hunting the weekend of my birthday. Turning 30 was a big deal for me and I was not happy that Robert had chosen not to spend it with me. At least my best friend Karen had made plans for my birthday, arriving in a stretch limo to take me to dinner and then on an evening of bar hopping.

It was a wonderful night that I hated to see come to an end. As we climbed into the limo for the ride home I would soon find out that this wonderful night was far from over. Karen asked if she could give me a birthday kiss. I was surprised, to say the least, but I let it happen. The touch of her soft, warm lips against mine induced a marvelous tingling between my legs. "Now that was nice, wasn't it?" Karen said.

"It was very nice," I replied. When she then told me that I owed the kiss to my husband, I questioned what he had to do with it. Karen told me that she'd tell me all about it, but first I had to take off my panties. I watched her hand disappear beneath my skirt and then experienced the wonderful pleasure of her gathering my clit between her fingertips. As she began gently kneading my erect clit, she told me she had called Robert for some birthday-gift ideas. It started out as a joke at first, with him saying that fulfilling my fantasy of being with another woman would

be a wonderful birthday present. But when she told Robert that it was one of her fantasies too, and that she would love to fulfill it with me, their talk had become serious.

I was stunned, there in the limo, when Karen told me that this was just a sampling of what she had in store for me when we got to her place. I felt her fingers moving along my moist slit and then up into my slippery hole. As she pressed her lips again to mine, she began finger-fucking me, and in less than a minute I was crying out my joy, loud enough for the chauffeur to hear, while I came on Karen's fingers.

When we got to her place, we headed straight to the bedroom. My excitement intensified as we undressed and I saw Karen's gorgeous body for the first time. Lying me down on the bed, Karen climbed between my legs and brought her mouth to my pussy. Her tongue teased me unmercifully until I cradled her head in my hands and pulled it firmly to my horny pussy, begging her to eat me out. I couldn't believe this was happening to me as I looked down at the beautiful face of my best friend eagerly eating my pussy. The anger I'd had for my husband was long gone when Karen brought me to a shuddering orgasm.

But I saw she had more wonderful surprises for me when she donned a large strap-on. I got up on my knees and cried out for her to fuck me. Entering me from behind with the rubber dick, she fucked me doggie-style. Orgasm after orgasm rolled through me. Then, removing the strap-on from Karen, I lay back, sat her pussy down on my mouth, and began fulfilling my longtime fantasy, tasting the unbelievable deliciousness that filled my mouth when Karen reached orgasm.

We continued to enjoy this wonderful give-and-take late into the night, until we both collapsed with exhaustion. It was an incredible 30th birthday present. But it didn't end that night. When Robert came home, we were waiting for him. First we let him watch Karen and me together, then we invited him to join us, which turned the evening into an erotic romp for three that we've been enjoying ever since.—J.N., Minnesota

The Right Circumstances

As a college sophomore still undecided on my major, I had enrolled in several humanities classes. One afternoon during Introductory Anthropology class, the instructor announced that every student would have to conduct a survey. This didn't really get my attention until he said that the survey was to be on some aspect of human sexuality.

In the course of the survey, I would

CONTINUED ON PAGE 161



THE UNREPENTANT VOYEUR



MY SUMMER OF LOVE

ARTICLE BY ELIZABETH MILLER • ILLUSTRATIONS BY JONATHAN TWINGLEY

"I started toward the planting beds with a hoe in my hand, ready to dig into the earth," says Chris of his first morning on an organic farm in suburban New York while he was in college. "I saw a young man in the distance, who I later learned was Jeff, and Pamela and Sarah planting vegetables. As I got closer, I noticed something odd: The girls were topless.

"Pamela and Sarah, two redheads, were squatting between the rows, occasionally fondling each other's firm and ample tits. Jeff didn't seem to notice. I continued toward them, then stopped short. Now Pamela was lying under Sarah and nibbling at her crotch. Jeff

lifted his head from his work, dropped his tool, and crawled behind Sarah, spreading her cheeks for Pamela. Then Jeff untied the strings of Sarah's bikini, caressing her ass and fingering her pussy. Sarah began to moan softly, and Pamela pulled down her own shorts and started fingering herself.

"I was getting hot and horny, and I couldn't take my eyes off Pamela's slice. Juice was drooling down her thigh. Jeff started to tongue Sarah's ass hole. I couldn't stop myself. I hit the ground and lifted Pamela's knees to sniff her juicy, shaved twat. I licked her soft cunt lips—she was so sweet. I really got into

it, licking and sucking her ass, as she continued to lap at Sarah's peach. Then Jeff pulled down his pants to reveal a good-sized dick, erect and pulsating. He spread Sarah's ass with his hands and shoved his cock up her bottom. Sarah began to gyrate and moan loudly, until she reached orgasm with a yelp.

"Pamela was still licking Sarah's dripping pussy, so I pushed into her creamy twat. She was tight, and I had to push in slowly. Sarah looked down and started to suck Pamela's nipples. Jeff jerked off while he watched us, then he slid into Sarah's ass again, this time ramming her until he exploded with a grunt.

"John and Sarina were going at

"Pamela whimpered as I thrust my cock into her. Then Sarah started to urinate on Pam's face, just as Pamela was reaching climax. I came right after."

Chris told me he rolled over, exhausted and spent, and suddenly remembered that they were all outside in plain view. He got up quickly and looked toward the farm stand, but there were no customers. Then he saw the educational director, John, standing nearby.

"This is a different kind of place," John told him. "You're really going to learn a lot here." John walked away smiling, with Sarina, a beautiful blonde, trailing behind him, her round breasts bouncing.

This lush and beautiful organic farm was host to many an agricultural student hungry to learn the art and skill of self-sustaining organic-vegetable production. Although only five acres in all, maximum-production planting methods and timed harvests allowed the farm to provide four times the production of the average facility. The director was an expert in organic growing, with more than 25 years' experience. Students and volunteers from all around the world came to work, study, and observe the revolutionary methods used, including succession-row planting, which allows constant harvesting.

During Chris's sojourn there, a handful of students, including only one other young man, had been chosen to be the lucky participants in the internship program. Chris, a 25-year-old from a small town in Iowa, had been met at the train station by John and four of the female students. When the farm van pulled up, Chris was so excited that at first he hardly noticed the selection of beauties in the backseat, but they couldn't be ignored for long. Sarina, 21, wore a skintight



halter top and shorts cut so high on her tan, supple legs that Chris could see her curly blonde bush inching out. Next to Sarina sat Sarah and Pamela, both 19-year-old redheads who looked astonishingly alike. Last but not least was Sheryl, also 19, a dark and lanky brunette with sparkling blue eyes and a full mouth. The drive took 20 minutes, and Chris fought off a throbbing hard-on, shifting uncomfortably in his seat.

The farm itself was a virtual Garden of Eden. Flowering azaleas of purple, pink, and white were nestled among rose vines, which crept up a white gate. Rows of vegetables in dark rich soil were lined

Sarina moaned, "Yes, please, John!"

John laughed again, bent over, and started lapping at her cunt. Sarina shoved her ass in his face, while John continued tasting her and smacking his lips. Sarina was close to hysterical as we watched, unable to move. John glanced at Chris and said, "You want some?"

As I finally walked away, I saw Chris jump in, partaking in what he later described as the juiciest twat he'd ever had. He was about to fuck her when John nudged him aside and shoved his own immense dick into her. He kept thrusting upward, never pulling out completely, and Sarina started to yelp.

it behind the shelves, sheltered from the view of customers by a mere wood slat."

up in small rectangular planting beds in perfect symmetry.

The next morning there was plenty of work to be done. Garden rows had to be tilled, vegetables seeded and transplanted into rows, before the full heat of the sun bore down. Every afternoon at one o'clock, the students gathered in the main house to review their activities with John, who then gave a half-hour lecture on his particular methods for maximum production in a minimum amount of space. The remainder of the afternoon was spent with John overseeing the activities outside. Occasionally he would leave for a moment to tend to a customer at the small stand that sold the produce the students had worked so hard to harvest.

As the summer rolled by, the students became accustomed to seeing—and engaging in—sex acts all over the farm. Sarina, Sarah, and Pamela always wore bikinis while they worked, and they went topless most of the time. But that was in the vegetable beds off the road, out of view of the general public. Despite the constant fooling around in the rich soil, Chris and I were surprised to see John and Sarina behind some shelves in the vegetable stand one Saturday. They were sheltered from the view of customers by a mere wood slat, and I was amazed by their boldness. Pamela stood in front, taking orders from patrons, while Sarah filled the orders.

Sarina was bent over with her hands on a shelf, her long skirt up over her head. John examined and fingered her pussy, which was pink and moist. She reached back and spread her cheeks for him. He chuckled, dropped his jeans to his ankles, and rubbed the tip of his dick around her hole. She was dripping now and gyrating, and John said, "Are you going to give yourself to me, sweetie?"

tiless. It was like my dream come true. She has a beautifully manicured bush, with, as I now know, the biggest clit I've ever seen. She was furry but neat, with small baby-pink lips and labia. My mouth was watering.

"She saw me staring, and she smiled and lifted her skirt even higher and said, 'You've been wanting this, haven't you?'

"I was speechless; I couldn't take my eyes off her pussy. She laughed, then slipped off her bikini top. Her ample tits were standing erect, her nipples were hard. I gasped. Her jugs were even more beautiful than I'd imagined.

"I stepped up on the tractor, hoisting

Chris jerked off until he came, but John was still ramming Sarina ten minutes later, so Chris left them alone.

The weeks flew by as John instructed us on tilling, succession planting, seeding, transplanting, and harvesting. We were all eager to learn, and doing well in our studies, but Chris was constantly distracted by one thing: Sheryl. She was quiet and shy, and she never got involved in the wild sex. Although she favored scanty tops, she always had her breasts covered, and wore conservative shorts. Chris told me he would lie awake in his bunk at night, dreaming of what resided between her legs. His mind wandered to what dark mystery lay within. He would watch her planting vegetables in the grueling heat, see the sweat roll down her smooth stomach, and dream of licking it off. She often caught him looking, and would smile before looking away.

The last month of the summer was long and arduous, and we all felt the burden. Lifting heavy plants, tilling rows, raking out beds, and harvesting and weeding in the hot August sun was a killer. I could tell Chris still couldn't get Sheryl out of his mind. Then, one night two weeks before the internship ended, Chris told me what had happened when he left his cabin early that morning. "I noticed the small tractor smoothing rows in the distance," he said. "I couldn't see who was on it, but the driver was unsteady, so I started walking over to help. As I got closer, I saw it was Sheryl. My heart jumped, 'cause I had never really spoken with her, and you know I've been obsessing about her. She's so shy that everyone seems to ignore her, but there's just something about her."

"When I got closer, I saw she was wearing a very short denim skirt, which surprised me since she always wore shorts. Then I realized that she was pan-

her thighs over mine in a sitting position, facing her. Her nipples were dark and hard. I bent my head to nibble on them. My cock was throbbing. She thrust her chest forward, ran her fingers through my hair, and my hand wandered down to her mound. She was sticky and wet already. I gently pushed her back so she was lying down with her knees bent up, and I just dove for her muff. I ate her for a half-hour, tasting her sensual, creamy hole and fingering her till she came with a shudder, pushing my head into her cunt.

"I had to fuck her, and she was ready. I unzipped my jeans; my dick just popped out. I wasted no time sliding into her slick cunt. She was hot and tight, and I was murmuring her name while I slammed in and out. She kept saying, 'Oh, yeah,' and I was frenzied. Suddenly she pulled away.

"I was pissed till I saw why. She wanted to suck my dick. She licked and swallowed my shaft until I was just on the verge of coming, then she lifted her head. We switched positions on the tractor seat, and she spread her lips and mounted me. She gyrated her hips, rubbing them into mine, and I fingered her clit once more. Her pussy was juicy and tight. She began moaning when I cupped her large tits. I put my hands on her hips and pushed her up and down, then I exploded into her just as she came, pouring out that sweet come all over my cock.

"She stayed on my dick for a few minutes, rubbing herself back and forth. Then she smiled and climbed off, blowing me a kiss."

Now, we all have families, jobs, and cars, and we're spread across the country like seeds scattered to the wind. Not one of us became an organic farmer, but we love to reminisce about our most educational summer. —

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE



GOLDBERG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

cial and narrow-minded. They just don't know it.

Yet you write in the book that for years you yourself were unaware of this as a phenomenon. What was it that began to open your eyes?

I think it was actually being reassigned to New York from San Francisco. And I started to see that the way we covered certain stories just wasn't jibing with reality. For instance, we kept putting on television that the homeless look like our neighbors; but the ones I was tripping over on the sidewalk coming to work were drug addicts or schizophrenics or alcoholics. They were different from the people we were putting on the air. I said, "Whoa, what's going on here?" Then, if I was going out to do a crime story, I would be asked, "Are the criminals white or black?" And I said, "I didn't check. What does that have to do with it?"

This started during the Reagan period in the early 1980s?

Yes, and I don't think that's a coincidence. Then you'd see stories on feminism, and they'd bend over backwards to take the feminist side as opposed to going out and interviewing conservative women's groups along with NOW, which I think everybody or most people would agree is a liberal group. So I started noticing things, and I also noticed—this is very subtle, I'm not saying it hits you over the head every day—an elitism, this looking down your nose at Americans who didn't live in Manhattan and Washington. I heard one person who turned out to be a very big executive in the company refer to certain people as "white trash." He was talking about people who didn't go to the right schools in the Northeast. He was talking about people who didn't make as much money. He was talking about people who didn't live in Westchester County or in Manhattan. Well, I despise this kind of snobbery. And journalists ought to despise it en masse.

Is their sense of virtue predicated on essentially being politically correct?

Political correctness is a virus that has infected America and the American newsroom. These are frightened little people. Journalists like to fancy themselves tough guys. We take on the president, we take on the secretary of state, we take on the secretary of defense. But they're not going to take on Jesse Jackson, I'll tell you that. You think they're going to take on Al Sharpton? Or some homosexual activist group like ACT UP? No way. Do you think they want pickets marching around the CBS building? They're frightened, these journalists; they're frightened of all the groups that may cause them trouble.

Have you heard from very many of your colleagues about the book?

Yes, but I'd rather not name them because that would do them no good. Riding to my defense, or even just saying anything good about me, would put them in jeopardy with their network bosses.

What about Andy Rooney? In the book, you mention you got a note of support from him after the initial Journal piece.

That's a little more complex. Because afterward he saw me at a restaurant, and he looked at me, shaking his head. It was almost like, "What's the matter with you, what did you think?" ... He sort of dismissed me that way. But he has never said he disagrees with me. I think Andy Rooney's first reaction was his real reaction. Remember, he once got suspended by CBS himself for saying politically incorrect things. I thought he was very courageous to say the things he said, and then the president of CBS News at the time, David Burke, lowered the boom.

But after that, Rooney kept his mouth shut.

Right. Rooney should have taken him on. If a guy of Andy Rooney's stature can't say what's on his mind and not be afraid, then it's time to fold up the tent.

Didn't you also mention that Mike Wallace treated you decently?

I remember that more than once I'd be walking up the steps on West 57th Street to my office at CBS in New York, and he'd come up and put his arm around me and say, "Are they treating you okay?" And he looked like he genuinely was concerned, and I appreciated that very, very much. I don't think Mike understands the nature of liberal bias. Mike has said, "How can there be a liberal bias when this country elected Ronald Reagan twice, and George Bush?" What he just doesn't get is it's very little about politics. The media elites would run over their liberal grandmother if they thought it would help them. So have they been tough on Clinton? Yes. Were they tough on Gore? Yes.

My argument is that their liberal bias shows in all the big social issues. If it has to do with feminism, or affirmative action, or homelessness, or gay rights and AIDS, the media elites don't just cover these issues, they take sides. There are certain groups that they have an affinity with. And these groups they don't just cover, they champion. They don't want to offend feminists because these people are friends with these feminists. They go out to lunch with these feminists, their wives are these feminists. You think they want to do a story that comes down hard on feminism and then go home at night? These guys aren't that tough. They don't have the cojones to go home to their feminist wives and say, "Yeah, that's right, we did

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a tough story on feminism. Too bad—we're journalists."

As far as you're concerned, is there any distinction between CBS, NBC, and ABC? Is one of the three better or less biased than the others?

Not to speak of; it's all the same. They all do [biased reports] from time to time. They don't do it on every story, they don't do it every day. If the story has to do with a hurricane or September 11 or a tornado or some catastrophe like that, they give it to you pretty straight. It's when they get into the social issues that they have a take, and overwhelmingly the take is left of center.

You see that even more on the morning shows.

Right. Katie Couric deserves the \$65 million they're paying her, because she's figured out America. She's figured out that if you feel sorry for everybody—including a woman who just killed her five kids by drowning them—and if you make wisecracks about men from time to time, America will love you. At least the women who watch the *Today Show*. What I find disgraceful is when somebody like [60 Minutes executive producer] Don Hewitt says, "I wish I had Katie Couric working at 60 Minutes." That's a slap at every CBS News correspondent busting his rear end out there who Don Hewitt doesn't think has any

star power and wouldn't have anywhere near his show. But Katie Couric just sympathizes with people all day, and he wants her on *60 Minutes*.

You're accused of being conservative. How do you react to that?

Accused—it's an interesting choice of verb. Accused of being conservative by people who try to dismiss my argument. Hal Bruno said to me, "You're just saying these things because you're an ideologue." And I said, "Oh, really, Hal, what kind of ideologue would I be?" He said, "A conservative ideologue." And I told him, "You don't know anything about me. You don't know that I grew up in a Democratic blue-collar family, you don't know that I'm pro-choice, you don't know that I think Martin Luther King was one of the two or three greatest Americans of the twentieth century. You don't know that I voted for McGovern twice, once in the Florida primary, once in the general election, and didn't vote for Reagan either time. You don't know any such thing." But this is what they call you when they try to dismiss your arguments.

I generally identify myself as an old-fashioned liberal. But in the elegant phrase of a journalist whom I quoted in my book, "Liberals have forgotten how to be liberal." The idea that a liberal could be against liberal bias is beyond their imagination. It's like, "He's talking

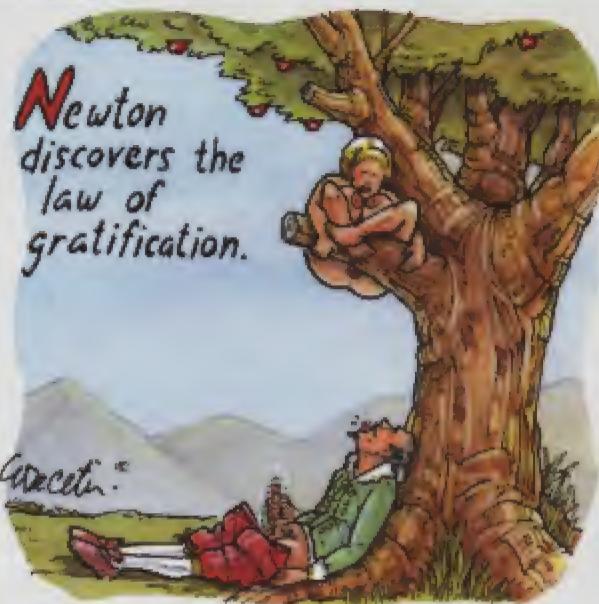
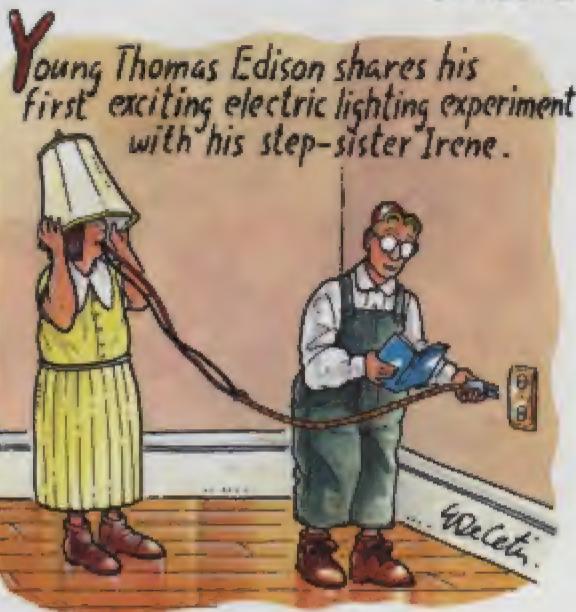
about bias, he must be a right-winger." Why can't you just be a good journalist who wants fairness? I'm not carrying any conservative water, I'm not carrying any conservative right-winger's agenda. By default, I've become a spokesman for fair play.

Do you think Fox, with its clearly more conservative-friendly point of view, has changed the way the network news divisions do business?

I really don't think it has. Frankly, I don't think the mainstream news divisions believe Fox is in the same business they are. I think that the media elites think that most of the viewers, if not all of the viewers, who went over to Fox are right-wing nuts, and these people want a right-wing bias in the news. And some of them do. That's what we have to fess up to. Some people who say they want the news straight really want a right-wing newscast. But I'm not one of them. I think that, generally speaking, Fox comes up with both intelligent conservative views and intelligent liberal views. That's great. That's all I'm asking for at CBS, NBC, and ABC. But despite the fact they're losing viewers by the truckload, they still have the biggest audiences—it's as if they're not being punished for their bad behavior. People need to say, "As long as you ignore us, we will ignore you." Oh—■

GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY

SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECEITIS





A m e r i c a O f f G u a r d

Most Las Vegas conventioneers want sin after sundown. But for the Lifestyles Organization's annual conference at the Tropicana, hot stuff is really the business of the day.

Photographs by Donna Deone



Text by Alison Maddex

Swingers



Nearly 3,000 free-spirited "Play-Couples" invade Sin City, turning the heads of otherwise shock-proof vacationers. Back home, Lifestylers are successful, mainstream couples ... who enjoy

sharing their hobby: sex. Here they jam theme dances like the Very Naughty Nightie Party and the Sci-Fi Erotic Costume Ball, where they drink, boogie, flirt, pinch, stroke, flash, finger, and fuck on the hot-and-bothered dance floor.





Lifestyle women are hot for the wet T-shirt contestants (bottom), adding some bi vibes to this T&A parade. But it wouldn't be a Vegas weekend without a wedding. One happy PlayCouple tie a (very loose) knot. A standard Vegas justice of the peace performs the ceremony, and a phallic totem gift foreshadows their long, hard night ahead. (Top right) This statuesque nurse from Arkansas flirts and plays with all but gives a special treat to her hunk of a hubby, the newly crowned Mr. Best Buns.





Going strong from 2 A.M. on, hotel-room parties lure their own kind of crowd. Some have special rules, like "no street clothes allowed." Last year Trapeze, Ft. Lauderdale's chic swingers club, hosted the best orgy in town. The sexual menu was eclectic—straight sex, group sex, or watching while self-stimulating—while in the back, the dominant Dr. Kink cured sexual ills by medieval means. Rough or soft, their wildest fantasies came true! □







FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 146

have to form a hypothesis and then test it by questioning at least 25 persons. I decided on the subject of fellatio. I would ask 25 college women the following questions: 1) When you give a man a blowjob, do you let him come in your mouth? 2) If so, do you swallow? 3) When your lover doesn't come in your mouth, where on your body do you prefer he ejaculate? 4) If the circumstances were right, would you demonstrate your abilities to prove your skill?

That weekend I hiked to a nearby secluded waterfall that few people know about. After an hour's think session, I headed back down the trail. About halfway down, I saw two young women coming toward me. They were totally gorgeous. I smiled as they passed, but said nothing. All of a sudden I realized what an opportunity I had here. Just as they were rounding the bend, I yelled and asked them to hold up for a second.

With notebook in hand I ran up the trail and introduced myself. They introduced themselves as Helen and Kirsten. I asked if they'd mind helping me with a survey. I explained that it was very personal and explicit. They said to go ahead.

I spoke to Kirsten first. She was 19 years old. She had dark-blonde, shoulder-length hair and a wonderful body—large tits and an ass to match. She told me that she does swallow, and she likes for her man to come on her ass after fucking her doggie-style.

I asked Helen the same questions. I was very nervous because I was so overwhelmed with her beauty. She too was 19, but Kirsten and Helen weren't in the same universe as far as beauty goes. Helen had shoulder-length, straight blonde hair. Her face was that of an angel, with dark brown eyes, full cock-sucking lips, and a beautiful smile. She had a body to match her face, a pair of mammoth breasts that had to be at least size 36D, and the most curvaceous ass ever created. She said that, yes, she swallows, and she likes her lover to spray his come all over her tits.

Now came the big question. I asked Kirsten and Helen if, given the right circumstances, they would demonstrate their blowjob abilities. Kirsten said, "Yes, if the circumstances were right, we both would." She took my notebook from my hand, looked at it, then dropped it on the ground. I asked what she was doing. She replied by unzipping my pants.

As Kirsten pulled my uncircumcised dick out of my pants, Helen probed my

mouth with her long tongue. Kirsten engulfed my cock with her longing mouth. I had been hard from the moment I saw these ladies, so she didn't have to worry about getting me up. Kirsten moved the foreskin back and forth over the swollen head as she trailed her tongue down my shaft. Then she concentrated on my balls, licking, sucking, biting, tickling. She was doing it all.

It wasn't long before I shot my load. Sure enough, Kirsten swallowed every bit of my spunk, but not before playing with it on her tongue. After Kirsten satisfied her appetite, Helen said, "Now let me show you both how head should be given." She dropped my pants and boxer briefs all the way to the ground. Of course, after the workout of One-Eyed Jack had just had, he was now limp, but not for long. Helen took my love muscle in her mouth, and after just a few seconds, my blood was pumping and my flag was again fully erect.

She started stroking my shaft until a small dot of pre-come formed on its tip. Then she swallowed me whole, all nine inches. I had never had a woman take my entire length in her mouth, but Helen did. She was the best deep-throater I had ever seen, movies included. After a few minutes of total devotion to my dick, she cupped her hands around my balls.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 175

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PENTHOUSE ON THE ROAD



Check them out: Victorious handicappers Alexa Laurén and Cheyenne Silver.

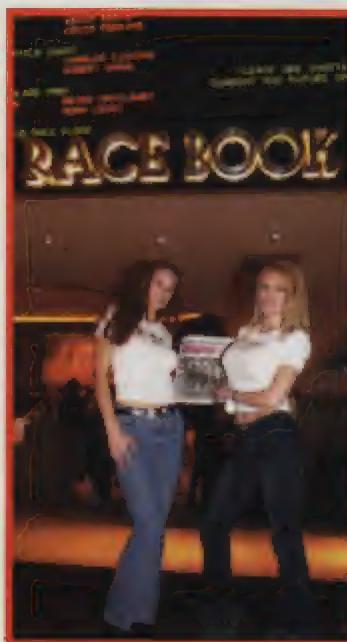


LONG-SHOT LOVELIES WIN BIG IN VEGAS

It was a stunning upset that even the savviest handicapper could never have predicted. At the third annual *Daily Racing Form/National Thoroughbred Racing Association Handicapping Championship*, held at Las Vegas's MGM Grand, Team Penthouse ran away with the first prize of \$10,000 for charity in the media competition, handily beating teams comprised of veteran track journalists and folks who bet the ponies for a living. Defying the odds (and everyone's expectations) Team Penthouse quickly pulled ahead in the two-day competition, thanks to the surprising wagering prowess of a couple of comely novice handicappers, Pets of the Month Alexa Laurén (September 1999) and Cheyenne Silver (December 2001)—neither of whom had ever bet on a race before.

Forget any idea of these luscious ladies picking horses by cute names. Proving that sexy and smart is always a winning combination, Alexa and Cheyenne quickly mastered the arcana of recent records, speed ratings, track conditions, bloodlines, and consensus selections. "I just did it logically," says amazing Alexa, who accumulated the fifth-highest overall individual winnings (\$175.60) in the \$2-a-ticket, 30-race tournament that featured 177 of America's top handicappers competing for a \$212,000 purse. "I didn't know much about the event," admits Cheyenne, who prepared by reading *The Female Fan Guide to Thoroughbred Racing*. "But anything to do with horses is fun for me."

Giddyup! OH



Top: Cheyenne does her "homework" before betting. **Middle:** Cheyenne and Alexa were the toast of the tournament awards banquet. **Left and above:** The prognosticating Pets sent everybody's heart racing.

ON THE WEB Want to join us at our next blowout? Log on to www.penthouse.com to find the latest party in your area, and get ready to see the beautiful women of *Penthouse* magazine in the flesh.

Don't Be Fooled By Counterfeits and Copy-Cats...
Longitude is the ORIGINAL penis enlargement capsule with
Over 2 Million Bottles Sold So Far!



Add Inches To Your Penis With Longitude Enlargement Capsules

67% Of Women Asked Said They Were Unhappy With The Size Of Their Male Partner... Proof That Size Does Matter After All!

Muscles, Money and Looks Matter, But Women Want A "Bigger" Man

Dear Fellow Man...

What I'm about to tell you is absolutely true. If you believe me, you will be greatly rewarded for the rest of your life. If you don't believe me...

I'll make it worth your

while to change your mind. Let me explain.

I'm the President of what I believe is, the most advanced Herbal Nutrition Company in the United States. Over the past few years, my company created some incredible, breakthrough products... but this one has been our most successful by far!

Our latest and most controversial product is called Longitude and by simply taking 2 Longitude capsules every day... it will make your penis grow in both length and thickness by a whopping 26%.

Sounds impossible? Of course it does... but 96% of the men who try Longitude have great success, growing 1" ... 2" ... 3" ... and more. I myself gained 2 1/8" in just 8 short weeks on Longitude. I am

extremely pleased with this product's performance.

I'm a single guy... so I do date quite often and let me tell you man-to-man... NOTHING, and I mean NOTHING beats the look on my lover's face as she sees it for the first time... watching her gasp... almost in disbelief... with a slight look of fear in her eyes. I can't describe how confident a bigger penis makes me feel!

You Don't Believe Me... Right?

I don't blame you for being skeptical of Longitude... hell, even when my research team told me they had finally got it right after 3 years of research and testing, I didn't believe it. That's why I tried Longitude personally.

Let Me Explain How Longitude Works... It'll Help Convince You

Herbal Science Breakthrough!

World-Famous Pharmacist Creates Revolutionary Herbal Pill That Is Guaranteed To Increase Your Penis Size By 1" ... 2" ... 3" ... or more in just a few short weeks!
 (with absolutely no adverse side-effects)

Next Page Please...

Here's What You Can Expect To Happen Taking Longitude:

Week 1-3: Your penis will experience greater and longer lasting erections and a noticeable increase in thickness.

Week 4-8: Your penis will have grown in length and will possess much more thickness in both- erect and flaccid states.

Week 9+: Your penis will have taken on a new body, not just longer and thicker, but much harder and healthier.

Your penis has three chambers... 2 large ones on top which are your erectile tissue and one smaller one on the bottom which you urinate and ejaculate from. And...

When you get an erection, your brain releases a hormone which sends blood to your penis, filling your erectile tissue. The blood cavities in your erectile tissue fill to the maximum, giving you an erection.

Now get this... the maximum your erectile tissue can fill with blood creates the size your erect penis presently is. But here's the breakthrough we've discovered... Your erectile tissue can be developed much larger and stronger than it is with our product Longitude.

Simply put... your penis is EXTREMELY unfit and smaller than what it could be if your erectile tissue chambers were larger (holding more blood). Longitude will go to work on these chambers - increasing their size in both length and width... to hold more blood... getting you a few extra inches you wish you were born with.

After just a few days on Longitude, you will start to see and feel much difference in the

ADVERTISEMENT

way your penis hangs and feels when erect. Longitude will also promote increased sensitivity... getting you more "feelings" during intercourse, enabling you to achieve ROCK HARD erections ANY time you desire.

Longitude will give you a more muscular look, surely standing apart from other penis... A penis your lover will remember and desire for the rest of her life!

100% Natural & Safe Longitude Will:

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- Safely and Permanently enhance your penis size, strength, and ability without expensive and dangerous pumps, weights, drugs, or surgery.
- ***And much, much more!***

When you feel you are at your peak performance level in penis size and mass... you'll have a new found confidence... knowing you can please any woman more than any other man could - no matter how hard he tried!

It's pretty simple to understand... the size of your erectile tissue chambers is what limits

your penis to the size it is now. Longitude painlessly makes these chambers longer and wider, holding more blood... making your penis several inches longer.

90% Of Men Have A 6" Penis...
That's The Average Size
Longitude is made for men
that are NOT HAPPY
WITH AVERAGE!

You don't want to make an average income... live in an average home... drive an average car... why settle for an average penis... especially since it is inexpensive and safe to have some serious machinery between your legs.

Try Longitude without risk... here's how:

A One-Month supply of Longitude (60 capsules) costs just \$59.95 plus shipping. Get yourself a bottle right now by calling 1-800-518-3492 with your credit card, 24 hours a day - 7 days a week. We'll rush you off a bottle of Longitude... try them as recommended- just 2 easy-to-swallow capsules per day.

You're Guaranteed To See An Increase Of ONE FULL INCH in 30-Days Or You Pay NOTHING!

If after trying Longitude for 30-days, you do not experience a FULL INCH in length and a noticeable increase in thickness, simply send the bottle back to us and we'll refund 100% of your money - even the shipping fees you've incurred! No questions asked!

How Can We Be So Generous?

Easy- with a 96% success rate... we're more than confident it'll work for you... with amazing results that almost defy belief! Think about it... standing in the mirror with a penis 1"... 2"... 3" larger... or more. That would be something, wouldn't it?

You bet it would. And with our

30-Day NO GROW-NO PAY guarantee, where we'll even refund your shipping cost... you have absolutely nothing to lose!

I know you may still be skeptical... but all I want you to do is "try" Longitude... I won't consider this purchase binding until after 30-days. Can it really work for you? You'll never know unless you give it a try. Look-pass up on this offer and 30-days from now, you'll simply be a month older with the same penis you have now... or you can be enjoying a new life as thousands of other men are... many inches longer. You decide.

And by the way... Longitude will be *discreetly* billed to your credit card under CP DIRECT and it is shipped in a plain box, with only our return address on the label.

Thank You,



Josh Bowens
CP NUTRITIONALS DIRECT
Call 1-800-518-3492 to "try"
Longitude risk-free for one month

PS: In a recent survey conducted by Durex Condoms, 67% of women said that they are unhappy with the size of their lover's penis. Proof that size does matter! A larger penis has much more surface area and is capable of stimulating more nerve endings, providing more pleasure for you and your partner. A man endowed with a 7" or 8" penis is simply better "equipped" than a man with a 5" or 6" penis. Would you rather have more than enough to get the job done... or fall short. It's totally up to you.

PPS: A special bonus, You'll receive FREE membership into our Preferred Customer Club where you'll receive a \$20 discount off every future bottle of Longitude. In addition, so you do not go a day without our capsules, you'll automatically

receive a new 30-day supply every month and we'll bill you just \$39.95, plus shipping - that's \$20 OFF the retail price. Trust me- after a week on Longitude you will not want to live a day without this product until you reach your optimum length. Once you reach your optimum length in about 3 months, call us and we'll stop sending automatic shipments.

PPPS: This breakthrough product will make your penis grow, and grow until you decide it's

the perfect size. When it reaches its optimum size, stop taking Longitude. You do not have to take Longitude ever again- the results are permanent. Most users stop taking Longitude once they reached 8" to 9" (about 12 weeks). It is not advised to go past the 9" limit for the simple fact that you'll be too big for many women.

And since we are the the largest FedEx shipper in the US- if you want your pills really quick- ask about our special rates on FedEx Delivery!

Longitude- The Original Penis Enlargement Capsule:

Don't get fooled by copy-cats and counterfeits... To "try" Longitude risk-free for an entire 30-days, call TOLL-FREE **1-800-518-3492** (anytime 24 hours a day) or... Go to www.longitudecapsules.com to order online and to view some **DRAMATIC** before and after photos!!!

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Here's Some Of The Most Common Questions New Users Have About Longitude:

What Is Longitude?

Longitude is a 100% safe and natural formula that is guaranteed to increase penis size by an average of 26%.

How Does Longitude Work?

Longitude permanently enlarges your two erectile tissue chambers in your penis to hold more blood during an erection... thus, making your penis much, much larger in size.

Are There Any Negative Side-Effects?

Absolutely zero. A positive side-effect is that you'll be more sensitive, enjoying intercourse more.

How Do I Take Longitude?

Simply take 2 easy to swallow capsules every day.

How Long Can I Expect My Penis To Get?

Measure yourself during full erection and add 26% - that is the average size increase. Longitude will continue to work the longer you use it.

How Long Will It Take To Work?

Longitude will start working instantly, making your penis thicker and erect more often. Length growth starts a few weeks later and the total process usually takes 12 weeks.

How Long Should I Take Longitude?

Take it until you get to 8" or 9". After you get to this size, we advise you stop taking it. Any longer of a penis would be too large for most women to handle.

What Are The Ingredients of Longitude?

Longitude is a proprietary blend of the following 100% safe and natural ingredients: Zinc, 300 Yohimbe, Maca, Catuaba, Muira Pauma, Oyster Meat, L-Arginine, Oat Straw, Nettle Leaf, Cayenne, Pumpkin Seed, Sarsaparilla, Orchic Substance, Licorice Root, Astragalus, Tribulus, Boron, and Ginseng.

ONLINE

Humor

GOLDEN NUGGETS FROM THE INTERNET • EDITED BY TONINA



RED, WHITE, AND BLUE FAIRY TALES

Snow White sees Pinocchio one evening as she's leaving the House of Dwarves. She runs up behind him, knocks him flat on his back, hikes up her long dress, and sits on his face, screaming, "Lie to me! Lie to me!"

Cinderella is blue because she can't attend the ball. Her fairy godmother offers to help her go, under two conditions: "First," Godmother says, "you must wear this diaphragm, and second, you must be home by 2 A.M. If you arrive any later, your diaphragm will turn into a pumpkin."

Cinderella agrees, and off she goes to the ball. As the appointed hour for her homecoming comes and goes, Cinderella does not show up. Finally, as the blue sky of day appears, so does Cinderella, looking very satisfied. Her fairy godmother greets her angrily at the door, demanding to know why the girl is so late.

"What happened? Your diaphragm was supposed to turn into a pumpkin hours ago!" yells the fairy godmother.

"I know, Godmother," Cinderella says, "but I met a prince who took care of everything."

"What is the name of the prince with this kind of power?" demands the godmother.

"I can't remember, exactly," says Cinderella. "Peter Peter something or other."

Little Red Riding Hood is on her way to visit her grandmother. A big bad wolf jumps out from behind a tree and says, "Little Red Riding Hood, I'm going to fuck you!"

Little Red Riding Hood pulls a pistol from her basket, points it at the wolf, and says, "Bullshit—you're gonna eat me, just like in the story."

POLITICALLY CORRECT TERMS ABOUT WOMEN

She does not get PMS....

She becomes hormonally homicidal.

She is not easy....

She is horizontally accessible.

She is not a perfect ten....

She is numerically superior.

She is not a bad driver....

She is automatically challenged.

She is not a bad cook....

She is microwave-compatible.

WHAT RELIGION IS HER BRA?

There are four types of bras to choose from:

The Roman Catholic type supports the masses. The Salvation Army type lifts the fallen. The Presbyterian type keeps them staunch and upright, and the Baptist type makes mountains out of molehills.



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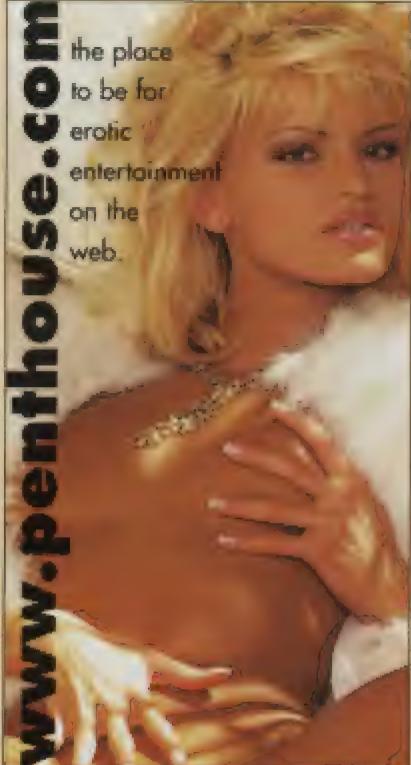
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X-RATED video

By Al Goldstein

Love Thy Neighbor

Busted
Vivid Video **1111**

In addition to several very hot fuck scenes, this couples-oriented flick offers a very good acting performance by the always reliable and supersexy Raylene, who stars in two of the steamiest segments. She portrays an oddball musician who spends her days home alone, drinking wine, playing her cello, and having conversations with some guy in a photo hanging on the wall. Raylene becomes friendly with her wacky neighbors, and soon the boredom in her empty life is replaced with psychodrama, jealousy, and infidelity. The opening scene features Voodoo giving Raylene the business end of his meat in numerous positions after a steamy oral session. The sex here is wicked and passionate, and Raylene's big natural boobs and ass are always a turn-on to watch as they jiggle and bounce. Later in *Busted*, Raylene and Tony Tedeschi provide an even hotter scene. The camera angle is low, and Raylene's in the doggie-style position with her large jugs swaying and bouncing in rhythm to Tony's feverish humping. Great visuals! Another plus: Raylene's curvaceous ass fills the entire screen. Tony finishes up with a big splatter of batter across her face, neck, and chest. Overall, Raylene is the reason this one is worthwhile.

If Looks Could Kill

So Pretty
Vivid Video **1111**

This smoker (above) offers five seething chapters featuring five beautiful newcomers. Scene 1 stars Dale Dabone and Bree Brooks, a stunning blonde with a pierced clit and a great set of tits. She begins by sucking Dale's cock, but the majority of the action sees Bree in the reverse-cowgirl position, highlighting her beautiful body and shaved pussy. Next there's Jesse, a gorgeous

strawberry blonde with an amazing body. Her moans have all the earmarks of genuine excitement as she's boned in numerous positions before having a load of spunk dumped all over her big boobs. Scene 3 stars randy British redhead Flick Shagwell. She provides the film's only anal stuff, and it is nasty! The fourth segment stars Cheyne Collins and Cherie. Cherie has a shaved clam and streaked-blond hair. Her body is tight and firm, and her large meaty tits are natural.

The take starts with the usual oral foreplay, but quickly begins to sizzle when the stud's cock is packed inside her. Cherie meets her lover's thrusts vigorously and can't seem to get enough of his meat. Her orgasms look real, and her tits are amazing. The final episode, starring Tommi Rose, is also a winner. Tommi is a beautiful girl with long blonde hair and a shaved pussy who loves to fuck doggie-style. Her lively bit ends with a pop shot on the tits. No doubt about it, this Vivid vid is a top-shelf selection on every front.



Derriere of a Madman

Tom Byron, Lord of Asses Asstravaganza
Extreme Associates **1111**

Why does the mere mention of ass, a word synonymous with stupidity and a donkey, get men stiff? Why have I nearly been struck by various vehicles because I crossed the street while staring at some woman's plump dumper? Just what is it about those two round mounds of flesh that drives us crazy? Tom Byron looks to answer this question in six steamy anal-themed scenes. Outstanding bits include the opener with beautiful redhead Chandler; the third segment featuring Ryan Connor, whose mound gives Jennifer Lopez's booty a run for its money; and the closer with ultrahot Nikita. Nikita is a star in the making; she knows how to fuck, and enjoys every inch of Byron in her Czech tar pipe. *Asstravaganza* is an applause-worthy series ... but only if you know how to clap with one hand.

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Amateur Angels

Adam & Eve/Fallen Angel **1111**

This is a two-hour vid featuring amateur porn chicks fucking professional porn studs. First we get Zana and Nick Manning. The fun begins with Zana giving Nick a sloppy and sensual blowjob. Then Nick penetrates her clam before dumping his goo in her mouth. Zana sluttily laps it up and then wickedly says to the camera, "I promise not to eat it all." Ann Marie and Craven are next. Ann Marie is a shy, cute, and innocent-seeming 19-year-old who looks very nervous, which makes her very appealing sexually. She'd told director Luc Wylder that she had very little sexual experience on or off camera. Very hot! Craven bangs her doggie-style and in the missionary position until he fires his giant wad of come on Ann Marie's small tits. Jasmine Klein and Wylder's wife, Alexandra Silk, appear in the third scene, and this is the flick's only girl-girl action. Pretty mediocre. Next, Veronica Velour fucks Alan Knight. Veronica is somewhat cute and shapely, but she is totally deaf. She communicates in sign language with the help of a translator. The closer, with Joel Lawrence and Rikki Lox, has quite a bit of passion and fire, but Rikki is by no means an amateur any longer. She is an energetic and loud fuck, and Joel fucks her hard. First-rate pro-am action all around.

Bungle in the Jungle

The Jungle

Vivid Video **1111**

Cassidey is lost in the jungle, and as she wanders aimlessly and scared, some colorful creatures descend upon her. An all-girl pileup ensues, and offers a number of creative sex positions. The scene includes a three-sided mouth-to-pussy triangle that I really, really enjoyed, and there's lots of slow-motion camera work and close-ups. After the lesbo loving, Cassidey is brought to the rest of the tribe and asked to join them. She agrees, and is initiated in a five-way orgy scene with three other girls and the tribe's chief, Mark Davis. The next scene stars Envy and Cheyne Collins. The usual oral-sex exchange starts the action, and the fucking is all done missionary-style. Next, Chennin Blanc and Cassidey start with some girl-girl fun, with Mark joining in halfway through. Heat levels in this session are consistently high. Of course we have to wait until the final scene for Cassidey's promised anal debut, and Cheyne Collins does the honors of busting her butt cherry. Cassidey moans a bit as Cheyne's meat pipe spears her puck-

ered brown star, but it's fairly obvious that Cassidey is no stranger to anal sex.

Age Before Beauty

Up & Cummers #94

West Productions **1111**

In the latest of this great series, old pro Randy West busts the drawers of four new-to-the-blue-biz accomplices in the inimitable way that only he can. Luna is up first, and she sports a nice pair of natural knockers and a hefty set of pink labia that dangle below her cooter like a squared-off cock. Luna pairs off with Mario for a fuck-and-suck session that's one of the best on the video. Scene 2 stars Heaven Leigh and Randy. Heaven loves anal sex, and looks like a very young Traci Lords, with her shoulder-length auburn hair, milk-white skin, and the filthiest whore smile you've ever seen. She's also got a very curvaceous body and a clean-shaved snapper. In other words, she's perfection. Domino is up next, and this is the longest and hottest scene on the tape. Domino is a perfectly built Latina with a flawless bod and a smooth clam, but her best feature is her museum-quality ass. Mario pulls riding duty in this scene and fucks Domino in all the usual porno positions favored by masturbators. The closer stars Brooke Lynn, but her scene with Randy is a tad weak. Overall, though, this flick is another winner from the grand old man of porn, who keeps showing us that you're never too old to rock and roll.

No Strings Attached

The Puppeteer

Adam & Eve **1111**

In this XXX-rated psychological thriller, Briana Banks plays a mistress of human puppets, whom she manipulates for her own twisted amusement. In a story right out of *The Twilight Zone*, Dale DaBone arrives at a quaint bed-and-breakfast with his girlfriend, Sky Taylor, in an attempt to figure out his past. But Dale has no past to figure out since he's merely a recent creation of puppeteer Briana. Dale begins to piece this puzzle together, and six fuck scenes lead to an inevitable "surprise" conclusion. Standout scenes include Dale getting it on poolside with stunning Sky. Later, Dale and his wood pay an unannounced backdoor visit to Briana Banks. He gets her in the beaver as well, but the anal sequence is the sizzle in this steak. There's also a rocking threesome featuring Lee Stone, Tina Cherry, and Alexandra Nice, and Alexis Amore impales herself on the mighty black shaft of Lexington Steele in an interracial twatboiler worthy of a second look. Good hot stuff and plenty of it—a little something for everyone. O+



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STAND-UP GUYS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

other things we can provide would be out the window.

If someone were to make a movie about your lives, whom would you want to star in it?

Adam: Jimmy has called me an unattractive Pete Sampras. I don't know if he can act, but if he could, it would be Pete. If not, then I'm going with Elliot Gould.

Jimmy: James Earl Jones. He's a little heavier than I am, but he'd be perfect.

What is something that you're both afraid of?

Rats.

What's your favorite alias?

Adam: Ace Rockola. It's better than, say, Leonard Schwartz.

Jimmy: I just go by Jim. People don't expect it.

In your opinion, who are the top five sports idiots?

Terry Bradshaw, Ryan Leaf, Bill Laimbeer, Rickey Henderson, and Roger Clemens.

Adam, is there any truth to the rumor that your first sexual experience was rather traumatic?

It was fine. It wasn't any good for her, though.

Have you ever had to toss out an audience member because he was too drunk?

Many times. They lose sight of the fact that we are doing a show and not having a party. They will just stand up and scream during a monologue. When that happens—out they go.

Jimmy, let's say you're a contestant on Survivor. It's you, Terry Bradshaw, Howie Long, Cris Collinsworth, and James Brown. Who's going to be kicked off first?

It would be me. They would probably put me on a spit and eat me before it was all said and done.

Who were your comedic heroes growing up?

Jimmy: David Letterman, Howard Stern, Woody Allen, Steve Martin, and Bill Murray.

Adam: Woody Allen, George Carlin, and that Ray-Jay Johnson guy.

Jimmy: If you could go four rounds with someone, whom would it be?

It would have to be somebody weaker than I am. Maybe Christopher Reeve. I wouldn't punch the guy. I'd just want to slap him.

If you could find the answer to one question, what would it be?

Adam: What is the difference between a sofa and a couch?

Jimmy: Who let the dogs out? OH

Jimmy and Adam host *The Man Show* Sundays at 10 P.M. on Comedy Central.



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JEFF GARCIA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

They asked him if he was a coach or something. He said, "I'm a coach and I'm Jeff Garcia's dad." I told my father, "I'm 30 years old. Don't drive yourself crazy listening to them." My dad said, "I don't care how old you are. I will always have your back," which tells you how special a man he is.

What cartoon character do you best resemble?

When I was young they used to call me Woody Woodpecker.

If you could change one part of your body, what would you choose?

My calves. There's not a day when my head coach, Steve Mariucci, doesn't make some joke about them.

What has your status as a football player enabled you to do?

I'm half Mexican and a strong proponent of higher education. I'm extremely proud of being part of the Spanish scholarship fund that helps raise money for Latino kids to go to college.

Who is the most fascinating person you've met?

My grandpa. He's in his mid-eighties and is as sharp as you or me. He's as healthy as a 20-year-old. He lived through the Great Depression and is such a strong-willed person.

Name one political figure that you'd like to shoot the breeze with.

President George W. Bush. Based on the type of person that he is and his athletic background, I think it would be a lot of fun. I would like to know how he emotionally handled September 11.

Name one thing you wish you could do better.

[No answer] OH.

Calling all sports fans: To see the complete text of this interview, visit our Website at www.penthouse.com.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161

She took an index finger and started pressing on that really sensitive spot between my nut-sack and ass hole. That was all I could take. I told her that I was going to come. She put her mouth one inch in front of my purple head and released her grip. I exploded all over her face and in her mouth. She rubbed what missed her mouth all over her face and asked Kirsten to lick it off. Sure enough, Kirsten treated the come on Karen's face like a child would a lollipop.

I was exhausted, and I hadn't done a thing. I pulled up my pants and picked up my notebook and pen. Helen said, "We knew what you were after from the beginning. We had already decided we were going to cooperate with you after we passed you on the trail, provided you asked us the right questions."

"How did you know I was doing a survey before I introduced myself?" I inquired.

Kirsten said, "We sit three rows behind you in class." Helen laughed out loud. I stood there with my mouth on the ground as they started up the trail. After walking about 30 yards, Helen turned and said, "Well, are you coming, or are you going to pass up all this free merchandise?"

I ran up the trail to join them. At the waterfall, Kirsten and Helen found a clearing and dumped their packs. As Kirsten unfolded a blanket, Helen opened a bottle of wine. There we sat, sipping wine and having a good time, for what must have been a couple of hours. All three of us had become quite tipsy and sweaty by lunchtime. Kirsten complained of being hot and decided to go for a swim. She stripped down to her bra and panties and jumped in the water.

Helen and I chatted while Kirsten swam. Out of the blue she asked me, "Have you recovered enough to go at it again?"

After the morning I'd had, this didn't surprise me. I said, "I've recovered, but we'll do it differently this time. I've already had my fun. Now it's your turn."

She said, "That's fine with me," and rose to her feet. She began removing her clothing. When she took off her shirt, I noticed her breasts were about to bust out of her bra. Then she slipped off her jeans and her socks. Standing in front of me was the most beautiful woman in the world wearing nothing but a sheer cream-colored bra with matching thong panties. I could see her beautiful bush through the thin material.

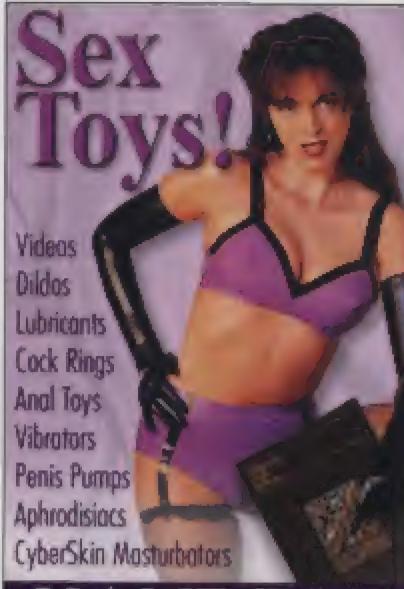
I asked her to slowly turn around so I could see her in all her splendor. I sprang to my feet, walked over to her, and kissed her like I'd never kissed any-

one before. I began to rub and squeeze the gigantic melons before me. I un-snapped the front clasp and her boobs fell out. She had the lightest-brown areolae. Her nipples stood on end. I kissed my way down her neck until I was feasting on her nipples. She breathed hotly and heavily in my ear, which served no purpose except to excite me even more.

While I sucked on her nipples, my hand made its way down her stomach. She grabbed it and stopped me. "No, no, no," she said. "Just sit back and watch the show." I took a seat on the blanket. She started playing with her tits, teasing me. She raised her breasts and began licking her own nipples. She turned her back to me and began to lower her panties. As she dropped them to the ground, she bent straight over so I could see her pussy and her ass together. It was a picture of pure pleasure. She turned back around and started rubbing her twat, not fingering, just rubbing. Then she walked over and stood directly over me. "Now I'm ready," she said. Immediately I began to lap up the juices that she had worked so hard to get flowing. I spread her lips and began tongue-fucking her, in and out, in and out. As I ate her warm, wet cunt, I rubbed and squeezed her love button. It wasn't long before Helen had her first orgasm, standing right over me with my head between her legs.

After she came, she moved from on top of me. I shucked my clothes fast. She said, "If you thought I was good at sucking cock before, you haven't seen anything yet. This time I'll use the lips that were made for sucking cock." I stretched straight back, my cock waving in the breeze. Helen squatted straight over my sex spear. She carefully inserted my dick into her slit. Then she started riding my shaft. She plunged herself deeper around it with every motion. Her hole felt like a bottomless well. In one quick motion she dropped to her knees with me still deep in her. She stopped riding me, but what she did next was indescribable. She began contracting and relaxing the muscles in her pussy around my penis. It was like nothing I had ever experienced before. She kept this up for some time while I played with her jugs. Then the shock wave overcame me. I had no choice but to pump my spunk deep inside her. I guess the warmth from my come overwhelmed her, because right after I shot my load, she fell back in an orgasm of her own.

All of a sudden we heard a branch break. We both jumped. Someone had been watching us, and it was none other than Kirsten. She had been behind a bush, enjoying the sight of us fucking each other's brains out. I asked her how long she'd been watching. She



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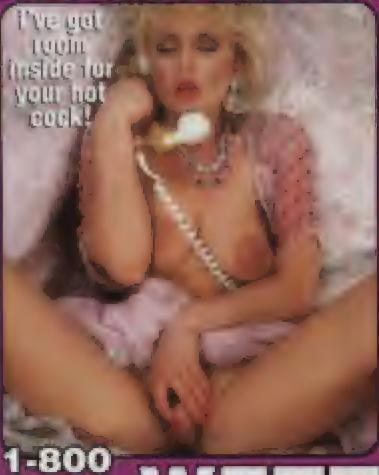
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said, "I was here for the previews."

Helen replied, "Well, why don't you join the party." That was exactly what I wanted to hear. Kirsten walked over to the blanket in her dripping-wet black bra and panties. She stepped out of the panties and unhooked the bra and threw them into the bushes. Then she got on all fours. I started to eat her out, but she told me, "Just fuck me. I'm already wet from watching you two." I spread the lips to reveal her pink honey pot. I shoved my semihard erection up into her from behind and I started screwing her doggie-style. Her juices around me soon got me back to maximum hardness.

As I moved in and out of Kirsten's twat like a dog in heat, Helen licked and sucked my balls. Then she licked her middle finger and stuck it in my ass hole. It felt spectacular. As I fucked Kirsten's hungry pussy, Helen crammed her finger in and out of my ass and sucked my balls, all at the same time.

It wasn't long before my nine-inch monster had satisfied Kirsten and sent her into ecstasy. When I pulled out of Kirsten, Helen said that she wanted to eat some pussy, since all she'd tasted today was cock. Helen lay back and Kirsten sat on her face. Helen pressed her lips to Kirsten's pussy lips. She licked her up, down, right, and left, paying particular attention to Kirsten's clit. Kirsten was being very vocal. "Eat my pussy. Lick it up. Oh, that feels so good. Stick your tongue up in me. My cunt wants to be eaten."

Seeing how I was left with an erection in my hand, I decided to get in on the action. I got on my knees between Helen's legs and inserted my shaft into her. I fucked Helen while she ate Kirsten's pussy. Unlike Kirsten, Helen was deep enough to accommodate all of me. I heard her muffled voice saying to fuck her. We all three worked together like a well-oiled machine. I moved forward and back, in and out of Helen. Helen stuck her tongue in and out of Kirsten. She must have given Kirsten ten or fifteen orgasms. She was an artist in the fine art of oral sex.

After what seemed like thousands of strokes in and out of Helen's deep hole, I came for the last time. I remembered that Kirsten liked to have come on her ass and Helen liked it on her tits. Since Kirsten was sitting on Helen's face with her back to me, I thought to kill two birds with one stone. I pulled my cock out of Helen and sprayed a load of spunk all over Kirsten's ass and Helen's tits.

I was completely exhausted. Lying beside the two of them, I watched them finish up on each other. Kirsten cleaned Helen off by licking my come off her breasts. Helen licked Kirsten's ass clean. Once again, both of the girls swallowed.

The day ended with us packing up and hiking down the trail. We got in our separate cars, and I told them that I looked forward to seeing them in class. Since that day, Kirsten, Helen, and I have engaged in numerous threesomes. I guess I would have to say that my survey was a huge success. I may not have gotten an A, but I sure enjoyed my homework.—S.N., Tennessee

Divorce Proceedings

Several years ago my husband and I were having marital problems, and decided to undergo a two-month trial separation right before Christmas. He suggested that we date other people during that interval as long as we were honest about it if we later reconciled. Personally I couldn't see myself cheating on my husband, but wanted to be flexible and save our marriage. I agreed to his request.

During the first month of the separation I stayed with a single girlfriend and did little socially. One night Ellen convinced me to join her and her friends for drinks at a nearby Mexican restaurant. It was there that I met Matt, whom Ellen had known since childhood. He had been divorced for a little more than a year, and was still struggling with the breakup. He and I found ourselves talk-

ing about love and life for the entire evening, largely ignoring everyone else in the group. Although we were sharing some deeply personal information, I felt completely safe with Matt and believed ours might develop into a solid, platonic friendship.

About a week later my husband called to tell me he didn't want to wait the entire two months of our separation but instead was asking for a divorce. He had been seeing another woman the entire time and now wanted to marry her. I hung up the phone and cried for what felt like hours. When I'd finally exhausted my supply of tears, I took a shower and prepared for bed, but found myself too restless to sleep. The next thing I knew I had thrown on a pair of comfortable jeans and a warm sweater and was in my car driving to Matt's place 40 miles away.

At around 9:30 P.M. I arrived at the antebellum dwelling he was restoring. A soft glow through the two front windows assured me he was home, but I was nervous about showing up unannounced. I felt a little better when his golden Labrador greeted me on the porch steps. She was nuzzling my hand when Matt suddenly appeared at the screen door and bade me welcome. For the first time in hours I felt the tension in my muscles begin to recede.

His home was scarcely warmer than the icy January night air, but the candles he'd lit around the living room burned brightly, and two aging ceramic heaters glowed in the darkness. Without a word, Matt wrapped me in an old quilt before selecting several CDs to provide a soothing backdrop to our conversation as we snuggled together on the couch. As the music played softly in the background, he pulled me into his arms, resting his chin above my head. Together we sat silently, relaxing, listening to the music.

After a while Matt kissed my forehead and asked me why I had come. I did not reply, but instead turned and nuzzled his chest, sighing comfortably. Brushing his hands through my hair, he pulled my face up to his and gazed into my hazel eyes with concern in his vivid green ones. Huskily he asked me if I knew what I was doing—was I ready for an intimate relationship? I honestly didn't know. I could only give him a small smile as I leaned forward to kiss him gently on the lips.

The pleasure of that sweet, tender kiss was exquisite—as liberating as it was enticing. His lips were soft but insistent, his kisses teasingly light as if to pique my interest. I turned and began trailing kisses of my own along his jaw line and on his cheeks and forehead.

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before I met his mouth again in a soulful weld that had our tongues mating in a skillful dance. As the kiss deepened I found myself pulling Matt closer to me, my breath gusting warmly against his skin as his tongue moved rhythmically within my mouth, tasting, possessing. When he traced his hand across my left breast I shuddered and whimpered against his lips. It was Matt's turn to smile as he cupped the breast in his hand and massaged it gently.

As I sighed with pleasure and leaned back to catch my breath, Matt shifted and pulled me with him. He unwrapped me from my quilt cocoon, drew me up from the couch and into his arms for a warm embrace. Murmuring contentedly, I traced his strong broad back with my hands. His own hands strayed to my bottom, possessing me with ten fingers, and drawing me snugly against him. For several moments we stood together, rocking gently to the music, before Matt smiled down at me and led me to the front room across the hall.

The four-poster nearly engulfed the room but fit nicely into the decor he'd chosen for the house. It was cold enough to make dubious the idea of removing clothes, but before I could dwell on it Matt turned down the bed and drew me into it. Within moments of being back in his arms I found my sweater being pulled over my head and my bra summarily removed. The cold air had made my nipples firmly erect, inviting his lips and teeth to nibble them. Moaning, I arched my back as he pulled gently at one tit, then the other. His lips trailed across my skin as the shock of the frigid air intensified the ache building within me.

When his hands traveled lower and cupped my pussy through my jeans, I cried out and moved against him in an intuitive, desperate rhythm. As his attentions pressed on, my movements became more frenetic. I whimpered, moaned, and finally pleaded with him to stop before I climaxed, but he ignored my cries and quickly drove me over the edge. Shuddering, I collapsed limply against him, opening my eyes only when I felt him shift away from me. I watched with amusement as he swiftly disrobed, tossing his clothes carelessly to the floor. He rejoined me and pulled my jeans down and off. I nearly laughed at his eagerness, but was intrigued by what would happen next.

I was not prepared for a direct sensual assault on my pussy, but Matt was quick to trail feather-light kisses from my breasts to that lower target. He moved down and positioned himself between my thighs, his arms locking around my buttocks to keep me from shifting out of his grasp. The feel of his tongue as he laved the glistening lips of my vagina was so intense I reared and bucked

against him. Those strong arms kept me in place and his attentions remained well focused. When he probed within me I cried with pleasure, but then he proved he was a skillful tease by withdrawing. He refused to explore more than one area at a time, careful not to overstimulate and bring me off until he was ready. When his tongue finally caressed my clit and he drew that button into his mouth, I could not stop myself from screaming.

As another climax ripped through me, Matt released his grip on my trembling legs and moved forward and between them. His erection probed my wetness moving into me just a bit, then withdrawing, then thrusting forward again ever so slightly. Anxious to have him fully within me, I reached for his ass to pull him toward me, but he was too strong and I too exhausted to make it happen. When at last my breathing steadied and I stopped fighting him, he took my hips in his hands and slid into my pussy. He filled me so completely, stroking and touching bottom, that I writhed and moaned and found myself begging to sit up to allow him to take me from behind. I found that Matt was never one to deny a lady's request.

As he filled me from the rear I cried out again from the sheer pleasure of it. His thrusts were at first controlled and measured, but soon increased rapidly. My reactions spurred him to move even more quickly, with a driving force that triggered my third climax. As my cries filled the darkness, he too groaned deeply. When his muscles clenched, he filled my pussy with thick, delicious come.

Exhausted and drenched with sweat, we collapsed onto cool sheets, spooning together to conserve heat and caressing one another until we drifted off into a contented sleep.

Sadly, our romance did not last through my divorce, but Matt did a lot to make me feel sexy and desirable again. I will always be grateful to him for restoring my feelings of self-worth and desirability at a time when I needed them most.—S.B., Georgia

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

(known in those days as falsies). "As you seem to like them so much, you can have them," said the girl, handing him the brassiere.

On the whole (and in and around the hole), there are fewer women out there who are interested in having their tits kneaded like pizza dough than men would like to believe.

When your friend says "safe," I assume he is averse to sharing bodily fluids, which may mean he doesn't suck—not even nipples. I also find that men who boast about their conquests are often bullshitting and may not be quite such brilliant lovers as their anecdotes suggest. Maybe this girl has invented a clever way of keeping first dates out of her underpants and is faking. I notice he says "safe" and "satisfying," but he doesn't say "good."

I am often asked how I would define good sex. The best definition I ever heard was from a California sex therapist; it went something like this: "You're having good sex if you feel good about yourself, about your partner, and about what you're doing. If, after you've had time for reflection, you still feel good about it all, then you've had good sex."

It need not include orgasm, or even intercourse, which can last from a few seconds to all night.

Machismo

When I was 22 I dated a voluptuous morena with the prettiest face I have ever seen. After some time we broke up because I was indomitable (untamable). Soon afterward I saw this dude dating her. I'd known him since we were children, but we'd never been close friends. Besides, you know how macho guys are—we think that no one should have a woman who once belonged to us, even if we no longer want her. I thought about saying something to him, but changed my mind once I came to the conclusion that it was no longer any of my business and that she was so pretty, it was the most natural thing to happen.

I was then dating another girl, a model look-alike, but we too broke up. Within two months the same dude was dating her, and the voluptuous morena was nowhere to be seen. That's when I really thought about putting him in check. But the friendship between our parents stopped me. Again I thought, This one is so pretty, it's just natural he too would like her.

I hadn't completely convinced myself, but I let it go. Then the same thing happened with two more girls I'd dated. I didn't dare ask him or the girls about it; I didn't want them to know I spent a lot

of time thinking about these "coincidences," or believing that I was jealous.

When I was 24 I married a lovely redhead. People say that all good es-sences come in small bottles, and this chaparrita (shorty) was absolutely beau-tiful, from head to toe. But she was jealous, and wasn't the only woman I was bedding, so after a year we decided to divorce.

Then I came to the United States. After a couple of years I got into trouble and ended up in prison. It was there that I received a letter from my mom telling me that my ex-wife was getting married to the same dude who'd dated all my ex-girlfriends. It freaked me out, not because I cared about her getting married again, but because this guy had again tracked me down. Then I thought, Fuck it, if he wants to come behind me and pick up my leftovers, I don't care, but I'm not going to follow behind anybody else.

I just can't figure this out. Sometimes I think that maybe he has the same taste as I, but I really don't have a particular preference when it comes to women. We both lived in a big city where there were thousands of pretty women. Maybe he was trying to be like me, but we already resembled each other in that we both are tall, slim, brown-skinned, and handsome. Maybe he's just a lazy motherfucker and he liked the way the girls made love, because I was the first for three of them and everything they knew they learned from me. Or maybe it was just a game to him. It might just be my macho ego rising again.

It seems to me that the girls I treated badly he also treated badly, and the ones I treated with respect, he did as well. I know you are a wise woman and I hope you can tell me why a person would behave this way.—L.J., New York

At the risk of being labeled racist, I will tell you that about 99 percent of Latin American males suffer from a mysterious complex that is now slowly disappearing in Spain. It is called machismo: a chronic attack of maleness based on overinflated ego and of *cojones* (balls to the rest of us).

One of my former lovers, a Latin of course, who prides himself on his power to control women (he describes himself as a *domador de mujeres*, and you know what that means), met another supermacho in the supermarket. "Hombre!" said Antonio. "Long time no see. How's your woman?" "Fine," said Juan, "but she is not the woman you remember. I have a different woman. I change my women frequently." "That is very good," said Antonio, "and also very fair. It gives the other guys a chance. Good women should be kept in circulation."

Your idea, that if your ex-women find themselves new lovers then it somehow

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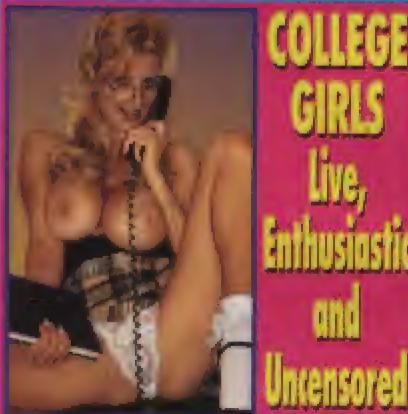
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reflects on you, is Stone Age thinking. It is classifying the woman as a possession, like a piece of furniture. It also denies the woman the right to make up her own mind whom she wants.

Your nonfriend obviously respects your good taste in girlfriends, but he also has an advantage because he knows how you treated them. All he has to do to make it with one of your ex-women is be a bit nicer to them than you were, which clearly is not hard. Maybe he allows them to bully him a bit, because they have had enough of the *fiera indomabile* you are so proud to be. There is no room for a wild beast in the home, unless it is trained to be gentle.

Remember the old proverb "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery." Rather than being your *bête noir*, this other dude is actually a fan of yours. He has found that your ex-chicas are good value, so every time you fuck up, he is there, waiting to pick up the pieces. As for you, if you want a relationship to last, you have to learn to be a bit less unforgiving and a bit more tractable. (For *indomitable*, substitute *asonable*.)

Here is an anecdote I have quoted in the past, but since it is appropriate now too, you're going to hear it again. A Mexican friend of mine told me he had married a gorgeous blonde from California. "How is it to be married to a *gringa*?" I asked him, because knowing this aging macho, his marriage sounded like a recipe for disaster.

"It is perfect," he told me. "I have a little sentence of only four words, and when I tell her this it solves everything." I asked what the four words were. They are: "You are right, darling."

The Unkindest Cut of All

Xaviera, I'd like your response to something I'm experiencing. I just turned 41 and was circumcised last year. Ever since the procedure I've experienced premature ejaculation and the inability to delay my orgasms as I could do before the operation. I used to pride myself on being able to allow my partner to experience multiple orgasms before I climaxed. Now it seems I lose all self-control, and at times it's quite embarrassing. I want to know if this is normal, or have I lost my touch because of the circumcision? Now I wish I'd never had the operation at all.—Cut and Confused

In the December 2001 *Penthouse* there was a "Penis Page" column by Sharon Chester-Taxin about a 19-year-old man who is suing the doctor who circumcised him at birth, as well as the hospital where the operation took place, for "performing a procedure that was not medically necessary and for fraud, claiming that the surgery was done without proper consent." His mother



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says she signed the consent form while still under the influence of drugs administered to ease her pain after a Caesarian delivery.

The young man's attorney, David Llewellyn, an anticircumcision advocate, holds that, in Ms. Chester-Taxin's words, "the foreskin provides its owner with vital sensory, protective, and sexual functions throughout his life." This may answer your question about your premature ejaculations and loss of control.

Circumcision has been suggested as a cure for everything from premature ejaculation to excessive masturbation, but there is no medical evidence to back up these claims. The only medical reason to cut the foreskin is when it is so tight that it cannot be pulled back over the glans, causing problems with hygiene and sexual intercourse. The condition is known as phimosis. Even in that case, however, it is only necessary to make what is known as a dorsal slit, a cut along one side of the foreskin, allowing it to retract.

Your penis has lost not only its wrapper but a mass of sensitivity provided by the nerve endings on the inside of the foreskin. The result is a garbled signal sent to that part of your brain that controls your sexual reflexes.

The condition will probably improve as your dick head becomes desensitized from rubbing against your underwear. Like the hands of a construction worker, which become callused with toil, it will harden to withstand the rigors of its new unprotected environment.

You do not explain why at the age of 41 you decided to get circumcised, but I can probably guess you were propagandized into it. Certain religions prescribe circumcision, and in some cases it includes the circumcision of girls, where the clitoris and the labia are brutally hacked off. This religious mutilation—on par with the antiquated Chinese custom of binding women's feet, or tribal insertions of twigs, bones, or plates into the ears, lips, and cheeks—is a hangover from prehistory, but sadly is still practiced on a vast scale.

American doctors, I am sorry to say, tend to persuade parents to have their male offspring circumcised as the fashionable thing to do (for other groups of parents, like those of the Jewish faith, there are religious reasons for circumcision), so that when their sons grow up they are not made fun of in the changing rooms for being "different."

In England, where the operation is not covered by the National Health Service, circumcision is almost unheard of, as in much of the rest of Europe, where the foreskin has made a welcome comeback on the hard-core porn scene.

The Flying Wallendas

I'd like to comment on your recent remarks about humor being an integral

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part of good lovemaking. I agree with you 100 percent. In fact the moments in sex I remember with the most clarity, besides the "firsts," all have to do with something funny happening. And the wonderful thing is that in each instance, the humor actually enhanced the lovemaking. It may sound like a contradiction, but being able to laugh at something that you, your partner, or both of you do, adds an extra sense of intimacy. Let's face it: You are never more vulnerable than when you are naked and sharing yourself with someone else.

Here's a perfect example: My girlfriend Robin had on her coffee table a copy of *Cosmopolitan* with the blazing coverline 15 POSITIONS TO MAKE YOUR LOVER SCREAM. She saw me reading it and grinned.

The next thing I knew, we were in the bedroom trying positions that I believe were created by Tomas de Torquemada for the Flying Wallendas. There was one combination that was rated a nine on the difficulty scale. Robin said, "No way! We can't get into that position!" Always one to rise to a challenge, I said we should give it a try. Well, in the process of trying one of the most difficult mounts of my life, I lost my balance and fell backward. Suddenly the world was moving in slow motion. Robin struggled to get upright and reached out to grab me. I floundered, arms waving madly, to keep from falling over. It was all for naught. I tumbled completely over, and did a back-flip off the bed. The next thing I saw was Robin's head peering over the edge of the bed, laughing hysterically, tears streaming down her face. She barely got out the words "Are you all right?" I was laughing just as hard, and replied, "No! I think I just broke a rib" (which I had). We stayed in that posture for about ten minutes, just laughing. Then I got up on the bed, we cuddled for a while (still laughing, although I was in pain), and made love for what seemed like hours (in far more traditional poses of course).

This is one of a handful of similar incidents from my past. In some cases I was comfortable with the woman I was with and vice-versa, which meant we could laugh together at what happened.

There were other occasions when the laughter was derisive. In those cases, that comfort level wasn't there.

Let's face it: To be able to laugh at and with each other takes trust—trust that when you laugh it isn't a hurtful, spiteful laugh; that you're doing so at the humor of the situation and not at the person. That's a kind of trust that only really comes with love. And that's always been my argument.

I believe that trust is at the heart of every aspect of a relationship, from humor to sex. I was in a relationship with a woman who'd been a victim of

date rape a few years earlier. We were making love once and she asked if we could try it with me behind her. Afterward, we were lying in bed together and she started crying. It was then that she told me that she had been assaulted, and that ever since the assault she had never been able to trust a man to be behind her during sex—until that evening.

Heart or body, trust is the key to a great relationship and lovemaking. At least that's my opinion.—C.J., New York

One of the great breakthroughs of the sexual revolution is that we are finally allowed to poke fun at sex. It all used to be so serious; the biting question was "Is it pornographic or merely erotic?" To suggest that a pair of normal humans enjoying coitus tend to look ridiculous was considered almost blasphemous. Now, thank our lucky stars, we can laugh about it and console ourselves with the fact that although we may look silly fucking, other animals, particularly dogs, look even sillier.

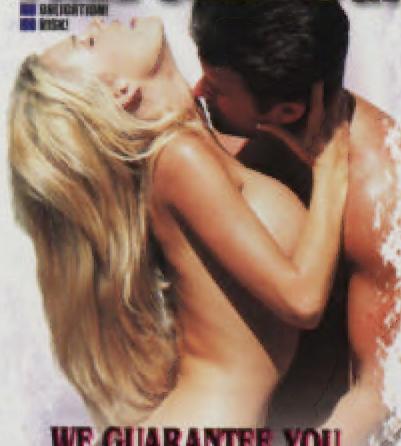
One day while visiting the San Francisco Zoo, my boyfriend and I stopped to look at the cougar cage. Two of the cougars were giving each other hell, leaping at one another, spitting and clawing. A middle-aged housewife in the crowd shouted, "Somebody should do something. They're gonna kill each other." My boyfriend caught the woman's attention. "Madam," he said, "they are not fighting; they are making love." "That's disgusting," she said. "They should be stopped."

The real problem is that the sense of humor, like the libido, has different levels and different points of view. I'll always remember a conversation at a party in Ixtapa, Mexico, at which someone was explaining how wonderful the English sense of humor is. An aristocratic Spanish lady wrinkled up her nose and said, "English humor? Isn't that when they laugh at something that is not funny at all?"

Well then, the basis of a good relationship is not only to have similar sex-drive levels, but also a comparable sense of humor. So before you say "Yes" or "I do," make sure you can both laugh at the same jokes. **OH**

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 11 Penn Plaza, Twelfth Floor, New York, N.Y. 10001. All letters should carry name and address, though these—in addition to other identifying characteristics—will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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THE HAPPY HOOKER GROWS UP

Next month another revised edition of Xaviera Hollander's classic autobiography, *The Happy Hooker*, is going to come out at the same time as her latest book, *Child No More* (both published by Regan Books). "This new book has come from my heart and been written in tears, for it was inspired by the memory of my loving parents. Good, respectable folk that they were, they certainly would have been shocked at my becoming a hooker and a madam," she writes. "It was from my mother [at right, with a young Xaviera] that I got my sense of style and love of elegance.... For those of you who have read and enjoyed my earlier adventures in print, this is the book behind all those books, the real Xaviera."



HEPATITIS C UPDATE

Four years ago, Lisa Collier Cool was cited by the American Liver Foundation for "raising public awareness" with her groundbreaking report in *Penthouse* on hepatitis C, a blood-transmitted virus that severely affects the liver and is contracted by three to four million people annually, with an estimated 170 to 200 million already affected worldwide (more than HIV and herpes combined). But there may be some good news on the horizon. In "Men's Health & Fitness" we report on new drugs and medical procedures that could transform hepatitis C from global emergency to distant memory.

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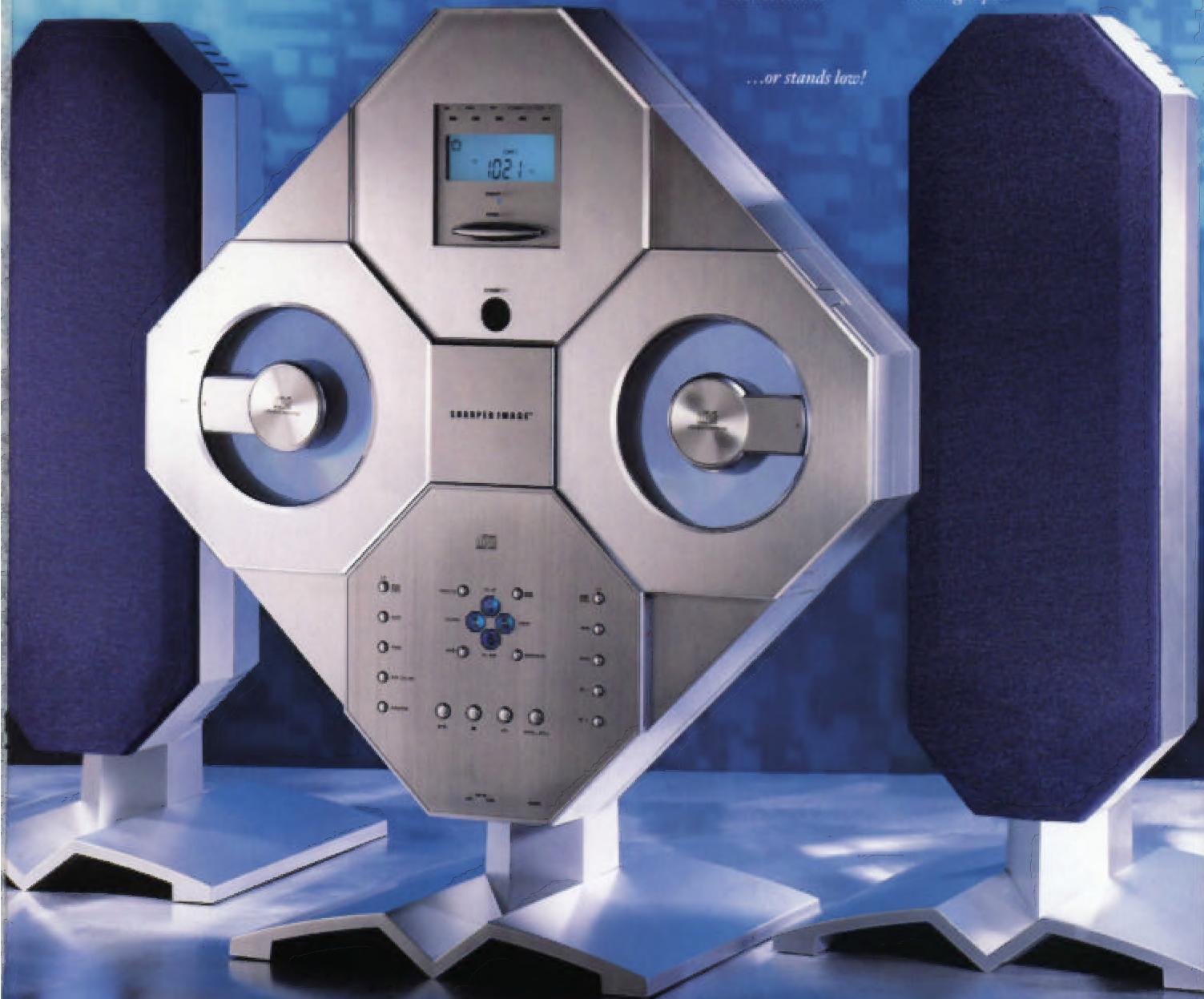


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